The Saturday Evening
POST
November 7, 1959 — 15¢

NOV 2 '59

WHY LESS DELINQUENCY IN EUROPE?

By JUDGE MARY CONWAY KOHLER

F.D.R.'s Lonely Last Days

By JAMES ROOSEVELT

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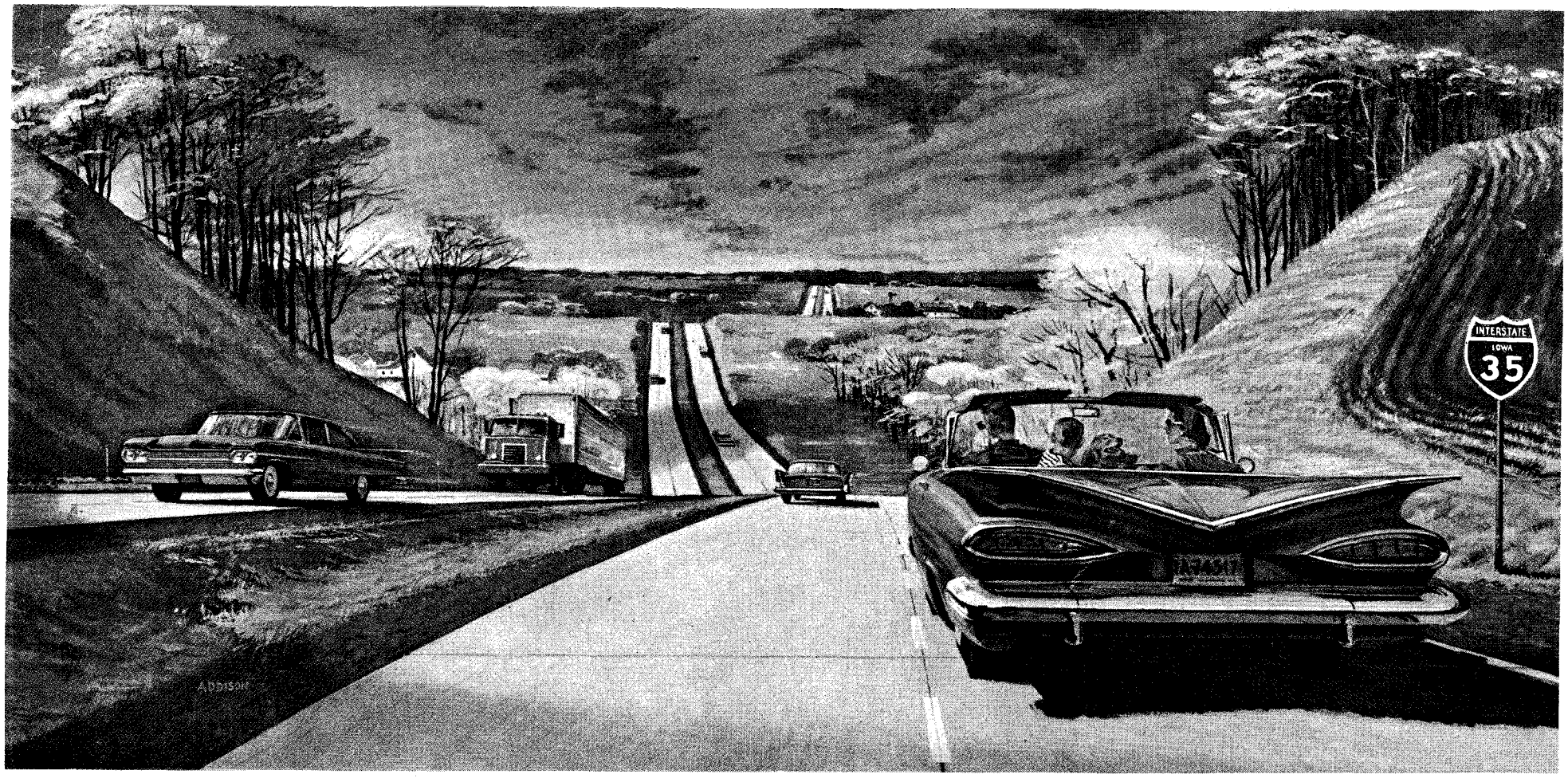

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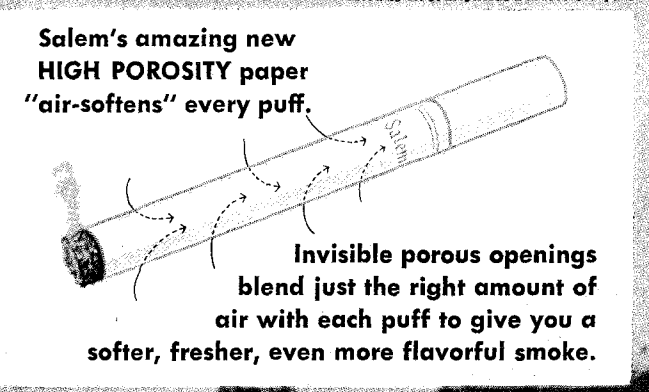
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Tom loves Mary, and the young woman is not unaware of the attractive deportment and charming personality of her gentleman friend. To put this another way, an ardent suitor, trying to show himself off at his best, often looks pretty silly to everybody except the only one who matters. So we have love blooming on a Jungle Gym, without even the benefit of tender moonlight or a shy holding of hands—a good trick for even a resourceful Cupid like artist George Hughes. You needn't shudder; Tom will not take a header. If his foot slips and he barks a shin or two, he can show his wounds to Mary every day and suffer a sweet convalescence. Eventually Tom will marry the little blonde (far right) who isn't looking at him, and Mary will wed a chap from a town 600 miles away.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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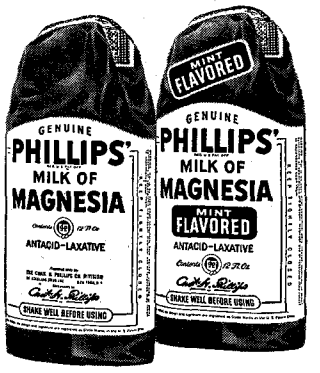

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You feel much closer to the winter-time sun the moment you arrive in North Florida. Even in January spring gardens are bursting into colorful bloom.

Many visitors stop over to see the spectacular flowers at Killearn Gardens State Park near Tallahassee. Others stay on for the splendid golfing, fishing and hunting.

HINT TO HUNTERS—Thousands of wild fowl make the Gulf Coast marshlands their wintering grounds.

HINT TO SIGHT-SEERS—See the haunting loveliness of the Suwannee River on a sternwheeler cruise out of Fannin Springs. Visit Stephen Foster Memorial at White Springs. Explore the caves in Florida Caverns State Park near Marianna.

Many more interests than we can tell about here make *meeting spring* in North Florida a long-remembered experience.

For full details get the *free* guide book offered below. It is a wonderful aid in planning a tour in all of Florida's nine vacation regions. And that's an idea! Start your plans now. Mail the coupon today.

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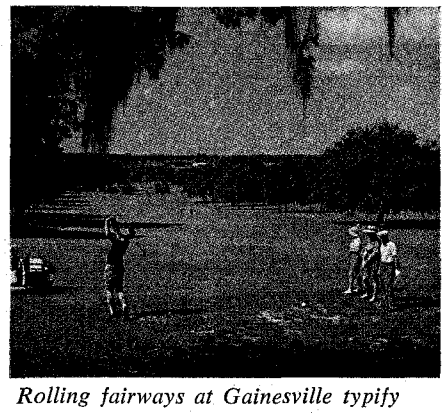

Rolling fairways at Gainesville typify many golf courses of North Florida.

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*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

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Letters

Raising a Ruckus

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's article, LET'S STOP ACTING LIKE SHEEP, in the Oct. 3 issue, is a gem. . . .

I wish he had touched on reading lights. In a luxury plane on a long flight, say to Manila, the individual lights are sometimes unalterably set at a wrong angle, making it impossible to read at night. An apology from the stewardess and an angry letter written to the company after arrival give little satisfaction. What would Mr. Alsop do?

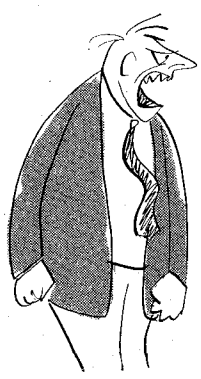
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT JR.
Oyster Bay, N.Y.

● *Something dreadful, undoubtedly. We'll ask when he returns from his assignment behind the Iron Curtain.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (the Children's Poet, as he was called) put it this way: "Be not like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!"

LAURA A. PINGREY
Winter Park, Fla.



Dear Sirs:

The fervid American desire to appear "a regular guy" only makes us world saps. . . . Righteous indignation at proper times might earn Americans an internationalreputation of being adults and not naïve children.

MRS. ANASTASIA JUODVALKIS
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

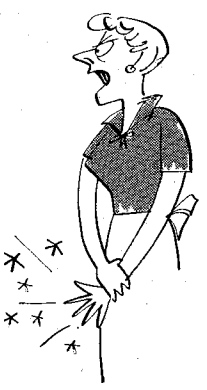
Kindly ask Mr. Alsop to issue a certificate as a Master Row Maker to my husband. About to board a train in Jacksonville for Baltimore, where I was to undergo surgery, we found that our space, reserved well in advance, had been sold. The outcome was that the train was held until they could add an extra Pullman car for our use.

ELIZABETH B. REA
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I took Mr. A's words to heart. . . .

When my youngster next disobeyed me, instead of my usual, "Now be a good boy for mamma," I decided to make a Row. Being a gentle, and usually rather tired, mother, I thought only in terms of Second Class Row Making. I exceeded even my own expectations, for as I gave David a few resounding whacks on his well-diapered bottom, I struck my thumb against a chair, and in an instant created a Master Row with admirable hopping and howling.



Consequently I suggest that one might increase the effectiveness of one's Public Row by striking . . . a finger or an elbow, or perhaps biting one's tongue. I can guarantee results.

MARGARET KANE
Brewerton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If author Alsop will agree to add excess taxation to the list of legitimate row-making causes, every taxpayer in the country will be striving toward a Master's degree.

Such an array of Row Makers might scare the High Taxers to death, and even subdue the Deficit Spenders.

GEORGE A. KELLEY
Lamar, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

If Stewart Alsop (or anyone else) should pull such a silly tantrum here . . . we would promptly call the men in white jackets.

EDDIE ROBERTS
Arrowhead Motel
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

I . . . feel sorry for Mr. Alsop, not only for his childish behavior, but also for his dearth of better material to write about. Now watch your blood pressure, Mr. Alsop.

MRS. STANLEY HORMAN
Baltimore, Md.

(Continued on Page 6)

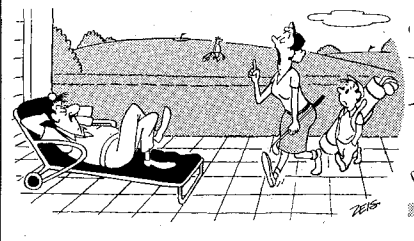
ADDING INJURY TO INSULT

Dear Sirs:

I recently discovered what happened to the brave gentleman in the cartoon by Zeis on June 13. It was worth waiting until July 4 for such an appropriate climax.

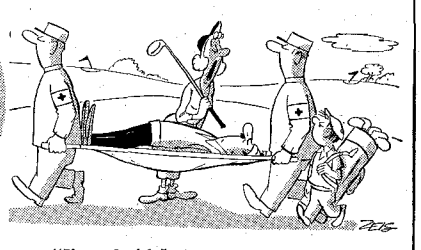
SYLVIA FISHER
U. of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

JUNE 13



"Don't move!"

JULY 4



"I'm afraid I owe you an apology."

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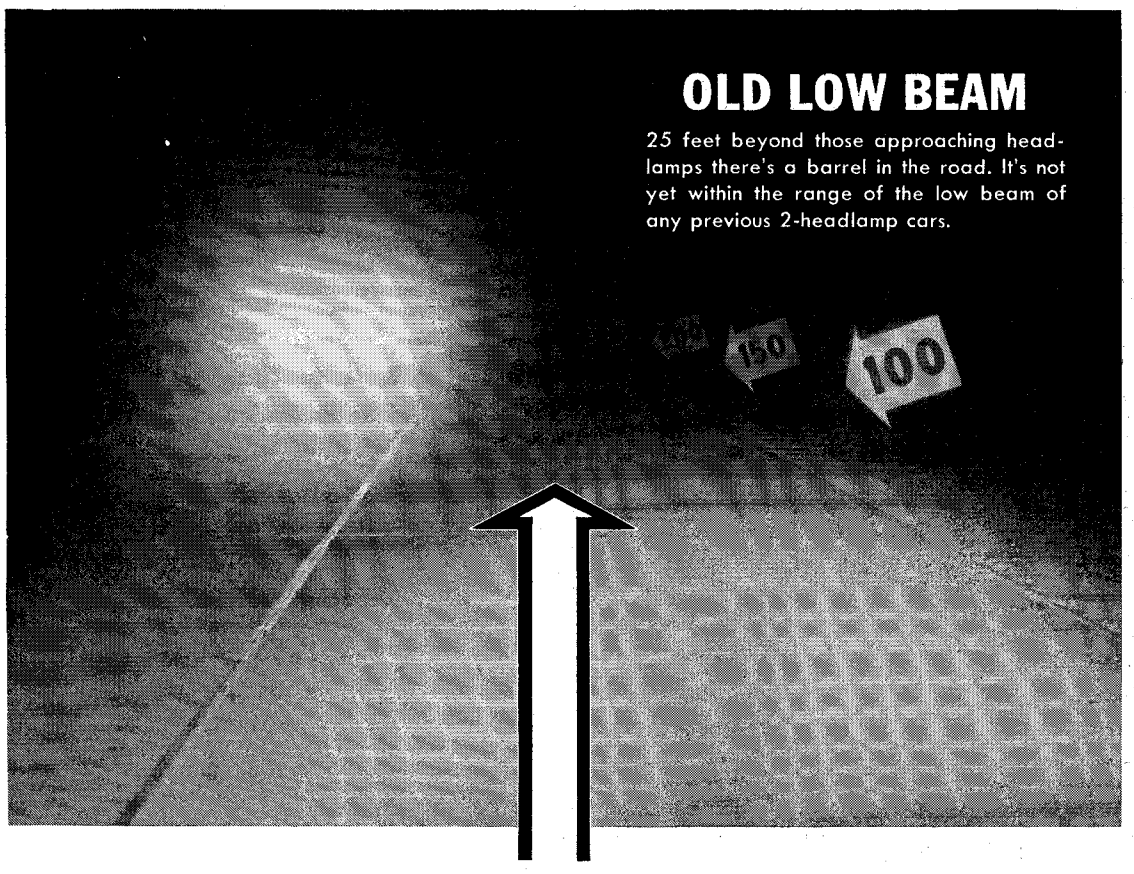
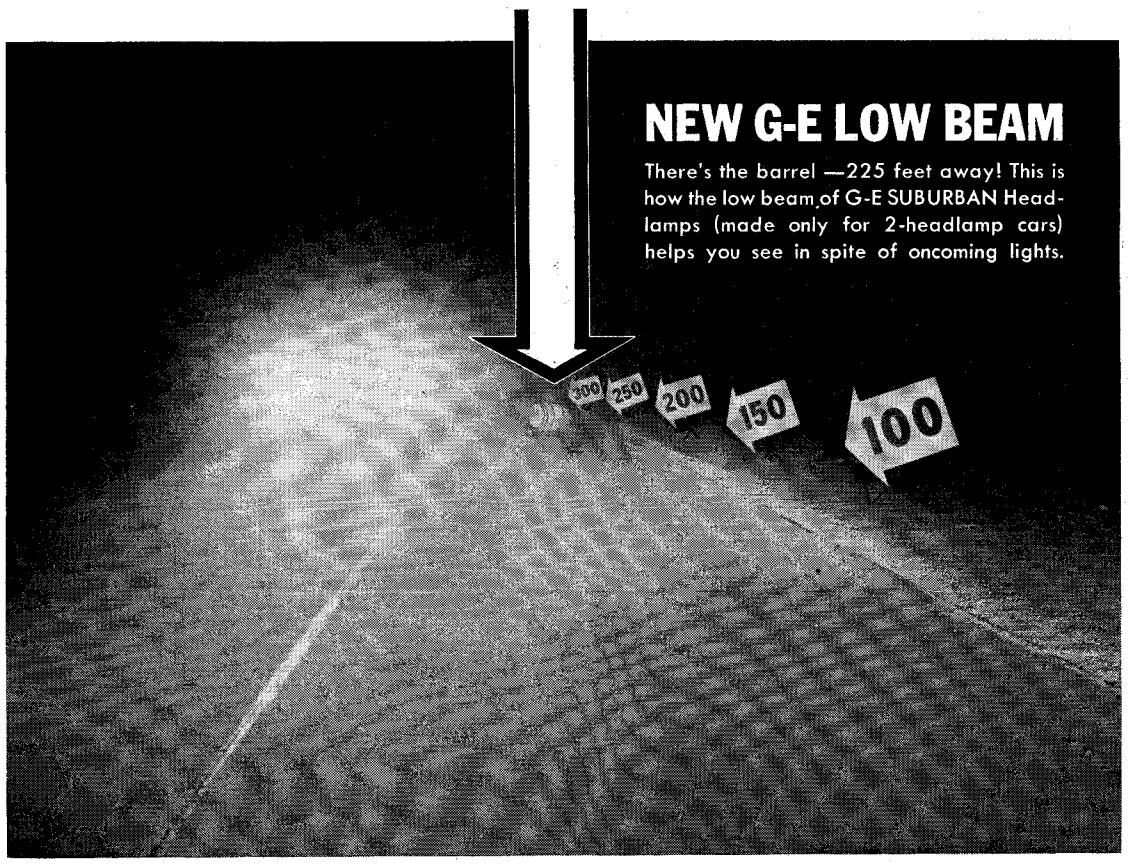

OLD LOW BEAM
25 feet beyond those approaching headlamps there's a barrel in the road. It's not yet within the range of the low beam of any previous 2-headlamp cars.
150
100

You'll see better in spite of the other car's lights!

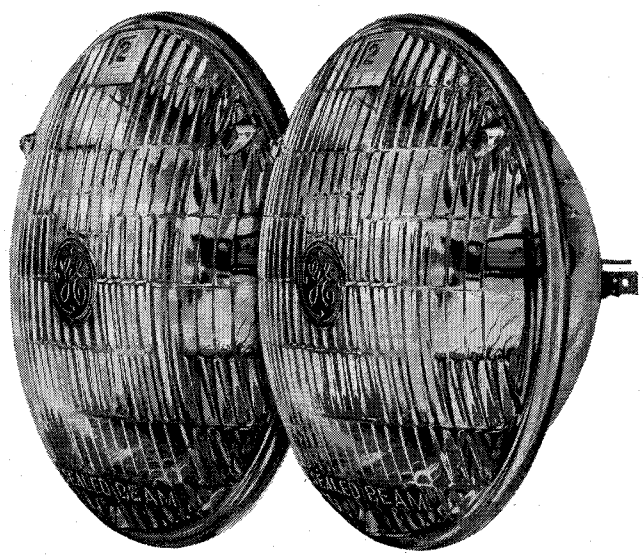

NEW G-E LOW BEAM
There's the barrel —225 feet away! This is how the low beam of G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps (made only for 2-headlamp cars) helps you see in spite of oncoming lights.
300
250
200
150
100

Three-fourths of all night driving is now done with the low beam!

New G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps have a "spotlight" effect ...in the low beam!

Since nighttime traffic has increased tremendously, motorists find they must use the low beam more and more. So, General Electric now puts the *low beam* filament on focus to give maximum beam control where it's needed most—to provide a "spotlight" effect which directs more light down the right side of the road. That's why the low beam of new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps lets you see past the oncoming car when you're 75 to 200 feet apart.

Only General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps have this feature for 2-headlamp cars. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept. M-913, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



ATTENTION ALL OWNERS OF 2-HEADLAMP CARS!

For approximately the same results as the four-headlamp systems in brand new cars (whose low beam filaments are also on focus) . . . have a pair of new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed today. Tonight you'll see better in spite of other cars' lights.

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What does your handwriting tell about you?

Fancy lilac

ARTISTIC—Fancy capitals, imaginative letter combinations show your creativity. You bring freshness to everything you do. You'll truly enjoy using a *flexible point* (#2048). *Your* point among Esterbrook's *32!*

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SHREWD—Drive a hard bargain? You do if your small letters taper down. Shows subtlety and diplomacy, too! Try a *general writing* point (#2668). Esterbrook pens make a shrewd investment—$2.95 to $5.75.

Fragile fancies

REFINED—No doubt about it, if you write the fine, delicate hand shown above. You'll enjoy using the *fine writing* point (#2556). And, if a point gets damaged—it's *instantly* replaceable for 60¢.

Big and bold

DARING—If you write *very large* (match your writing to the sample above) you've got the courage and initiative to take the knocks and forge ahead. Esterbrook's *broad writing* point (#2968) is for *you!*

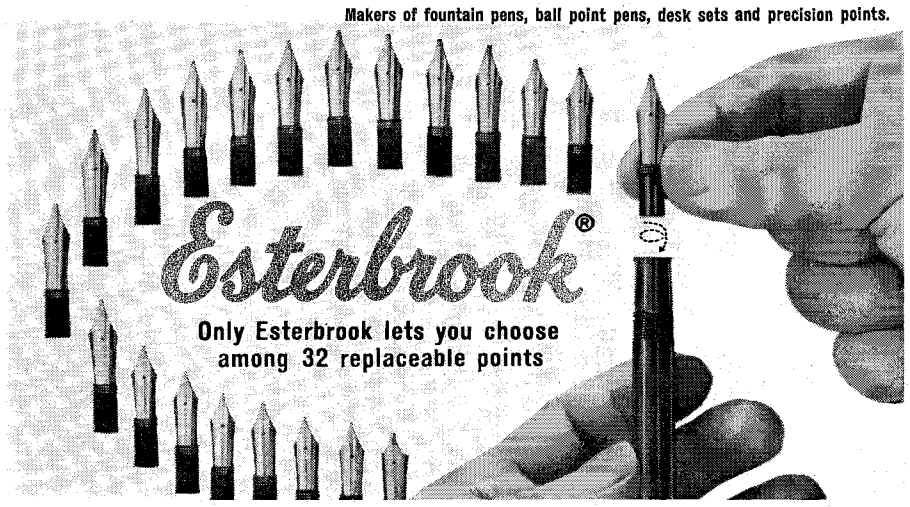
People whose work requires deep concentration tend to write small. A generous, outgoing person writes large, flowing letters. A forceful person presses hard on his point. It's just common sense that one pen point can't be right for all three.

That's why Esterbrook makes 32 different points. No matter how *you* write, there's an Esterbrook point for *you!* Pick *yours* from Esterbrook's handy point-selection chart on your dealer's counter!

A custom-made pen for $2.95! The famous Classic Fountain Pen, with your point choice. Precision-made, it starts writing *instantly*—ink flows smoothly, *evenly.*

The Classic Fountain Pen

Makers of fountain pens, ball point pens, desk sets and precision points.



*T.M. The Esterbrook Pen Co.

Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant

Dear Sirs:

In your June 6 issue, Chisox boss Bill Veeck predicted that "We cannot beat the Yankees." [A Visit With Bill Veeck, by Stanley Frank and Edgar Munzel.] Will he explain to the New York fans what happened?

E. S. BELL
Fort Collins, Colo.

● *Veeck says, "I was wrong—and what a nice way to be wrong." For a more optimistic, longer-range view, see our July 13, 1957, article by White Sox manager Al Lopez*—Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Yankees? —*ED.*

Teen-Age Tastes

Dear Sirs:

I am not a particular fan of Dick Clark (as a matter of fact, we don't even own a television set) but I think Pete Martin's article on him [I Call on Dick Clark, Oct. 10] was positively insulting. . . .

When my baby and baby-to-be are teen-agers, I hope they will have someone as nice and clean-cut as Dick Clark to emulate.

MRS. MELVYN L. LACY
Laramie, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

Dick Clark has done more to lower the standards of American music than anyone in history. One of the unfortunate by-products of political freedom of opinion is what might be called "license" of opinion—the enormous fallacy that "one man's opinion is as good as the next". . . .

Teen-agers with no experience say, "We like it, and our opinion is as good as yours." Is it? Dick Clark tells them it is.

America is striving to return to a respect for knowledge. . . . But it will never gain its aim as long as payola disc jocks continue to play nothing but bad music and tell teen-agers this music is good. I do not say Clark is one of the payola disc jocks; I do say he does irreparable damage to teen-age taste.

M. L. FORD
Monroe, Conn.

Horse of a Different Color

Dear Sirs:

I should like to answer the letter from H. N. White of Virginia Beach, Va., in the Sept. 26 issue. Apparently he is one of a number of people who feel that because it is the rule that robins, orioles, blue jays, redheaded woodpeckers and other birds do not interbreed, the same rule ought to be applied to humans of different color. The color of these birds is only incidental to other more basic physiological and anatomical differences that prevent them from being mutually fertile. . . . Not only the species but even the genera are different. This is also true of the catfish and the crappie mentioned in the letter from M. L. Johnson in the same issue. Humans, though different in color, are mutually fertile, and they are therefore considered as one species, namely sapiens, under the genus Homo—Homo sapiens. . . .

Horses of different color and build are compatible mates. Dogs of different breed are not kept from mutual fertility by any design of nature, nor are cats. The writers of the letters cited above may have other more cogent reasons for wanting people of different colors to stay apart, but they have not used them. To support their case they have tried to use examples from the animal kingdom which are not valid and have nothing to do with the problem.

THEODORA N. SALMON, *Asst. Prof.*
Dept. of Biological Sciences
Hunter College
New York, N.Y.

Rugged Ranchers

Dear Sirs:

I can imagine [ranch manager] Douglas Burns snorting with amusement at the account of branding that Lewis Nordyke gives in Rugged Riders of Pitchfork Ranch, [Oct. 3]: . . . "Drennan started a fire of dry mesquite. . . . When the irons were white-hot, the calves were thrown and branded over left front rib."

What a mess a white-hot branding iron would make of the Pitchfork brand, let alone the injury it would cause to the calf. A good, clean brand is made with an iron just hot enough to make the hair smoke and sear the flesh so as to form scar tissue. Even red-hot is too hot. . . .

With this slight exception, Nordyke's account of the roundup makes good reading for those who know roundups as they used to be.

WILL A. KELLY
Chicago, Ill.

● *Those white-hot irons were "ashy white," not molten white, says Nordyke. They turn ashy white shortly before reaching the red-hot stage.* —*ED.*

The Case of the Unlikely Verb

Dear Sirs:

[Re The Case of the Waylaid Wolf, Sept. 5–Oct. 24]: I am a fan of Erle Stanley Gardner's and I dearly dote on Perry Mason, but I get so darned tired of "Mason latchkeyed the door of his office"! Just for a refreshing change, couldn't Perry merely "key" the door or, even better, unlock it?

HELEN E. TAYLOR
Fowler, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

We shall suppose . . . he must already have *washclothed* his body, *bladed* his whiskers, *trousered* his legs, *shirted* and *coated* his torso, *hatted* his head, *doored* the restaurant, *bacon-and-egged* and *coffeed* his inwards, *cigaretted* his mouth and finally (thank goodness!) *elevatored* to his floor where we shall mercifully leave him to *latchkey* the poor unoffending door. Mr. G., I'm disappointed in you.

MRS. ARTHUR A. SINCLAIR
Highland Park, Mich.

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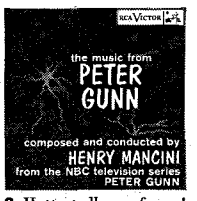
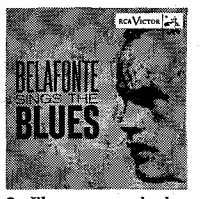
ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R. P. M. LONG-PLAYING

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*



2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.



3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah, I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

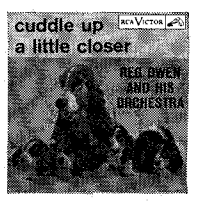
14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*

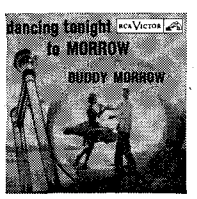
25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaîté* of all! *Gayne* excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed Trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby*, 9 more.

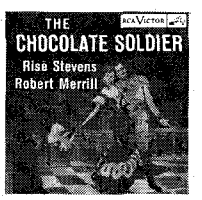


28. 12 plush, romantic mood setters for a bachelor apartment—*Pretty Baby, Thou Swell, Let's Put Out the Lights*, etc.

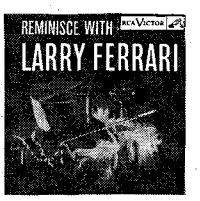


29. Big band, fat beat. 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy-Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



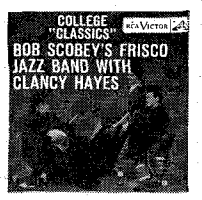
31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy*, etc.



32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail*, 7 others.

33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

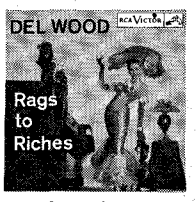
43. Warm, relaxed jazz by trumpeter Braff plus Roy Eldridge, Hank Jones. *Yesterdays, Willow Weep for Me*, etc.



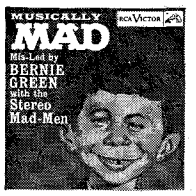
44. Bob Swings, Clancy sings *Shine on Harvest Moon, Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, The Whiffenpoof Song*, 8 more.

45. Ultraromantic piano with orchestra. *They Can't Take That Away from Me, Autumn in Rome, Secret Love*, 12 in all.

46. 12 love songs. *Time on My Hands, In Love in Vain, You Are Too Beautiful, You're My Girl, I'll See You Again.*



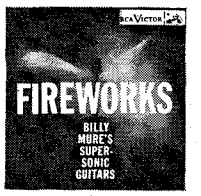
47. Happy honky-tonk piano versions of *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Ace in the Hole, Hello Ma Baby, Charmaine*, 7 more.



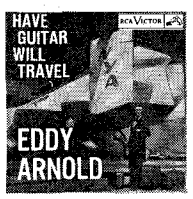
48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course*, more.

49. Original-cast recording of season's top musical. Winner of 6 Tony awards stars Gwen Verdon, Richard Kiley.

50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award-winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



51. Virtuoso engineering, musicianship. *The Peanut Vendor, Jealous, For Me and My Gal, By the Beautiful Sea*, etc.



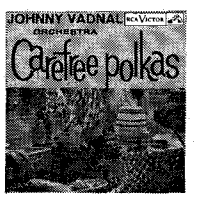
61. Singalogue by country pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana*, etc.

62. Tender love songs and ballads. *Fifteen* (theme of *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*), *Delia's Gone*, 10 others.

63. An oriental orchestral feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

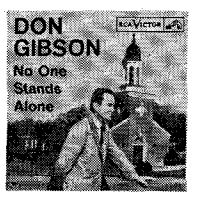
64. For children. Rodgers-Hammerstein songs. Also *Three to Make Music*, charming music appreciation lesson.

65. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing beat, modern sound. *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*, etc.

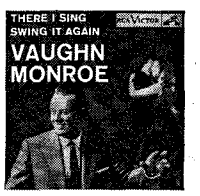


66. Dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Vass Iss Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz*, others.

67. Most unusual, exotic album of 1959. SOUND-MOONscapes of oriental humor, romance, intrigue. 11 offbeat treats.



68. 12 soul satisfiers by the *Oh, Lonesome Me* star. New ones include *Faith Unlocks the Door, My God Is Real*, etc.

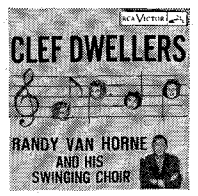


69. His biggest hits re. recorded in hi fi. *There-I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina*, etc.

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals —*Stupid Cupid*, etc.

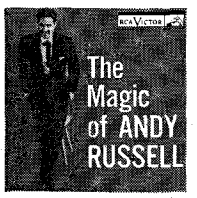
80. Aged-in-the-jazzwood vocals of *Memphis Blues, My Melancholy Baby, Someday You'll Be Sorry*, more.

81. TV's first lady at her warmest. *I'll Remember April, What's New?, I Fall in Love Too Easily, These Foolish Things*, etc.

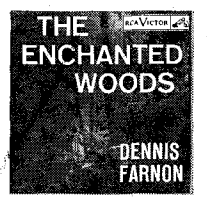


82. Hip choral sounds for modern ears. 13 evergreens, Lunceford-like beat. *Do It Again, Home, Paper Moon*, etc.

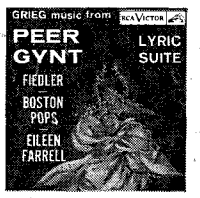
83. Glorious new production of Romberg's operetta starring Giorgio Tozzi, large cast. Lehman Engel, conductor.



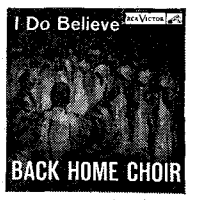
84. Virile crooner's 12 most-requested songs. *You Belong to My Heart, Besame Mucho, Magic Is the Moonlight*, etc.



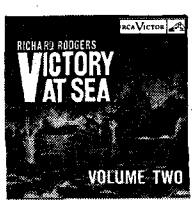
85. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm. *I Hear a Rhapsody, You Are Too Beautiful*, etc.



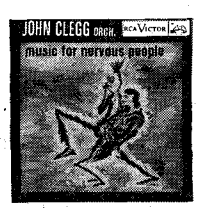
86. Familiar classics, *Anitra's Dance, Hall of the Mountain King, Morning*, etc. Eileen Farrell sings *Solvejg's Song.*



87. Uninhibited, rhythmic, moving renditions of 12 Negro spirituals by one of the most popular, authentic mixed choirs.



91. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.



92. Relax! Smooth instrumentals. *When Day Is Done; Thinking of You; Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart; Speak Easy*, etc.

93. Distinctive dance stylings by Al Nevins' swing band plus bluesy strings. *Sugar Blues, Basin Street Blues*, 10 others.

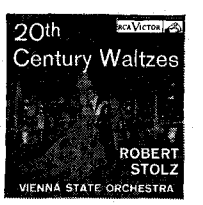
94. Great tenor's favorite pop specials: *Bluebird of Happiness, Granada, Because, I Believe, Around the World*, etc.

95. Exotic, rhythmic, flamenco variety show with guitars, singers, castanets, heel-clicking Spanish dancers, etc.

96. Romantic, colorful mood setters, lushly recorded. *Laura, The Man I Love, Solitude, Hora Staccato*, others.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi-fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

98. Do it yourself! Conduct light classics. Real baton, instructions included. Sabre Dance, Strauss waltzes, others.



99. Lilting, full-blown Viennese stylings of familiar tunes by O. Straus, Lehar, others. *Vienna, City of My Dreams*, etc.

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4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

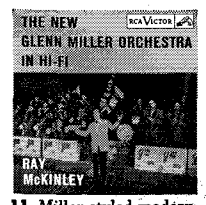
6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Gogi Grant, Howard Keel and Anne Jeffreys.

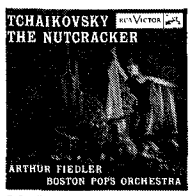
9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

10. Lanza's latest and greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia, Maria Mari', Voce 'e notte.*



11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, España Rhapsody.*



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.

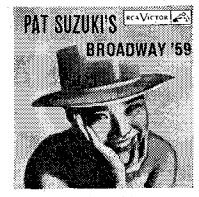
17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*

18. 17 swaggering marches: *El Capitan, Semper Fidelis, On the Mall, On Parade, Washington Post, Jubilee.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, Peanut Vendor*, etc.

20. His 12 biggest, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios, Oye Negra, Baia, Mambo No. 5, Night Must Fall*, etc.

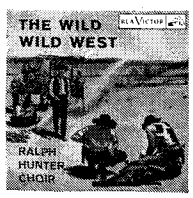
21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.



22. Broadway's newest star sings the big songs from *Flower Drum Song, My Fair Lady, The Music Man*, etc.—12 in all.

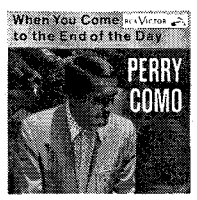
23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure*, others.

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.

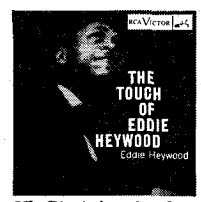


34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley*, 10 more.

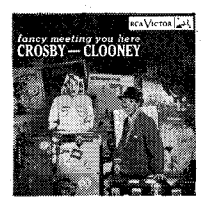
35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.



36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*



37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*



38. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, sassy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Hindustan, Brazil*, etc.

39. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat, Midnight Sun, Heartaches*, others.

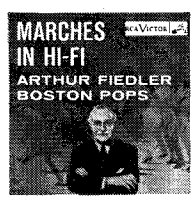
40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh, Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh getters.

41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.

42. Suave, modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover* plus 10 other recent hits.

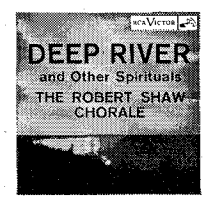
52. Mighty pipe-organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others.

53. More than 45 instruments form the "biggest battery of percussion west of Cape Canaveral." Hi-fi *must!*

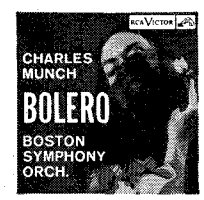


54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

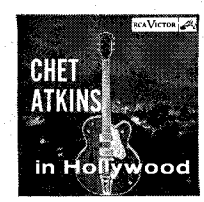
55. 12 other-worldish scorings for modern big band, piano, singers. *Granada, Begin the Beguine, Night and Day.*



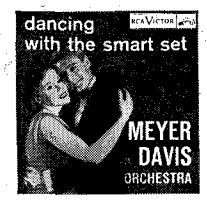
56. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Set Down, Servant*; more.



57. Modern classics: Ravel's *Bolero, La Valse, Rapsodie Espagnole* plus Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun.*



58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.



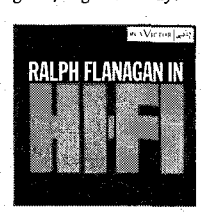
59. Society's top maestro plays 41 vari-tempoed dance gems. Includes medleys from *Gigi, Oklahoma!, Sunny, Can-Can.*

60. In dramatic hi-fi, world-famous Spanish group sings, plays 17 songs of Spain, Italy, Portugal and France.

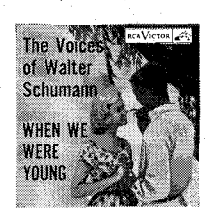
70. 14 thrillingly hi-fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Scipio*, lots more.

71. 13 rousing party perkers. Jacket lists recipes. *Heart of My Heart, Beer Barrel Polka, Sweet Adeline*, others.

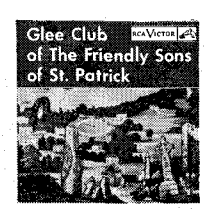
72. Elegant cocktail piano versions of hits from *Merry Widow, Chocolate Soldier: My Hero, Vilia*, many more.



73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade* etc.



74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

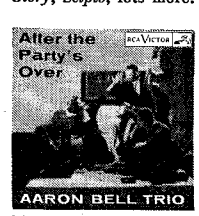


75. 65-man group sings 15 authentic Irish favorites. *The Rose of Tralee, Killarney, Come Back to Erin, The Minstrel Boy.*

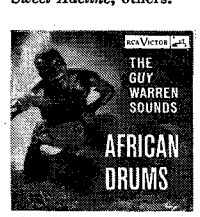
76. Rollicking tortoni troubadour sings happy ones—*Hey, Gumbaree; Where Do You Work Marie*, etc., plus ballads.

77. Modern, mellow-voiced woodwinds, brass, percussion play *Clarinet Polka, It Ain't Necessarily So, Tumblin'*, 9 more.

78. TV emcee Troup's relaxed singing with top jazz stars Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Conte Condoli, etc. Danceable, too.

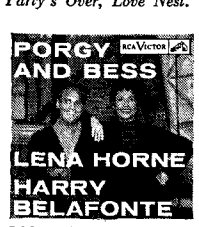


88. Soft, intimate jazz with Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, bassist Bell featured. *All the Way, The Party's Over, Love Nest.*



89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, J'Attendrai, Shine*, etc.



100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. The best-selling version.

IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE

Regular (monaural) long-playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.

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Please register me as a member of The RCA VICTOR Popular Album Club and send me the five albums whose numbers I have circled at right, for which I will pay $3.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). I agree to buy six other albums offered by the Club within the next year, for each of which I will be billed at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: regular L. P. usually $3.98, at times $4.98; stereo versions $4.98, at times $5.98 (A small postage and handling charge is added to all prices.) Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel any time after buying six albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer), but if I continue after my sixth purchase, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free.

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Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U.S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada, and shipped duty free from Ontario.

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9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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Editorials

For Once Americans Abroad Find Their Conduct Approved!

The experience of troops serving outside their own country in peacetime is usually what the British call a "mixed bag." Welcomed and feted in war, they find themselves unloved and unwanted in peace. Even if there were no barroom brawls, crimes calling for trial, possibly in an ex-enemy court, or frictions caused by the relative opulence of the American soldier, trouble is sure to break out somewhere. In Japan, where the Communists work night and day to foment bad feeling between the Japanese people and our GI's, the Yankee Go Home movement has not exactly flourished, but there have been unpleasant incidents.

Americans abroad are constantly criticized for bad manners, creating disturbances in public places and sneering at the customs and inadequate plumbing in the countries they visit. But every now and then something happens to redeem us. It is gratifying when evidence appears that Americans outside their own country often behave like real thoroughbreds, despite what you hear from the "I-was-ashamed-of-my-country" clique.

The latest item on our credit side is the work of the American armed forces in the wake of the disastrous typhoon of a month ago, which flooded wide areas around and including Nagoya, Japan's third-largest city, killing more than 4200 persons and leaving an estimated 1,500,000 homeless. At once all branches of the United States military moved in. Helicopters landed in whatever dry spots could be located in the flooded area to ferry 4968 persons to safety. Supplies, including food, clothing and medicines, were flown into the stricken city. Medical teams administered thousands of inoculations, besides performing emergency surgical operations where necessary. The families of servicemen as well as American civilians living in Japan contributed money and clothing.

Of course, this is not the first instance of American generosity to Japan in time of disaster. Thirty-six years ago—in September, 1923—an earthquake rocked Southern Japan, almost completely destroying Yokohama and leveling about 378,000 homes in Tokyo. It was estimated that almost 200,000 Japanese lost their lives in this disaster, while more than 1,400,000 were without shelter. Quick to respond were the American people, who gave $10,000,000 through the American Red Cross alone, not to mention several millions through other agencies. American residents of Japan worked around the clock on errands of relief and rescue.

Perhaps one would not need to be a cynic to bring up the fact that our atomic bombs killed many more people in Japan than we have rescued from the disasters of nature. The holocausts of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, however, were episodes in a war which, after all, was of Japan's own choosing, or at any rate of its militaristic leaders. The miracle is that, despite such horrors and the memories of them, relations between our two countries are now harmonious and, on the whole, cordial. The heroic and efficient work of American young men after the recent disastrous typhoon can hardly fail to make the picture even brighter than it has been.

Old Title for a New Fixed Quiz Show: "It Pays To Be Ignorant."

Although it may be difficult at first to understand why so many district attorneys, judges and members of Congress got into the act, the great lame-brain majority was delighted to learn that at least some of the intellectual wizards on quiz programs had been given the answers from the back of the book. As the weeks rolled by and even the most unprepossessing people displayed such diverse and esoteric information, the millions in the audience writhed in suspense. "And still they gazed and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

The revelation that even a guy with a pointed head would have done all right on the program, provided he had "audience appeal," has cured inferiority complexes from coast to coast. It also boosted the egos of cynics who think everything from the Saturday-night bingo game to the Kentucky Derby is fixed, but that is a hazard we have to "live with," as the current expression is. Indeed, if the habit of withholding applause until one knows what one is applauding becomes more general, that could be a step in the right direction.

When you stop to think of it, the eager intrusion of politicians into this field isn't so very mysterious. With everybody tired of Khrushchev and the interest rate, the exposure of quiz shows was a natural. Millions of people are jealous of smart alecks who get $127,000 for naming the seven deadly sins. Other millions are furious when a popular scholar, teetering on the pinnacle of lifetime financial independence, is tossed back into penury for failing to give the maiden name of the wife of the Vice President in the administration of James K. Polk. And a few can be relied on to resent the conduct of a contestant who goes along, hamming it up and furrowing his brow, until his take was at least twice what a pretty fair citizen earns in a whole year—and then runs to the D.A.!

There are grudges and grouches enough to satisfy all shades of opinion and every crotchet and frustration in the book, and the opportunity for politicians to be against sin at small expense is not easily resisted. District Attorney Hogan in New York indicated that the public had been "duped and cheated"; although, as far as we can see, little was lost save the honor of a comparatively small number of people. The opinion of Federal Communications Commissioner John C. Doerfer that rigging quiz shows was reprehensible but legal seems to cover the subject. After these revelations shame should be enough to prevent repetition of such shenanigans.

The whole thing could work out for the good of the country. For a time it looked as if the educational program of the United States would have to be revamped to prepare the brightest pupils for participation in quiz shows. That looked like the most promising career in sight. Now the intellectuals can return with a clear conscience to making strontium 90, giving out books at the public library, or thinking quietly at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton—leaving the big TV money to people more distinguished for lung power, bust measurement or histrionic ability than for brains.

Khrushchev Needed Some Brighter Gags and Wisecracks

Nikita Khrushchev's journey to our shores left unanswered many grave questions, but certainly left no doubt that the Soviet's top rough-and-tumble debater also is one of the world's fastest men with a maxim—a sort of Poor Richard of the steppes who keeps a stock of prefabricated gems of wisdom on tap for any occasion. At any rate that is how a good many Americans, willing to forget his crimes if his gags were good enough, rated him.

But much of Mr. K's material seems badly outdated. For example, when he told United States audiences that "each duck praises its own swamp" and "he who wants eggs must put up with the hen's cackle," it became obvious that his earthy proverbs have their roots in the peasant soil of a Russia of long ago, rather than in the supposedly up-to-date age of Communism. This seems downright anachronistic.

Anyway, we offer Khrushchev a few freshly refurbished platitudes he might wish to keep in mind as he drives toward the Summit meeting:

Iron curtains do a prison make.

It is more blessed to give back lend-lease than to receive it.

You can't make peace in the parlor while making H-bombs in the basement.

Too many Chinese cooks may spoil the borsch.

Warm war, cold ashes.

God helps small children, drunks and, maybe, the United States.

It's a wise mutation that knows its own fallout.

He who rattles rockets in pockets risks fire in pants.

We also recommend, without change, an old saying that is hard to improve upon: Deeds speak louder than words.

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Short cut to long distance

In our search for better ways to speed up long distance service, we've come up with a device that literally "writes its own toll ticket."

It's made possible by an advanced system of automatic toll ticketing developed at General Telephone Laboratories and manufactured by our subsidiary, Automatic Electric.

When you make a station-to-station toll call, this central office system records your number and the number dialed. It then completes the call and "times" the conversation. Finally, a computer determines the rate and calculates the charge automatically, with no chance of human error, and also makes a permanent billing record.

When all telephone exchanges are equipped with automatic toll ticketing, you will be able to dial directly any phone in the nation without fuss or bother.

This is a typical example of how we use research—not only to meet today's communications needs, but to answer tomorrow's.

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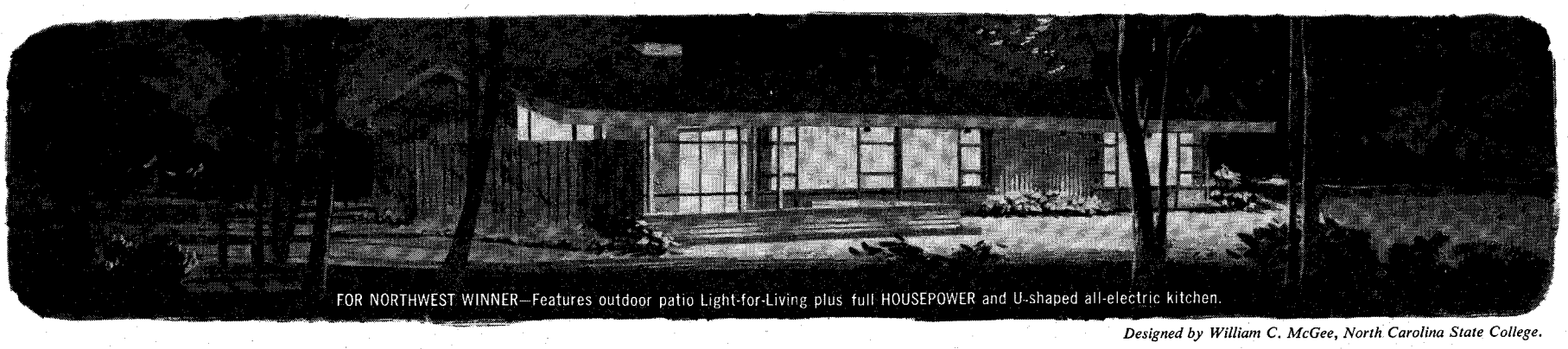
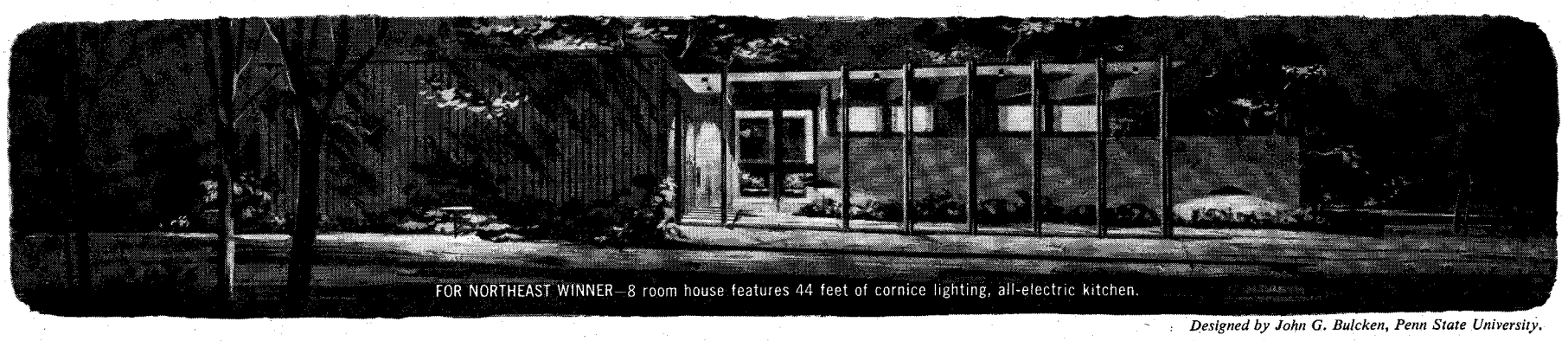


FOR NORTHWEST WINNER—Features outdoor patio Light-for-Living plus full HOUSEPOWER and U-shaped all-electric kitchen.

Designed by William C. McGee, North Carolina State College.

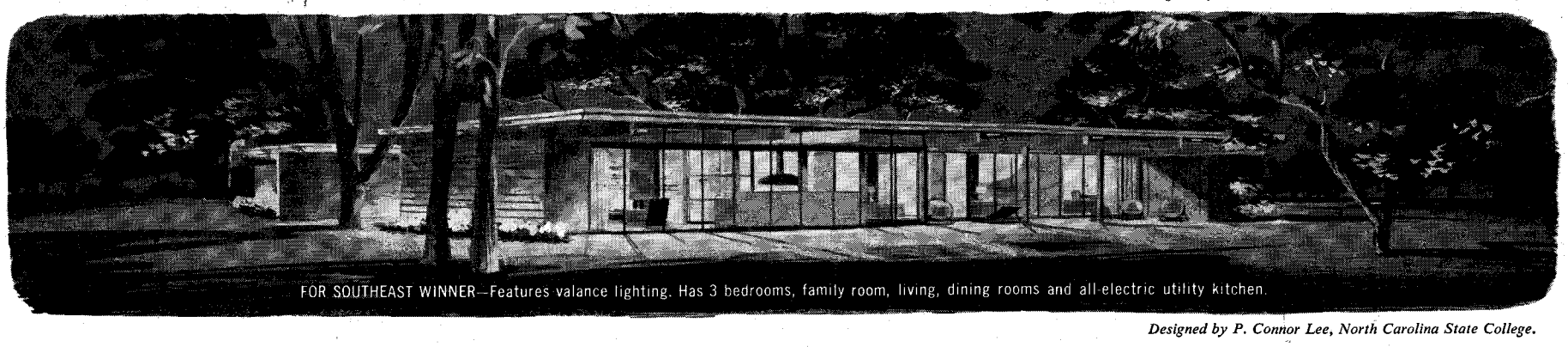


FOR NORTHEAST WINNER—8 room house features 44 feet of cornice lighting, all-electric kitchen.

Designed by John G. Bulcken, Penn State University.

FOR SOUTHWEST WINNER—This Medallion Home features special built-in decorative lighting, separated living and sleeping quarters.

Designed by James E. Kluttz, North Carolina State College.



FOR SOUTHEAST WINNER—Features valance lighting. Has 3 bedrooms, family room, living, dining rooms and all-electric utility kitchen.

Designed by P. Connor Lee, North Carolina State College.

You can win a $20,000 Light-For-Living Medallion Home!

$100,000 Contest!
Four new homes given away!

1,004 other exciting prizes! Easy to enter—nothing to buy!

There's a beautiful new home waiting for *you*—an award-winning Light-for-Living Medallion Home!*

These homes were chosen by a jury of professional architects from entries in a nationwide competition. These are *winning* homes—and you can win one for your very own!

You'll live better—electrically

The magic of electricity is everywhere! Just-right lighting for every room, every family activity—lighting that makes your home more convenient, more enjoyable, more fun. There's an all-electric kitchen, wonderful electrical appliances, a complete modern wiring system to meet today's and tomorrow's HOUSEPOWER needs.

1,004 other all-electric prizes

There are *four* first prizes, one Light-for-Living Medallion Home in each of four different sections of the nation, and models are being sponsored by Electric Light and Power Companies. Your favorite store selling lamps, bulbs, lighting fixtures, or your local electric utility company, will be happy to tell you what you should know to enter this contest.

There are four other big prizes, too! Four $1,500.00 groups of electric kitchen appliances. And 1,000 more prizes—500 portable lamps—plus 500 packages of assorted light bulbs.

**Constructed on your lot*

Building, buying, modernizing?
Qualify your home for this symbol
of modern living with Electric Appliances,
Light-for-Living and full HOUSEPOWER

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY
sponsored by Edison Electric Institute

FREE CONTEST ENTRY BOOKLET

It's easy to enter this contest! Official contest entry blank and rules are in a helpful "Light-for-Living" booklet which has all the information you need to win!

All you have to do is answer "true" and "false" statements about home lighting. Then, in your own words—using 20 words or less—complete the statement "I WOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN A LIGHT-FOR-LIVING MEDALLION HOME because . . ."

Hurry—contest closes November 15, 1959. Get your *free* official contest entry booklet today in any one of these convenient ways:

- **At your favorite store selling lamps, lighting fixtures, bulbs.**
- **At a Light-for-Living Medallion Home exhibit in your area.**
- **At your local electric light and power company.**
- Or write to: Edison Electric Institute, Box 1923, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

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Henry deserves a halo!

All year he's kept
his resolutions to . . .

- drive carefully, be courteous, considerate and obey all traffic rules . . .
- keep basement, attic and stairways clean . . .
- keep walks and steps clear of ice in the winter, free from litter at all times . . .
- train Junior to pick up his toys and other small possessions and store them neatly out of the way . . .
- check electrical connections and appliances regularly . . .
- stop smoking in bed . . .
- review his property and casualty insurance with a competent independent agent.

Yes sir, his family is proud of Henry—the neighbors too! He's a solid citizen. He's done his best to prevent fires and accidents, maybe even save a life. And—for his own peace of mind—he knows he is fully protected with adequate insurance if something should happen.

Your nearby America Fore Loyalty agent can arrange for you to pay all your fire and casualty insurance premiums on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis if you desire. For his name call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY • FIDELITY-PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY • FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, N. J.
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK • NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN INSURANCE COMPANY
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America Fore Loyalty Group

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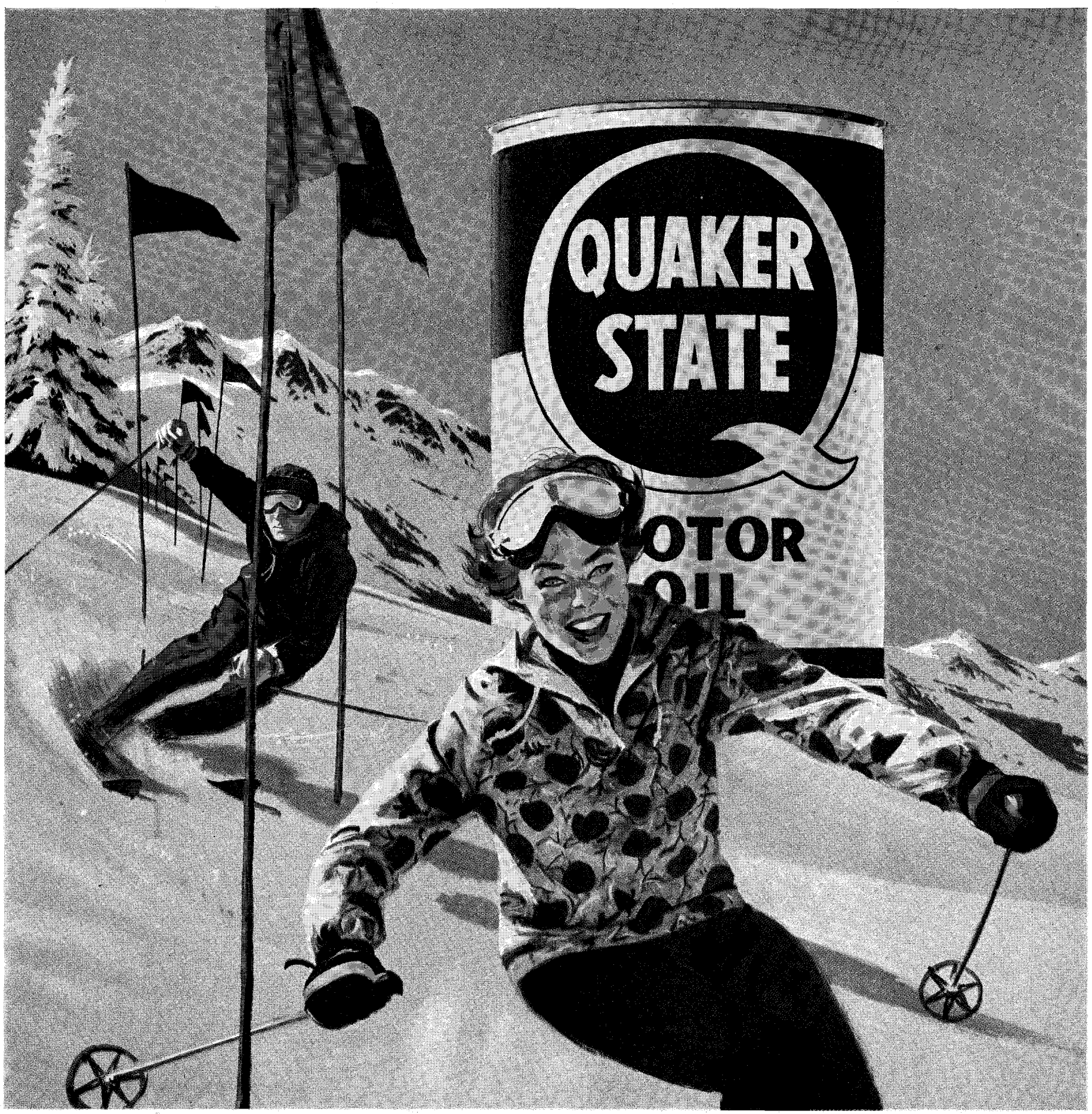
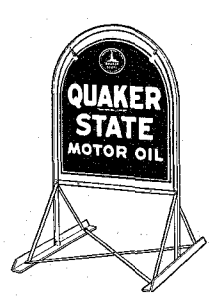


And for smooth going with your car this winter, change to Quaker State

This month, make sure your car is ready for winter. Make sure you get *Quaker State* winter oil. This is the pure Pennsylvania motor oil that gives complete, long-lasting protection no matter how cold it gets! Quaker State is refined to flow freely, even at sub-zero temperatures. The result: you enjoy quick starts and smooth, trouble-free driving all winter long! Go confidently into winter with the best winter oil money can buy . . . Quaker State. Always ask for Quaker State by name!



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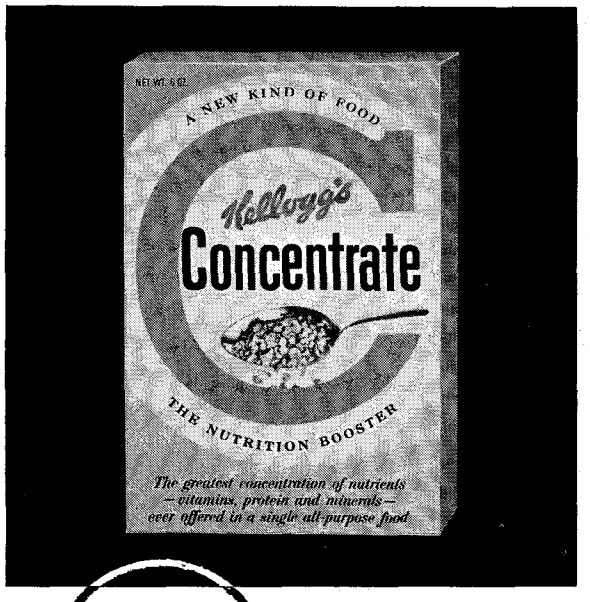
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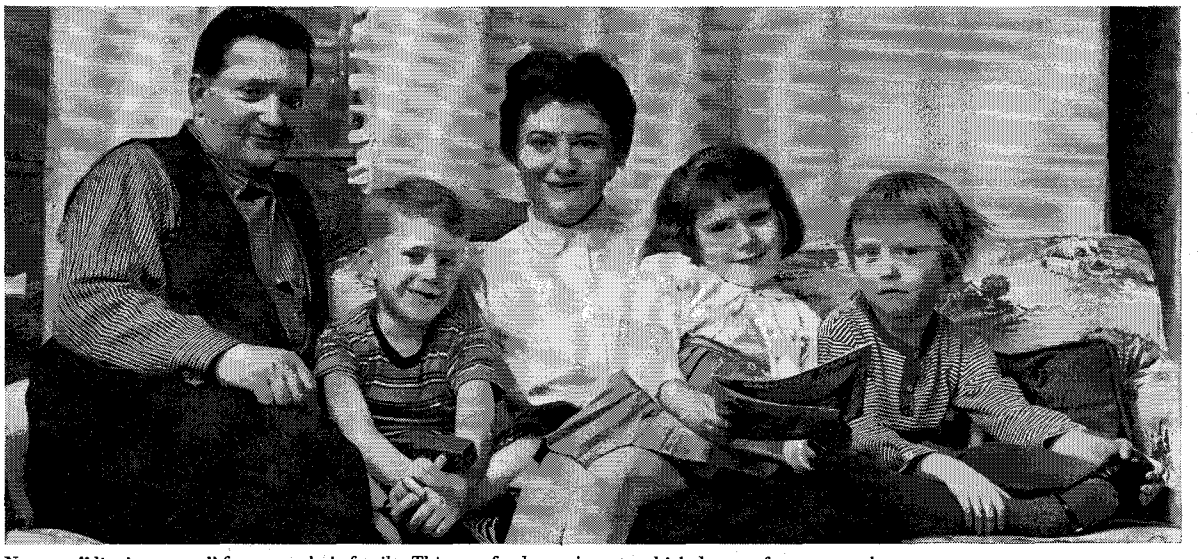
A NEW KIND OF FOOD
Kellogg's
Concentrate
THE NUTRITION BOOSTER
The greatest concentration of nutrients — vitamins, protein and minerals — ever offered in a single all-purpose food



Now . . . "diet insurance" for your whole family. This new food can give you a high degree of assurance that, whatever else the family eats, everyone will get nutritive values essential to active, vigorous good health.

NEW

THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION OF NUTRIENTS EVER OFFERED IN A SINGLE ALL-PURPOSE FOOD

Kellogg's CONCENTRATE

(The ready-to-serve nutrition "booster")

WHAT IT IS:

Kellogg's Concentrate is a great new food developed from the grains. It's ready to eat—requires no cooking, no refrigeration. And its tiny flakes, so crisp and good-tasting, contain more concentrated nutrition—vitamins, protein and minerals—than any other single all-purpose food. For instance, one ounce (about ⅓ cup) contains:

PROTEIN: More than an egg and two strips of bacon.
IRON: As much as two ounces of beef liver.
VITAMIN B_1 (thiamine): As much as three ounces of pork.
RIBOFLAVIN: More than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.
NIACIN: More than three ounces of beefsteak.
VITAMIN C: About as much as a four-ounce glass of tomato juice.
VITAMIN B_6: More than five carrots.
VITAMIN B_{12}: As much as one ounce of meat or fish.
VITAMIN D: As much as a quart of vitamin D milk.
FOLACIN: As much as three ounces of broccoli.

HOW YOU EAT IT:

There are many ways to enjoy Kellogg's Concentrate. By itself, it is, nutritionally, a satisfying meal. Added to other foods, it's a big nutrition plus. Economical, too, because it's so concentrated.

FOR BREAKFAST: Serve this delicious food as a cereal . . . or sprinkle it on your other favorite cereals and foods. One ounce (⅓ cup) with four ounces of milk (½ cup) provides 23% of a grown man's daily recommended allowance of high-quality protein.

FOR SNACKS: Low in calories, it makes a wonderful snack any time of day . . . or night.

ADDITIONAL USES: Adds nutrition and flavor to all foods. Sprinkle it on casseroles, soups, salads, vegetables, or desserts—in fact on almost any food. Add it to meat loaves, patties, stuffings, pancakes, waffles, or almost any of your favorite dishes.

WEIGHT WATCHERS: Eat Concentrate with non-fat milk as an aid in weight reduction.

WHAT IT DOES:

This new kind of food is high in nutrients essential to good diet—low in things we get plenty of, such as fats.

Kellogg's Concentrate is a real nutrition "booster"—especially helpful to weight watchers, children and adolescents with finicky appetites, women during pregnancy, and to all people requiring a high-protein diet.

In addition to its high-protein content (it's 40% protein), a one-ounce serving—*containing only 106 calories*—provides the following percentages of minimum daily adult requirements of these nutrients.

Vitamin B_1 (thiamine), 50% . . . Riboflavin, 50% . . . Iron, 50% . . . Niacin, 50% . . . Vitamin C, 50% . . . Vitamin D, 100% . . . Vitamin B_6, 66% . . . Vitamin B_{12}, 100% . . . Folacin, 50% . . . Phosphorus, 12% . . . Calcium, 2%.

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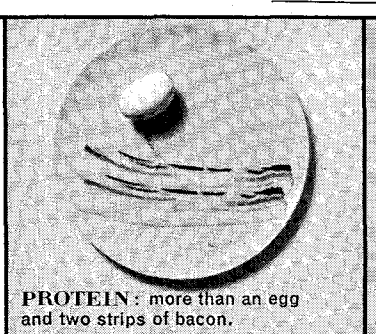
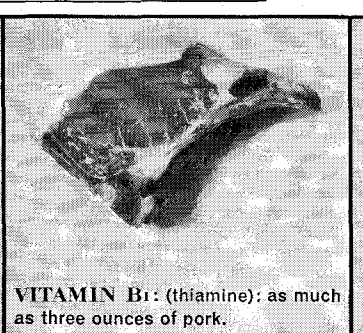
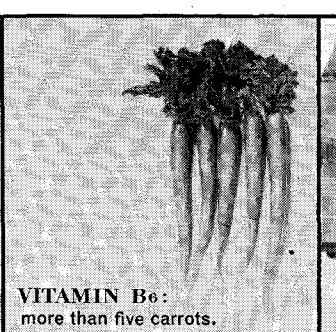
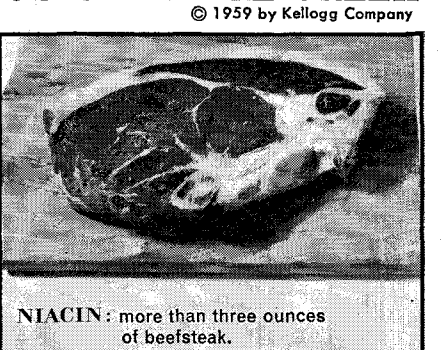
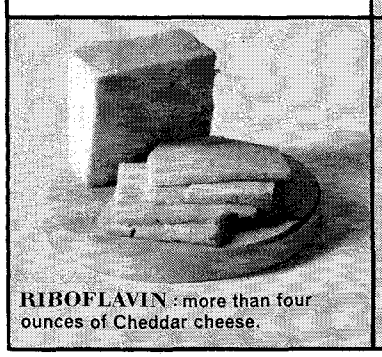
One ounce gives you the nutritive values indicated, in all these fine foods.

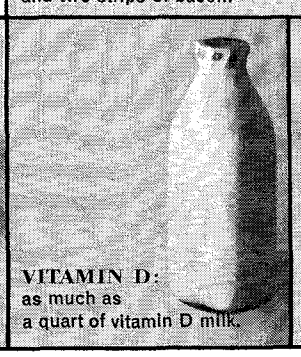

PROTEIN: more than an egg and two strips of bacon.

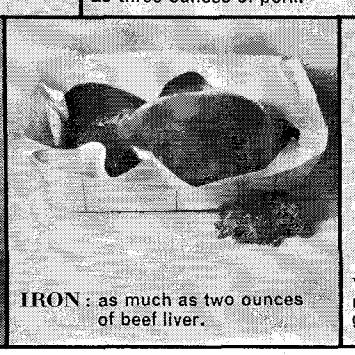

VITAMIN B_1: (thiamine): as much as three ounces of pork.

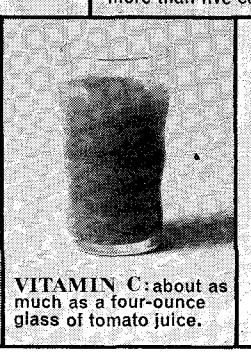

VITAMIN B_6: more than five carrots.


NIACIN: more than three ounces of beefsteak.

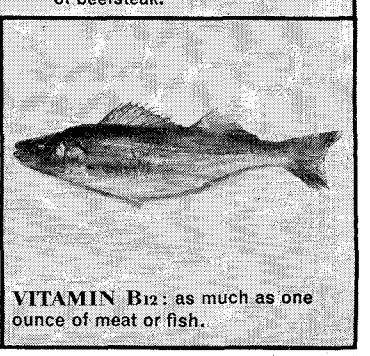

RIBOFLAVIN: more than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.


VITAMIN D: as much as a quart of vitamin D milk.


IRON: as much as two ounces of beef liver.


VITAMIN C: about as much as a four-ounce glass of tomato juice.

FOLACIN: as much as three ounces of broccoli.


VITAMIN B_{12}: as much as one ounce of meat or fish.

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YOU IN '60

FROM THE LARK BY STUDEBAKER

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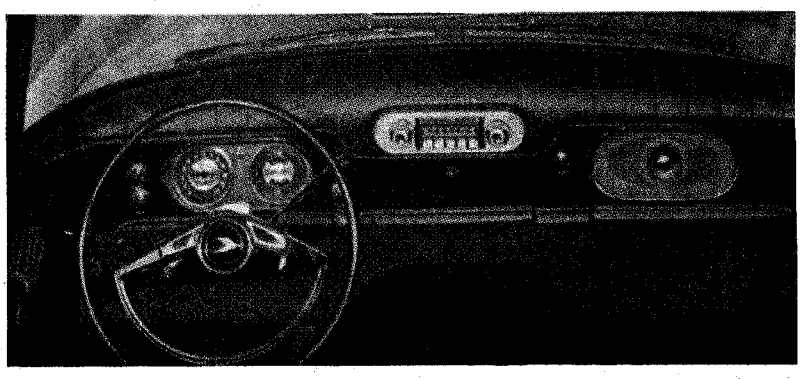
Quality-tailored interiors; luxury appointments; fashion-fresh body colors. Every detail says "a more expensive car"—but it isn't! Never so much driving fun, so much pride in possession, for so little! One ride, the heart-throb drive of the year!



Note stitching on padded panel; rich texture of vinyl upholstery; simple, tasteful instrumentation. Attention to detail throughout gives Lark interiors richness and quality rivalled only by far more expensive cars.

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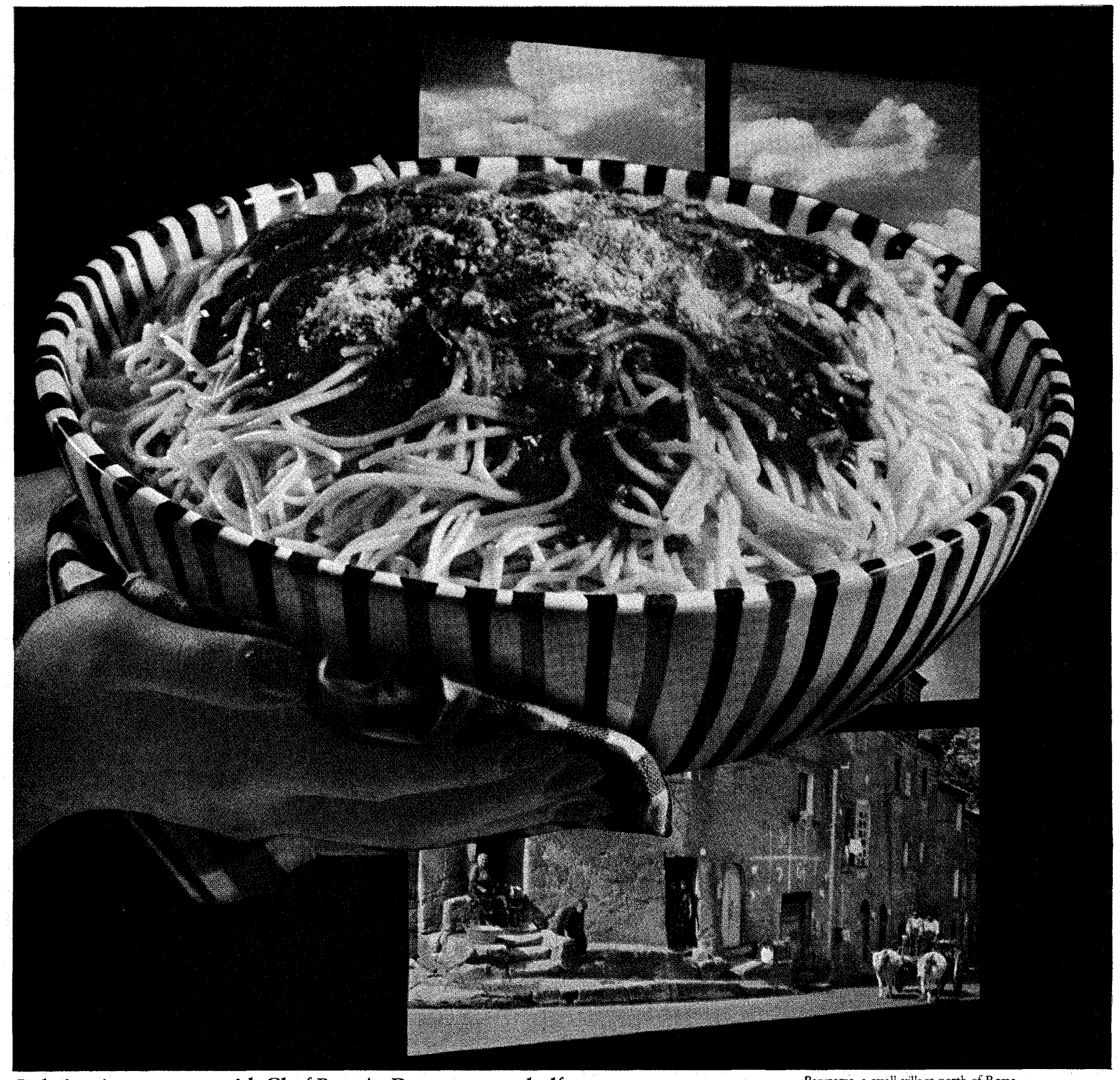

Bonmarzo, a small village north of Rome

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And when it's a thrifty, hearty Spaghetti Dinner, *there's nothing else to buy.* With tender spaghetti and tangy cheese, you get *complete* ready-to-heat Italian sauce, rich with meat or mushrooms.
All this in one box, yours in 12 minutes; only about 15¢ a serving.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Why Does Europe Have Less Delinquency?

An authority on juvenile problems presents a firsthand report on why, despite poverty and war-disrupted homes, Europe is confronted with fewer instances of teen-age crime and violence than the U.S.

By JUDGE MARY CONWAY KOHLER

Within the next twenty-four hours almost 5500 American juveniles—most of them boys and girls in their teens—will be arrested. This is the rate of the nation's juvenile delinquency; almost 2,000,000 arrests last year—more expected this year.

Some of these youngsters will be held overnight in jails and released in the morning; some will be lectured by police and sent home; some will be sentenced to prison. All of them are symptoms of a growing national disease.

Yet, while all the world has juvenile delinquents, not all the world has delinquents such as ours, neither in their crime rate nor in the seriousness of their crimes.

Since 1949 the nation's delinquency problem has been yearly becoming more critical; one expert predicts, "If present trends continue, by next year one boy in five in the entire country may have a delinquency record by age eighteen."

But in three European nations at least—Austria, West Germany and France—the rate of juvenile crime steadily declined since World War II while ours was increasing. English delinquency is rising, but not as much as ours, and its offenses are less serious. As one American probation officer commented, "The British juvenile delinquents are so innocent!"

Granted that Europeans see things differently regarding family life, religion and social status; still by many of the theories served up to the American public, these nations had the conditions to send adolescent crime to new peaks. Since World War II their children have been afflicted by the problems of working mothers, broken homes, psychological shock, slum conditions, and in the cases of thousands of orphaned refugee children, a poverty of human affection.

But if these things are indeed contributing causes of juvenile delinquency, either these particular children remain strangely unaffected by them, or these countries have done something to choke off infection.

I suspect it is the latter, and my suspicions are based not only on my fifteen years on the bench as a juvenile-court referee but on my recent four months and 7500 miles of observation in Europe. Traveling at the request of the Ford Foundation, I interviewed more than 150 European experts on juvenile crime and child welfare, visited almost 100 institutions caring for delinquents and talked with juveniles in Austria, West Germany, France and England.

Now that I have returned I do not say that four European nations have found the secret solution to juvenile delinquency, or even that we can pattern ourselves after them. But I do feel that their experts are on top of the problem, while we in America are bewildered and still groping for answers.

I find three main—and probably basic—differences in the way we approach juvenile delinquency and the way the Europeans approach it.

First—and this may raise the hackles of many American parents—I sense that Americans are more hostile toward adolescents than are Europeans. One result is that we do not plan for the problems of youth. The American juvenile is more likely to be out of control and in deep trouble before he gets any attention, while the problems of European youth are more often anticipated and hence solved before they become critical and need police or court action.

Second—and this observation is not likely to be much more popular—we Americans seem almost obsessed with prolonging the childhood of our adolescents. The European youth has an opportunity to participate in adult society at an earlier age and develops a sense of responsibility and a feeling of his own worth when he is much younger.

And third—this, I feel, is probably the most important difference—is that Europeans treating juvenile delinquency do not make a fetish of scientific methods. They improvise; they are willing to work with what is at hand because they do not have huge amounts of money. They do what the heart dictates. They are more flexible, less dogmatic, and—it appears—much more successful.

Now let us examine my feeling about American hostility. Only recently in New York City, when a group of school principals were helping to organize weekend festivals for Puerto Rican families, one principal applauded the plans, saying, "Fine, fine. Now, how do we keep the teen-agers out?" And the Puerto Rican mothers asked wonderingly, "But why? These are our children." That principal's attitude, to me, is a symptom of hostility. (Continued on Page 108)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Judge Kohler served as referee (judge) of the San Francisco Juvenile court for fifteen years. She is now a private consultant on juvenile delinquency and on family and children's courts. A graduate of the Stanford University Law School and the mother of three children, Judge Kohler lives in New York City.

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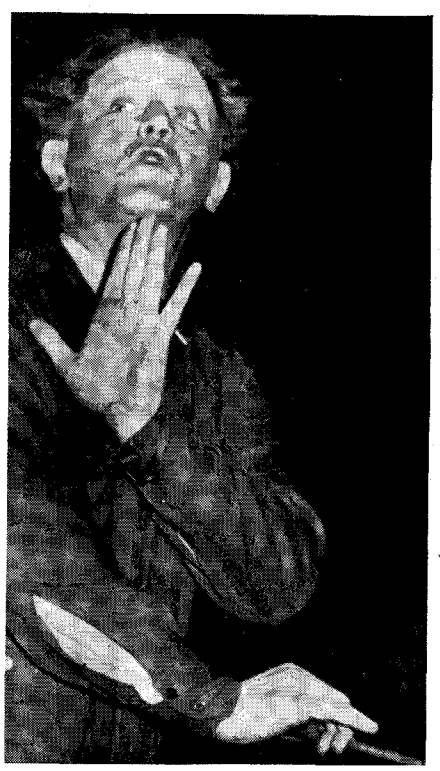
I Coddle the Maestros

As a symphony-orchestra manager the author must contend with the music world's most volcanic personalities. Here are the kinds of crises he faces.

By JOHN S. EDWARDS as told to Myron Cope

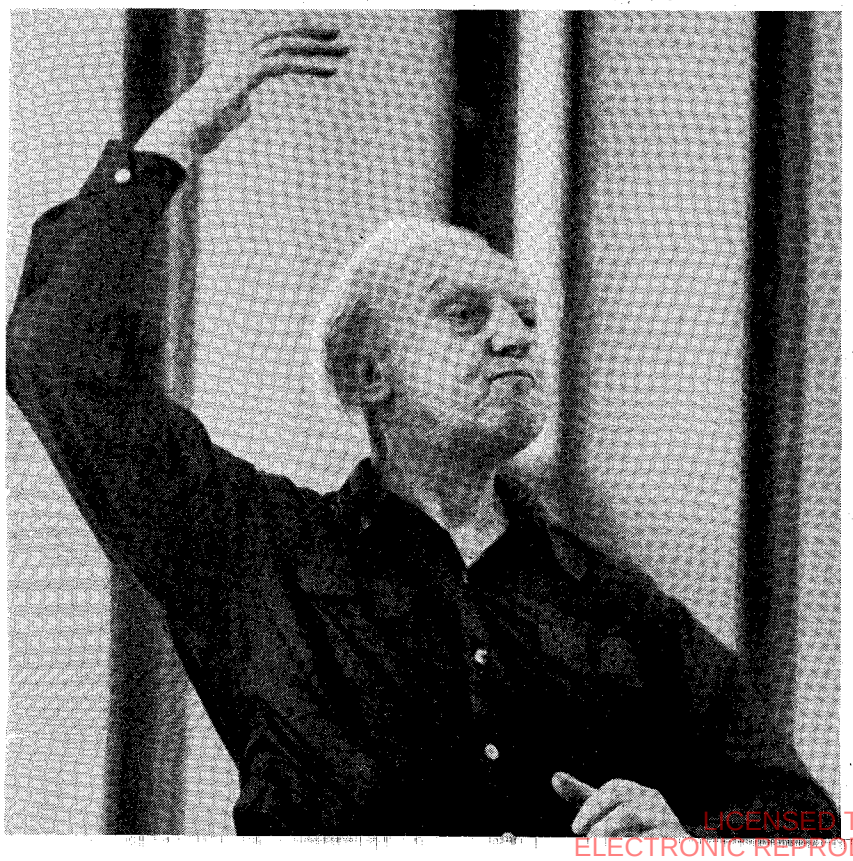
William Steinberg (left), of the Pittsburgh Symphony, with author Edwards. When pianist Van Cliburn came late to a rehearsal, Steinberg snapped, "That will cost you five hundred dollars."



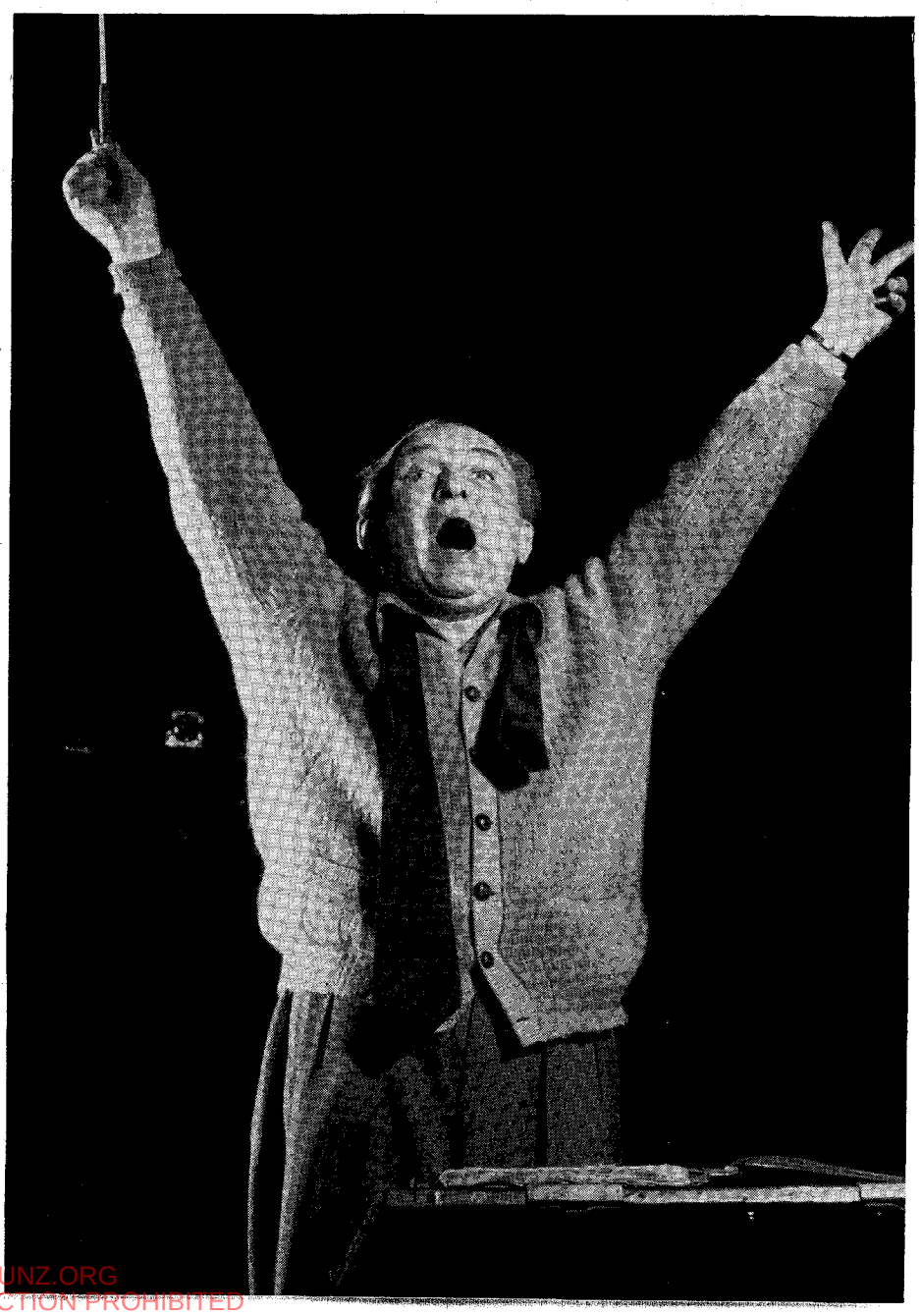
The late Hans Kindler. "The two years I spent with him were warning of the headaches to come," says Edwards.

Opera singer Grace Moore once slammed her dressing-room door on the foot of a supposed summons server and re-enacted the incident for the camera.

Below: the flamboyant Leopold Stokowski. At Constitution Hall in Washington he postponed a performance to deliver a twenty-minute harangue against the D.A.R.



Fritz Reiner, director of the Chicago Symphony. "He can be perfectly charming and agreeable at times, but frequently conducts himself as a despot of the old European school," says Edwards.



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Hans Kindler, who conducted the Washington National Symphony back in the '30's, was a strikingly handsome man. He had a large, strong-featured face, a great amount of jaw, an enormous shock of silver-blond hair, an excellent physique and a feeling of revulsion for his press agent. I was his press agent.

It was my first full-time job with an orchestra, and Kindler therefore was the first important performer with whom I had a working relationship. I found him—well, impressive. When he made his entrance, he fairly dashed onstage with great, masculine strides, and instead of ascending the steps to the podium, he literally leaped to the podium, then bowed grandly to the audience. This exercise never failed to send a ripple of excitement through the hall, particularly one night when he missed the podium and crashed to the floor.

When touring, Kindler insisted on a private Pullman compartment, and when none was available commandeered the ladies' lavatory. There, seated on a leather bench, surrounded by sinks, mirrors and toiletries, he ensconced himself in all his grandeur for the entire journey. "The harpist is the only woman in the orchestra," he would say. "Let her use the other car."

Yet while he coveted privacy Kindler did not recoil from publicity, and in fact pouted at length that he was not getting his just deserts in the Sunday music section of *The New York Times*. At his direction I once spent a week in New York trying to make Kindler fans of the *Times* people, but they were not buying. Upon my return to Washington he wrote me a letter that was a classic of bitterness. The gist of it was that he would have been delighted to see me impaled on the fence of the White House while the crows picked my flesh off.

The two years I spent with Kindler were fair warning of the headaches to come if I chose to make a career in orchestra management. Still, glutton for punishment that I am, I did just that. Today, at forty-seven, I am able to look back on twenty-four uninterrupted years in the care (Continued on Page 44)

Above left: Artur Rodzinski, who died a year ago, with the great violinist, Jascha Heifetz. When Rodzinski backed out of a concert at the last minute, the author secured Sir Thomas Beecham (above right) as a replacement. Beecham then compounded the crisis by insulting Heifetz.

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Everyone thought the bishop's dog was a hero—everyone, that is, but the cat.

Thief in the Cathedral

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

When my voice broke, even Abner and MacGillivray understood my grief. I did not expect sympathy from MacGillivray, for he had no reason to like me. But he knew what it was to be excluded from cathedral ceremonies. He was the bishop's dog.

Abner was masterless. I would not claim that he appreciated the alto's solo in the *Magnificat* when the organ was hushed and there was no sound in the million and a half cubic feet of the cathedral but the slender purity of a boy's voice; yet he would patronize me after such occasions with the air of the master alto which he might have been. Though not a full tom, he knew the ancestral songs which resemble our own. To our ears the scale of cats is distasteful, but one cannot deny them notes of singular loveliness and clarity.

Abner's career had followed a common human pattern. My father was the gardener, responsible for the shaven lawns and discreet flower beds of the cathedral close. Some three years earlier he had suffered from an invasion of moles—creatures of ecclesiastical subtlety that avoided all the crude traps set for them by a mere layman. The cat, appearing from nowhere, took an interest. After a week he had caught the lot, laying out his game bag each morning upon the tarpaulin which covered the mower.

Fed and praised by my father, he began to pay some attention to public relations and attracted the attention of visitors. Officially recognized as an ornament of the cathedral when his photograph appeared in the local paper, he ventured to advance from the lawns and tombstones to the porch. There he captivated the dean, always politely rising from the stone bench and thrusting his noble flanks against the gaitered leg. He was most gracious to the bishop and the higher clergy, but he would stroke only the dean. He knew very well from bearing and tone of voice, gentle though they were, that the cathedral belonged to him. It was the dean who christened him Abner.

To such a personage the dog of our new bishop was a disaster. MacGillivray was of respectable middle age, and had on occasion a sense of dignity; but when dignity was not called for he behaved like any other Aberdeen terrier and would race joyously round the cathedral or across the close, defying whatever human being was in charge of him to catch the leash which bounced and flew behind.

His first meeting with his rival set the future tone of their relations. He ventured with appalling temerity to make sport of the cathedral cat. Abner stretched himself, yawned, allowed MacGillivray's charge to approach within a yard, leaped to the narrow and rounded top of a tombstone and, draping himself over it, went ostentatiously to sleep. MacGillivray jumped and yapped at the tail tip which graciously waved for him, and then

(Continued on Page 106)

The intruder tried to bolt—dragging behind him MacGillivray with teeth closed on the turnups of his trousers.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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The Anguish of Modern Art

By WILLIAM SNAITH

It is deplorable that the cult of worship which surrounds so much of modern art demands total dedication. Even to raise questions involving the conflict between rationality and emotion, communication and technique, is regarded by the hierophants as heresy. Challenges to authority generate a heat as intense as that of the discussions among certain learned medieval monks as to the sex of angels. In such a highly charged atmosphere the search for truth and objectivity is inhibited, especially when the high priests of modern art defend their cult with metaphysics as obscure as a lot of modern painting.

Yet it should be possible to say that modern man is being cut off from one of his spiritual sanctuaries by the relentless evolutionary process of modern art, and still maintain the conviction that art has a valid purpose in our culture.

At present, I believe, art has turned away from its historic role as a communicator of beauty and human emotion that can reach and move most men. It now addresses itself to an elite; it is a Coney Island mirror of an alienated society. But despite his loss of universality the artist has gained an awesome technical and intellectual power, which may yet produce a new age of aesthetic communication. Meanwhile, we are living in the long night of torment of that creation. We must try to look at modern painting with objectivity as well as love. We must reject both cant and the principle of stability desirable in other areas of our society.

It would be tragic if art, that godlike language by which man has been able to transmit to man truth and beauty, should become a mystic ritual open to only a chosen few. In our Organization Society, with its technological estrangements, we find it increasingly difficult to turn to art for consolation and reassurance. We find instead that a great deal of contemporary art is incomprehensible and forbidding. The personal interpretation of nature, as in the recent past, is being replaced by a private set of ideographs, a kind of calligraphy, to which the ordinary man has no key. Communion with and enjoyment of the art of his time are being denied to him; art is becoming an instrument of alienation.

The late Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset wrote: "If a man dislikes a work of *CONTINUED ON PAGE 102*

About the Author

In an age of specialization William T. Snaith of Weston, Connecticut, is an anachronism—a universal man. His activities as president of Raymond Loewy Corporation, industrial designers, scarcely begin to absorb his creative energies. A prolific painter, he has exhibited in three New York galleries and the Whitney Museum's annual show. Yachtsman and owner of *Figaro III*, he won first place, Class C, in the 1956 Bermuda Race and second place, Class B, the following year in the transatlantic Newport-Santander Race. He is an architect, scenic designer, university lecturer (Yale, Cornell, Penn State), musicologist, madrigal singer, chess player, and the father of three sons by the former Elizabeth Colman, an alumna of the Jooss Ballet school. In addition, the versatile Mr. Snaith is currently writing an opera libretto based on the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus.

Photograph by Arnold Newman

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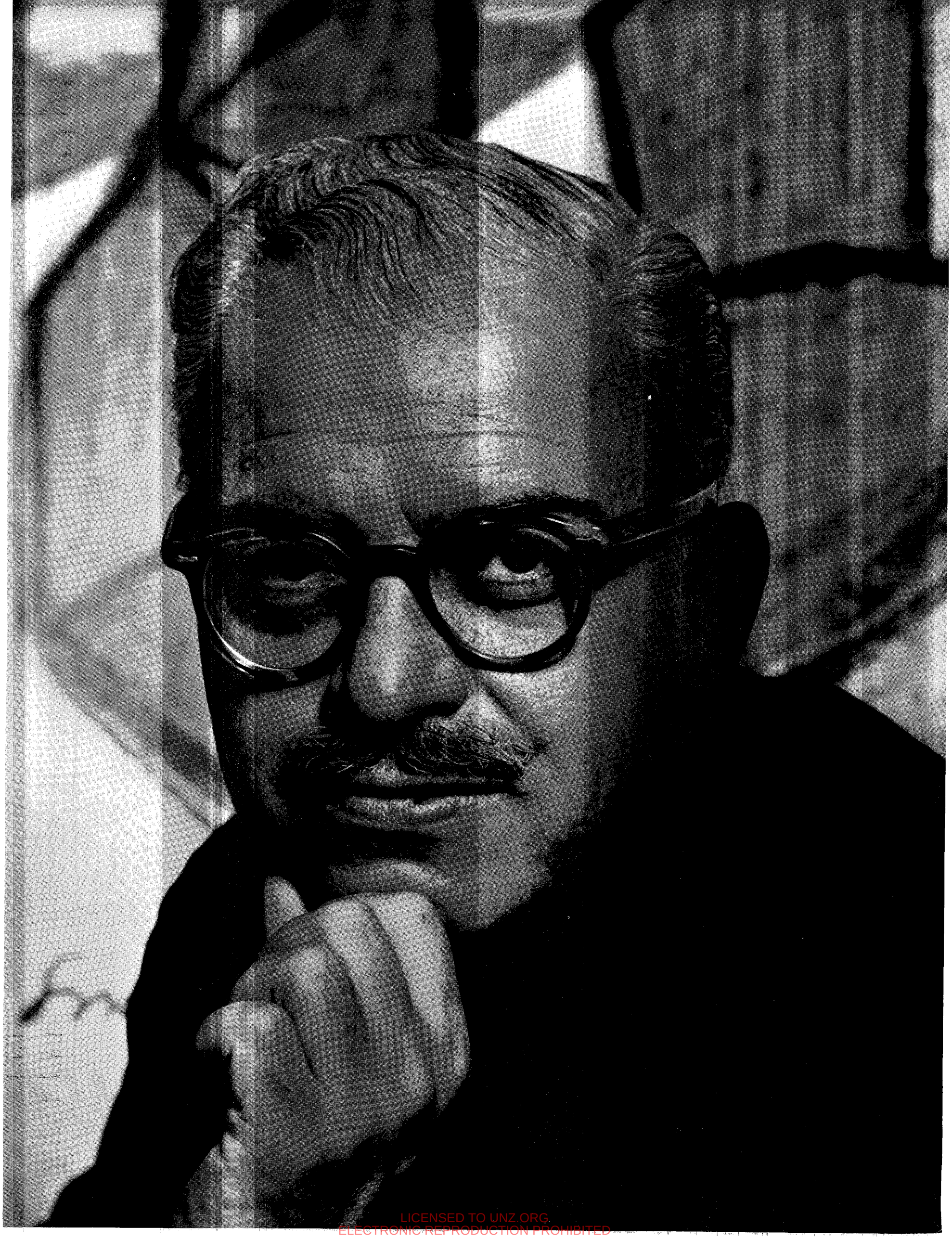

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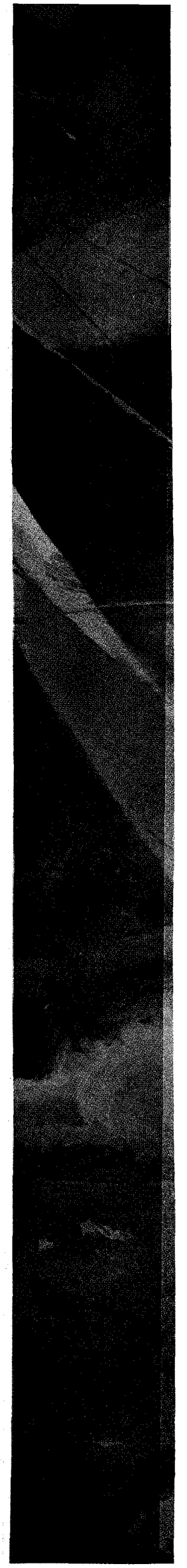
Storm Gamble

Four lives hung in the balance of the battle against the sea.

By ROBERT EDMOND ALTER



Everywhere he looked was the sea. God made it, and it was without end. If he went far enough he would come to an ocean that man had named, then another ocean, and another, and back to where he had started; yet that was not the end—a circle is endless. And it was old, incredibly old. Once it washed full command over this globe; in millions of years it had retreated only a foothold, only one quarter, from its natural enemy, the land.

Under him was the yawl. Man made it, and because it bore man's stamp it would not last; the sea would destroy it. Being an extension of the land, it too was the sea's enemy. And yet with all the odds of nature against it the yawl went spanking and heeling and skimming along, and there was something in its futile defiance that was gallant, and perhaps that was why men love boats.

David Barron loved this boat, this yawl *Wee Winkie*, and that was the thing that hurt; he was going to kill her. Not by barratry—he couldn't wreck or scuttle—but he was going to sell her to some offbeat characters in Road Town—to some commercial fishermen.

Barron had seen some of the fishing boats in the bays and ports of the British Virgin Islands and had seen how the native fishermen treated them: paint-peeling, line-strewn, grease-smeared, fish-scaled wrecks, rubbing shoulders at their moorings—ghosts of glorious days huddled together in silent misery.

She deserved better than that—far better. She'd been a cup defender in her day. *In her day* —— His mind paused, considering her age. She was built in 'Thirty-four. She wasn't a kid. The sea had made her bottom soggy; her masts had lost some of their proud rigidity; she had creaks in her joints now. Her racing days were over.

He eased the spokes of the wheel and looked forward over the squat deckhouse, past the mainmast and to the jib-header. *Those Tortola fishermen take a sailboat and rip open her gut, drop a wheezy old donkey engine into her heart for an auxiliary* ——

He couldn't help it. He needed the money. His book—a photographic study of polyp growth on the coral reefs—had not panned out. He had come to the Virgin Islands fifteen months before with camera and typewriter, and with a fervor that was almost juvenile; purchased the *Wee Winkie* and had gone to work. Now his agent in New York told him to come on home; try something else for a while. The book was fine, wonderful. Perhaps he could market it in the fall—things were off now. How was he fixed? All right? Or did he need some money?

No, he couldn't take money from his agent—already owed him much more than money. "No," he'd wired back. "Fixed fine. See you in a month." And then he'd placed the *Wee Winkie* on the market and he'd waited, and then the commercial fishermen had ambled along.

They couldn't offer much, of course; he understood that. She was only a twenty-four-footer, she was old, her bottom was —— Yes, yes, he'd said, but how much? He wanted to get it over with. Somehow the sale of the *Wee Winkie* had become the symbol of his failure; somehow he felt a sense of shame. They named a figure. He didn't argue, couldn't—it would be like haggling over the price of your mother's funeral. He asked for one day to think it over. That had been this morning.

He watched the far margin of the horizon. It was light and dark like a lamp hung against a crack in a black room. But it wasn't still. Beneath the crack of light the dark sea rolled; above, the black clouds scudded. Something dirty was coming.

He shouldn't have asked for the extra day. He'd already made up his mind to sell, and this last cruise only twisted the screw of failure a thread tighter. And it was a bad day to take the yawl out—something dirty was definitely coming, fast and sharp and inexorable.

He looked at the binnacle, taking the direction of the breeze from the lighted compass card. It was a new breeze from the east. The halyards were slapping, and a sudden lift of the bow warned him that the wind was running up a sea. *Time to go*, he told himself. *Time to run for home and call it quits. Sign the bill of sale, take the money and walk away.*

(Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Robert McCall

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Just as he sighted the reefs, the jigger sail gave way

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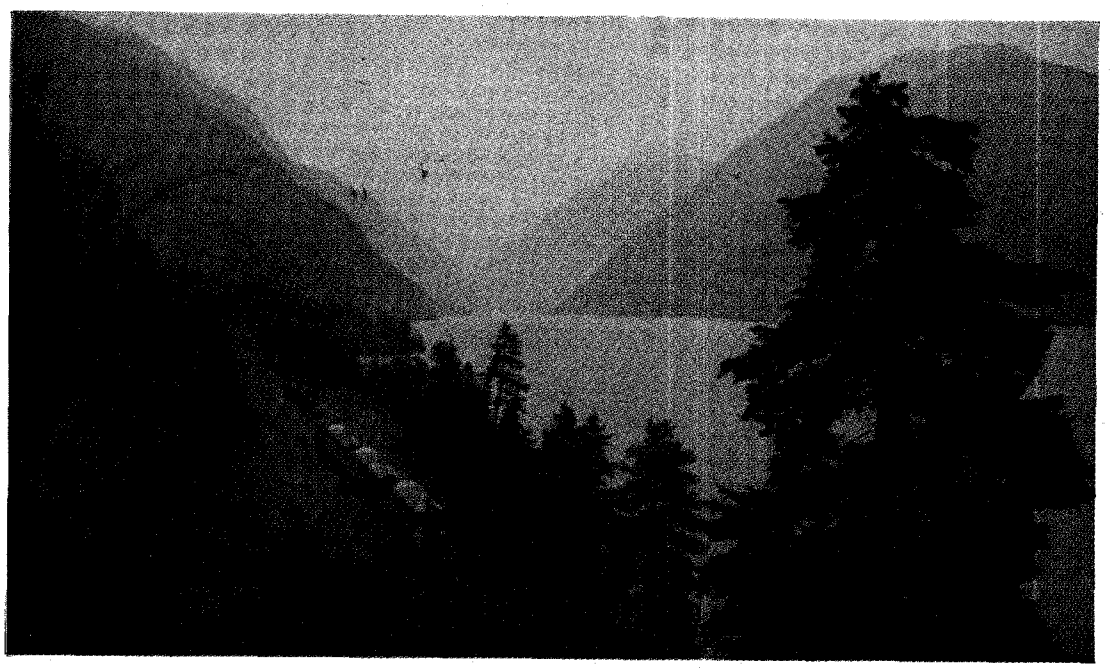
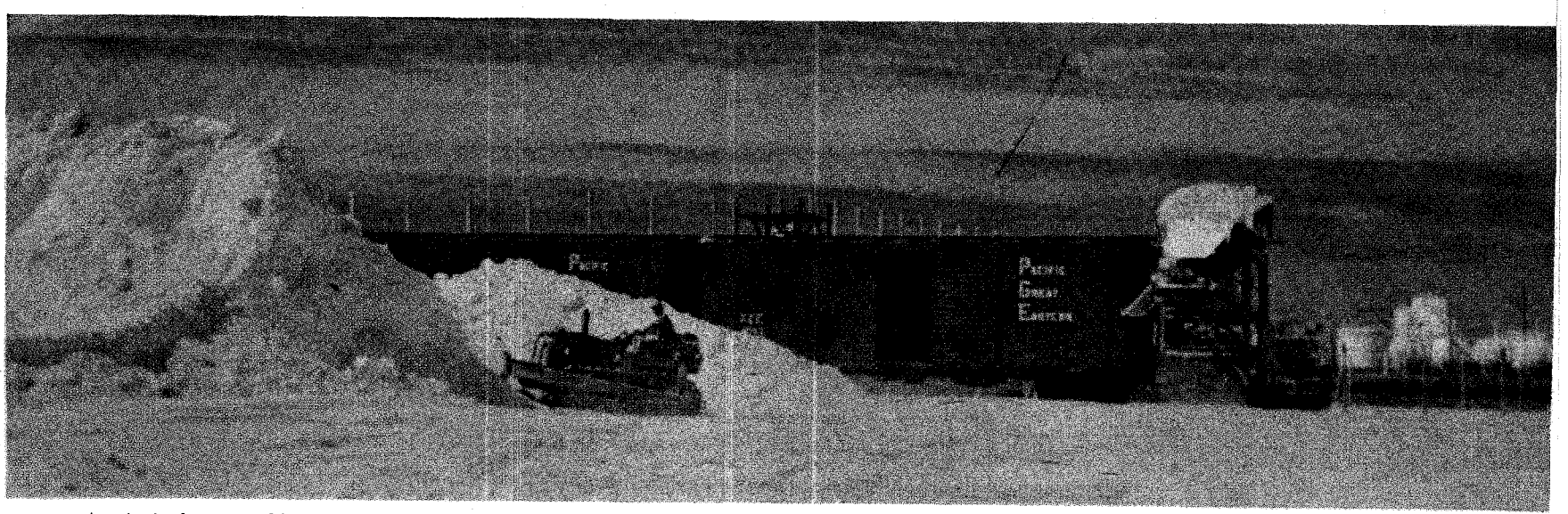
The Pacific Great Eastern northbound on the cliffs of Howe Sound, an hour out of Vancouver. In the background is the settlement of Horseshoe Bay.

Photographs by John Bickel



Among the most scenic portions of the trip is fiordlike Seton Lake, the shore of which the train follows for fifteen miles. In this rugged country landslides are an ever-present danger.

At Lillooet station an Indian squaw awaits the arrival of the train, which will take her to her tribal village.



A principal source of freight for the P.G.E. is the new $30,000,000 oil refinery at Taylor, B.C. Above, a bulldozer prepares sulphur—an oil by-product—for loading

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I Rode the Frontier Train

Passengers and crew never know what to expect around the next bend on this railroad which penetrates 730 miles into the spectacular wilderness of British Columbia.

By LEE EDSON

Last fall a British Columbia fur trapper, fresh from the north woods beyond the Peace River, came upon a crowd of several thousand people milling excitedly about the railroad depot at Fort St. John. Farmers, prospectors, cowboys, "hard hats" from the natural-gas fields—even the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—clustered in festive mood about three shining diesel locomotives towering above the tiny station. Bagpipes wailed, camera shutters clicked, and from time to time loud cheers welled up.

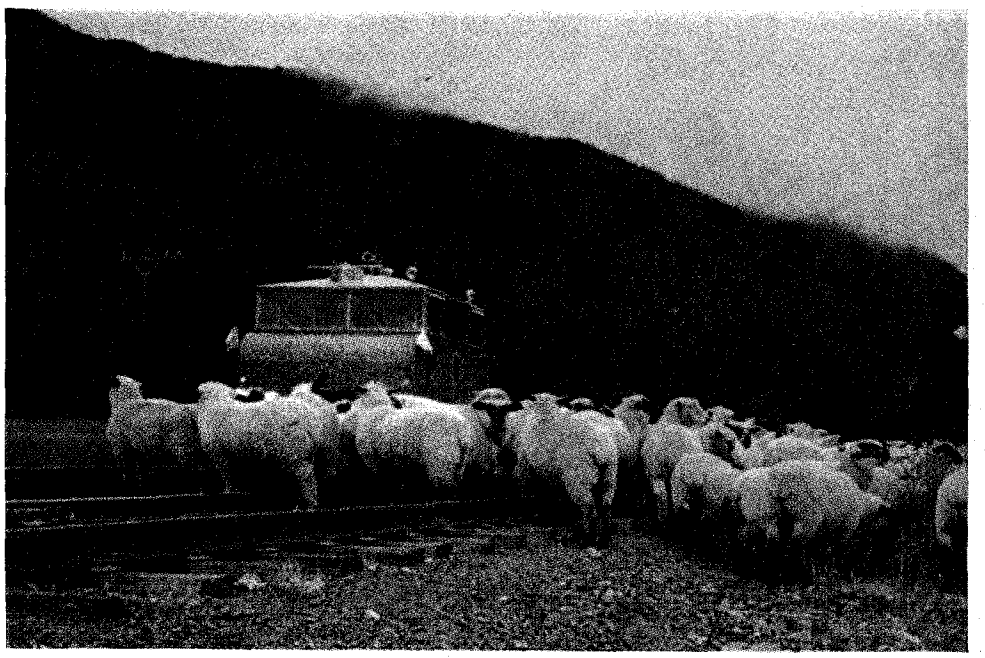
"What's all this?" the puzzled trapper asked a bystander.

"Haven't you heard? The train's arrived."

The trapper rubbed his grizzled jaw and squinted at the diesels. "On time?" he asked.

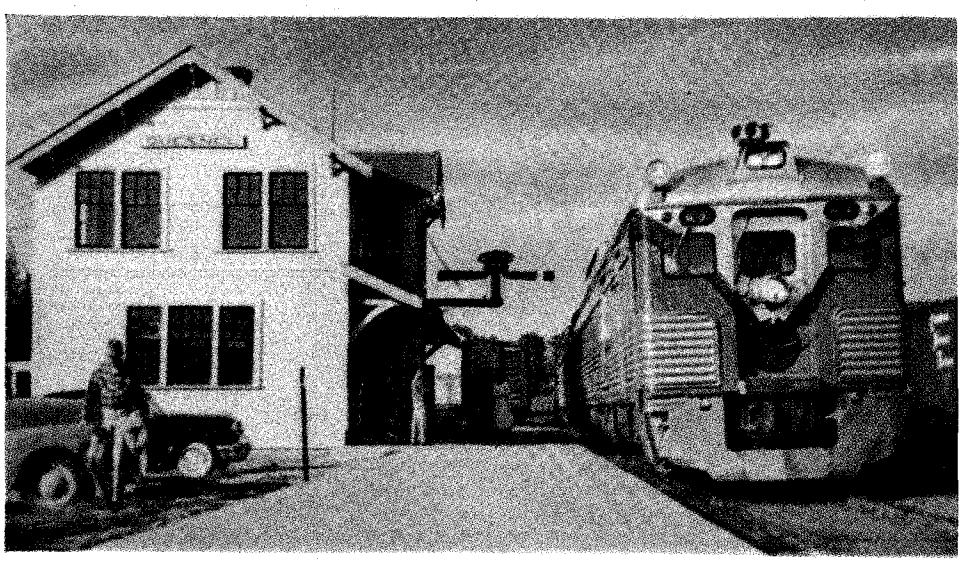
"Not exactly," the bystander smiled. "It's forty years late."

In the northland where, it is said, some of the natives were weaned on airplanes and helicopters but had never seen a train, this belated arrival of the Pacific Great Eastern—British Columbia's only north-south railway—was the most incredible news since the United States Army Engineers moved in 10,000 men overnight to build the Alaska Highway. Until a few years ago the Pacific Great Eastern was like no other railroad on the continent. Known as the line that "starts from nowhere and ends nowhere else," the line began forty miles north of Vancouver at the small one-time Indian village of Squamish, which you had to reach first by steamer or by barge. The rails ended abruptly at a remote spot about 300 miles north—the hamlet of Quesnel (pronounced Kwenel), a dot in the heart of the British Columbia hinterland. This odd state of affairs was brought about by the original builders. In 1912 they planned a bush-country line linking the towns of the lonely Cariboo Trail region with the port of Vancouver and with the Grand Trunk Pacific going from Prince George in the interior to Prince Rupert on the coast. Bypassing the seemingly impenetrable cliffs near Vancouver, they started at the head of Howe Sound and built northward. Part way through they ran out of money, and when the construction crews (Continued on Page 72)



Animals as well as avalanches often impede the train's progress. A rail-inspection car, halted by a flock of sheep, waits for the herdsman and his dog to clear the tracks.

Meals aboard the P.G.E. are included in the price of the ticket. Here a steward serves northbound passengers coffee at their seats.



For many years, until construction was resumed, the line ended abruptly at Quesnel, which is about 340 miles above Vancouver.

Left: Fort St. John, northern terminus of the railroad, is the center of Peace River Block, a 53,000-square-mile British Columbia mineral and agricultural empire.

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"In front of all the people, Ellen put her arms around my neck and gave me a kiss that stopped the traffic."

He was a bright young man, but not quite bright enough to recognize a girl with . . .

MARRIAGE ON HER MIND

By WILLARD TEMPLE

"I never thought to have such a feeling about a son of mine, heaven help me," my mother said, "but I almost wish you were in some pool hall or even in a bar."

I looked up from my charts spread over the kitchen table. "Well, I am going to get up and get a beer in a minute," I said. "If you don't like my company, I could go out to some bar for the beer, but of course it is cheaper to drink it at home."

"Well, I will get you the beer," my mother said, "but as far as your company is concerned, my sitting with you in the kitchen night after night consists of looking at the top of your head. Isn't there some girl you'd like to see tonight?"

"I have to bring my charts up to date," I said. "You know how important they are."

"What good is money unless you spend it?" my mother said. "I know your father was improvident. But he had charm."

"He didn't leave enough money to put me through college," I said. "He made enough, but he didn't manage it properly."

"I remember him with love and affection," said my mother.

"So do I," I said, "but still and all you could have been better provided for. I intend to become a millionaire, although it isn't easy today because the Federal Government keeps putting hurdles in the way. They seem to object to millionaires ——"

"And sometimes I think they're right," said my mother. "You'll be the richest man in the cemetery. Also you're dull."

"I talk quite a bit," I protested.

"About the stock market," my mother said. "Why don't you talk about girls?"

"Well, I met a girl today," I said.

I pushed my charts aside. They are very important to me, but my mother was in one of her moods, and I knew it would be impossible for me to continue unless I calmed her down.

I have nothing against marriage, but I have planned my life on a long-term basis, and first things first, I say. At age twenty-four, three years out of college, I am far removed from being a millionaire—and marriage is not going to help. There (Continued on Page 53)

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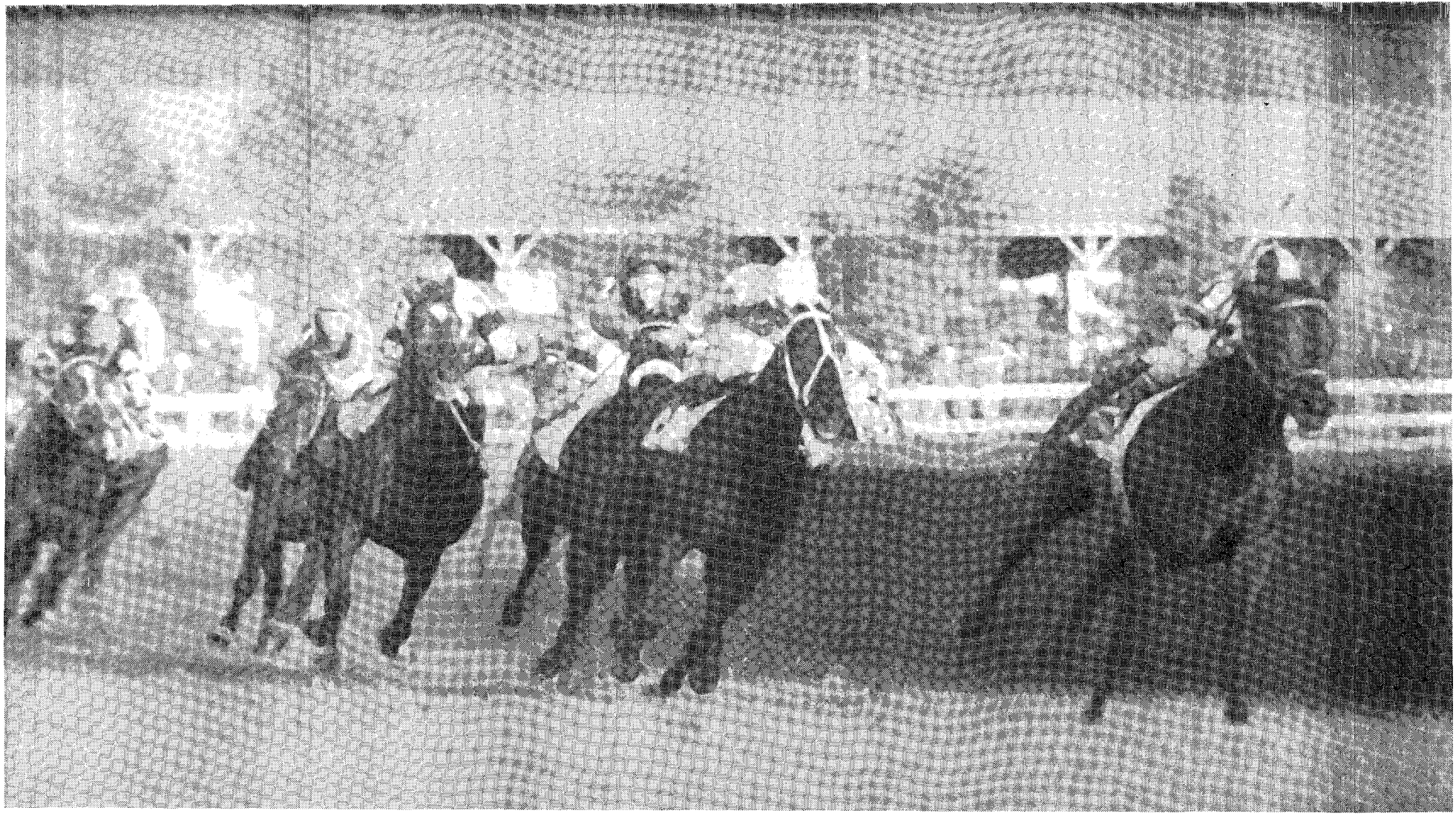


Tudor Era, an American entry, shown leading the field at right, finished first at last year's International. But the Australian horse, Sailor's Guide (second from right), was named winner after a foul was declared against Tudor Era.

Olympic for Thoroughbreds

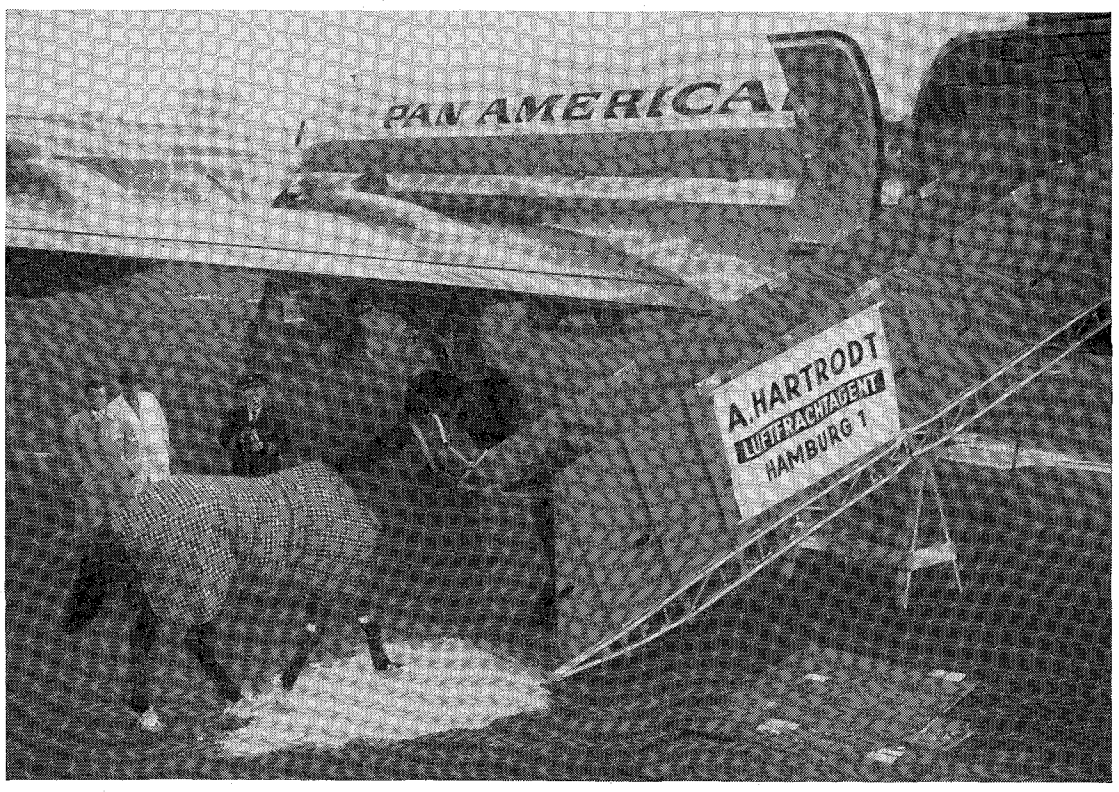
Next week at Laurel, Maryland, some of the world's best horses will compete for a $100,000 purse in a race which, after only seven runnings, has become a turfdom classic.

By ROGER KAHN

Wealthy horsemen, like princes, are great believers in tradition. To them the horse, as the late racing writer, Joe H. Palmer, put it, "was once, and in a few favored places still is, a symbol—a way of charm and ease and grace and leisure."

Amid this easeful, leisurely society a horse race has sprung up that is as modern as a jet and just about as hectic. It creates more worldwide excitement than any other single event in the historic sport. The race is called the Washington, D.C., International, and it represents the closest thing ever devised to a world championship for horses.

The 1959 running of the International will take place next Wednesday, November eleventh. Although the race was established only seven years ago, already it has won the attention of presidents and prime ministers and brought the purple, gold and scarlet racing colors of Queen Elizabeth to the United States. It has moved Englishmen to paraphrase Shakespeare and introduced French grooms to waffles. It has even (Continued on Page 86)



West Berlin: Zaryad, one of the two three-year-olds Russia entered in the 1958 race, emplaning on the last leg of the air trip from Moscow to the United States. Zaryad proved a good traveler, but ran last.

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My Father F.D.R.

CONCLUSION

HIS LONELY LAST DAYS

By JAMES ROOSEVELT as told to Sidney Shalett

James tells how
the President reacted
to charges that he coddled
his sons during World War II.
The son also describes
his own terrible realization
that his father wouldn't
survive a fourth term.

The President of the United States rarely is alone; yet, his can be the loneliest job in the world. The great loneliness of my father, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, became intensified during his precedent-breaking third term and the coming of the war, when mother became a one-woman roving task force for various undertakings; the rest of the family was scattered, and father himself had to live with the terrible decisions on which so many human lives—and freedom for the world—depended.

Father's loneliness really began a long time earlier, after polio had cut him down in his physical prime. He never talked much about it, but occasionally, through something he wrote or something he did, he let slip how he felt. There is a bare but revealing sentence in a letter he wrote his mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, in the mid-'20's, when he was floating around without his family on a houseboat off the Florida keys, seeking to restore himself through sunshine and exercise: "I wish I might be with you all—somehow down here I feel just as far away as if it were Europe. . . ."

In 1934 when father was on a 14,000-mile good-will cruise, he wrote mother—addressing her as "Dearest Babs," a nickname he had invented on their honeymoon—that "the Lord only knows when this will catch up with my Will o' the Wisp wife. . . ." Later father teased mother unmercifully when, to cover her movements during her extensive World War II travels, the British gave her a code name—"Rover."

Often I would find father sitting up late at

December, 1943: Roosevelt and Eisenhower on the way back from Cairo and Tehran. Ike had just been named Supreme Allied Commander in Europe.

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At Yalta in 1945 F.D.R. plainly showed signs of failing health. He died two months after this picture was taken of him and Churchill, with the late Steve Early, center.

night at the White House, working at his beloved stamp collection or playing solitaire. Once I asked him if his mind ever was really at rest when he diverted himself thusly; he just laughed. Sometimes in bed he would peruse a paperback mystery, but more often he was reading official reports, or looking through the pile of selected mail which mother would cull from her own vast correspondence and leave on his night table to afford him an insight as to what people were thinking.

On all his travels—even from Yalta, Tehran and Casablanca—father would take time to compose fascinating letters, written in his own hand, to various members of the family. I always felt this was his substitute for conversation. Yet, except when he did so unwittingly, father revealed in these letters little of how he felt. His great lack was that, while he had lots of persons to whom he could talk, he had *no* real confidants. It was part of father's rigid Hyde Park upbringing that private, personal matters were not to be discussed with anyone. Mother herself recently told me, "I don't think I was his confidante, either."

As the end of the road came closer, father keenly felt the loss of so many of his trusted friends and co-workers of the early days. Louis Howe and Gus Gennerich were gone. Missy LeHand, his personal secretary since 1920, died in 1944; Maj. Gen. "Pa" Watson died on the trip home from Yalta.

The death of his mother in September, 1941, had been a blow. Though he often chafed and bridled under granny's efforts to treat him up to the very end as if he still was "my boy, Franklin," father dearly loved her and took a keen delight in "M*ama*'s" truly magnificent performance as a grand matriarch—one of the last of her kind.

With so many of his old friends dead, father turned almost (Continued on Page 112)

©1959 by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett

F.D.R.'S FOUR SONS: THEY SAW ACTION

As a marine major, Jimmy (center, above) was second in command of Carlson's Raiders during the assault on Makin Island. His bravery there won him a Navy Cross.

John, the youngest son, and his wife, Anne, just after he was commissioned a naval supply officer in 1941. Later he wangled a billet aboard a warship in a combat zone.

Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt with actress Faye Emerson (center), then his wife, and his sister, Anna Boettiger. He led an air wing in North Africa and earned the D.F.C.

Franklin Jr., a navy line officer, saw combat as skipper of a destroyer escort. He once defied F.D.R. by refusing to leave his ship to join him on a diplomatic mission.

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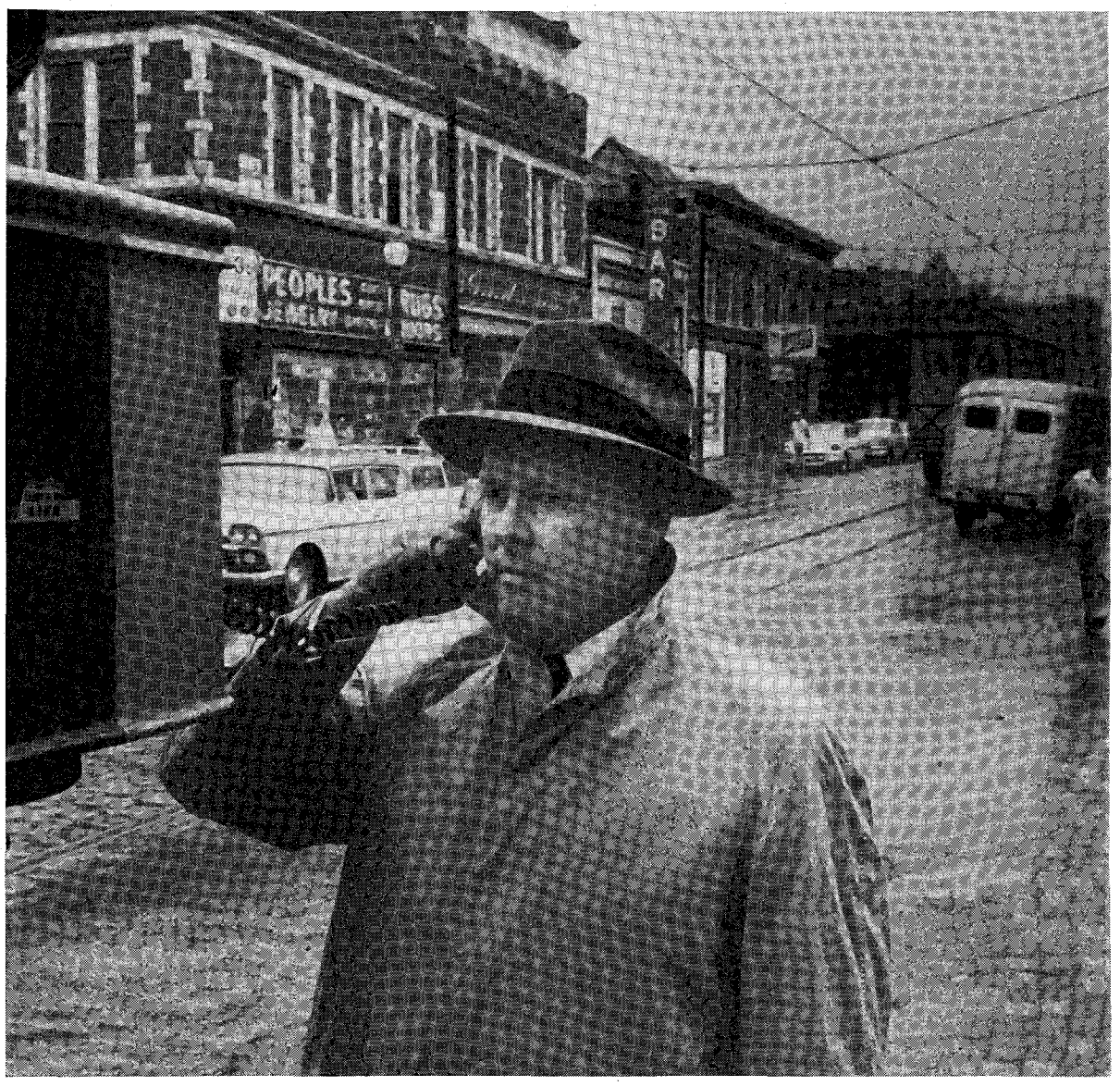
The Cop With the Criminal Brother

By JACK ALEXANDER

One is a dedicated detective. The other is a notorious gunman. This is the true story of a St. Louis police officer and his toughest unsolved case.



Detective Lt. Frank E. Burns Jr. "Some people on the outside have thrown Bobby's record up to me in an insulting way, but nobody in the department has."

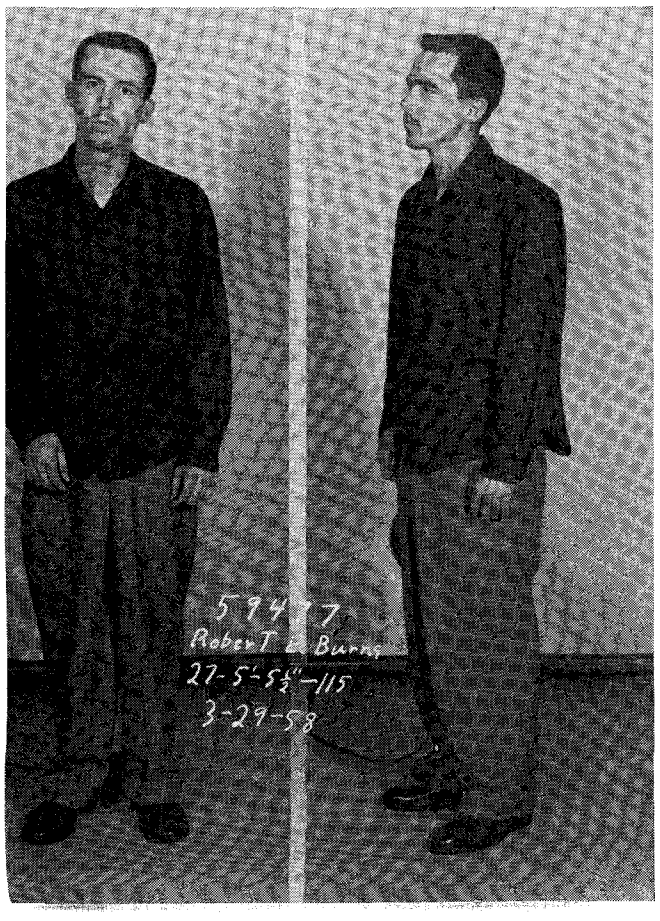
"A good detective is an average guy who won't give up," Detective Lt. Frank E. Burns Jr. of the St. Louis Police Department is apt to remark when the subject is under discussion. The definition comes close to describing Burns himself. To his chosen occupation Burns brings thoroughness and a zest for sustained hard work, innate traits of character which firmed into habit patterns during World War II service with the Seabees. As do all good detectives, Lieutenant Burns puts in a lot of overtime duty, for which there is no extra pay and no reimbursement for expenses such as restaurant meals. A gentlemanly, soft-spoken man, he is driven by a fastidiousness of mind that causes unsolved cases to bother his conscience, which is where he begins to differ from the "average guy."

At thirty-nine, after thirteen years on the force, Lieutenant Burns is commander of the detective bureau's intelligence unit. This is a group of sixteen picked detectives whose chief function is to keep close tab upon the whereabouts of local hoodlums. It is also charged with making life unattractive for any visiting brethren who may select St. Louis as a temporary domicile pending a reduction of police heat at home.

Though the intelligence unit works effectively, the lieutenant is not a happy man. The reason for this is that he has been unable to make the slightest dent in the biggest of his unsolved cases. It is that of one of his younger brothers, Robert Emmet Burns, who at twenty-nine is a confirmed hoodlum and defiantly proud of it.

While Frank Burns set out devotedly to be as good a policeman as his talents would permit, his kid brother set out with equal devotion to become an outstanding gunman. Each in his own way has succeeded, and the embarrassment is all the lieutenant's. For a while, every time young Bobby pulled a stick-up or a burglary—and his record lists scores of them—his dejected brother would ask to be relieved of his headquarters duty and transferred to an outlying detective district as far from Bobby's normal scope of operation as possible.

Each time he did this, Chief of Detectives James E. Chapman assured him of the department's confidence in his integrity. "It could happen in any family," he would say understandingly. "You're doing fine at your job. Keep at it. Don't let this thing worry you, and everything will turn out all right." Without this kind of fatherly pep talk Lieutenant Burns could not have kept on with his work. Even with it, the going has been hard enough. Mathematically, there was always a long chance that Lieutenant Burns and Bobby might meet at gun point some (Continued on Page 83)



Bobby, shown at left after his arrest for armed robbery in 1958, began his career as a hoodlum at the age of eleven by stealing autos.

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The shell exploded, turning the truck on its end.

The German batteries were zeroed in. This is the way it was one night in . . .

A PLACE CALLED BELLEAU WOOD

By KENNETH KAY

Tree shadows were lengthening fast now in the short November afternoon. While the lank old man with the cane picked his way on ahead through the sparse, muddy forest, Martin Kelley adjusted his camera setting to the waning light. "Hold it, sir," he called and, when the stooped figure turned inquiringly, snapped it at the base of the bronze-and-stone monument under the flagpole. If that comes out, thought Martin ironically, it ought to blow up into a pretty impressive picture for that Legion Hall of his back in Deltatown. They can frame and hang it between their Forty-and-Eight boxcar sign and the yellowed newspaper clipping about Kaiser Bill and the Deltatown volunteers they've got tacked on the wall. "Let's shoot one more, Mr. Johnson," he called. "Look up at the statue."

Sylvester Johnson nodded obligingly and pointed his cane like a lecturer. It was not a statue exactly. It was a bronze bas-relief casting on stone of a heroically muscled United States marine, stripped for hot-weather fighting to rifle belt, baggy breeches and puttees, charging eternally with a bayoneted Springfield, his bronze face fixed forever in a howl of demoniac fury.

Overhead the American flag drooping in a foreign land stirred red stripes languidly as chill autumn air passed through the tree tops and brought dead leaves fluttering down. This peaceful Champagne copse was a place called Belleau Wood—*and*, thought Martin Kelley, *if I don't get the old guy out of it pretty soon into somewhere that's warm, he'll be catching cold on me and Doris will give me fits.*

"Ready to go, sir?"

"I expect so, Martin." Sylvester Johnson moved away from the monument to stare thoughtfully at rusty barbed wire coiling along the shell-dimpled forest floor and at the black wheels and thrusting barrels of World War I fieldpieces scattered among the trees. "I declare," he said, sounding puzzled, "it's all kind of

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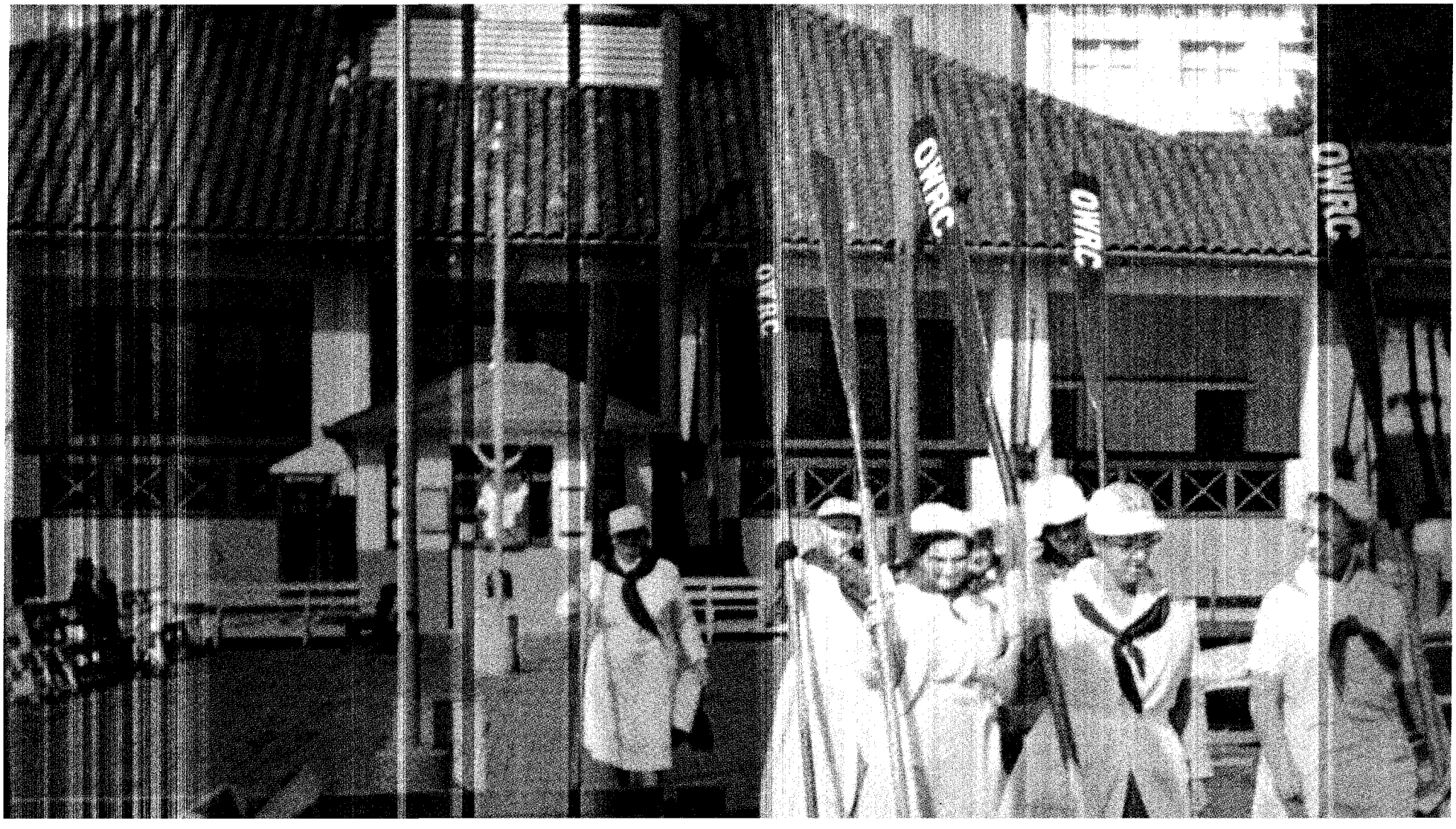

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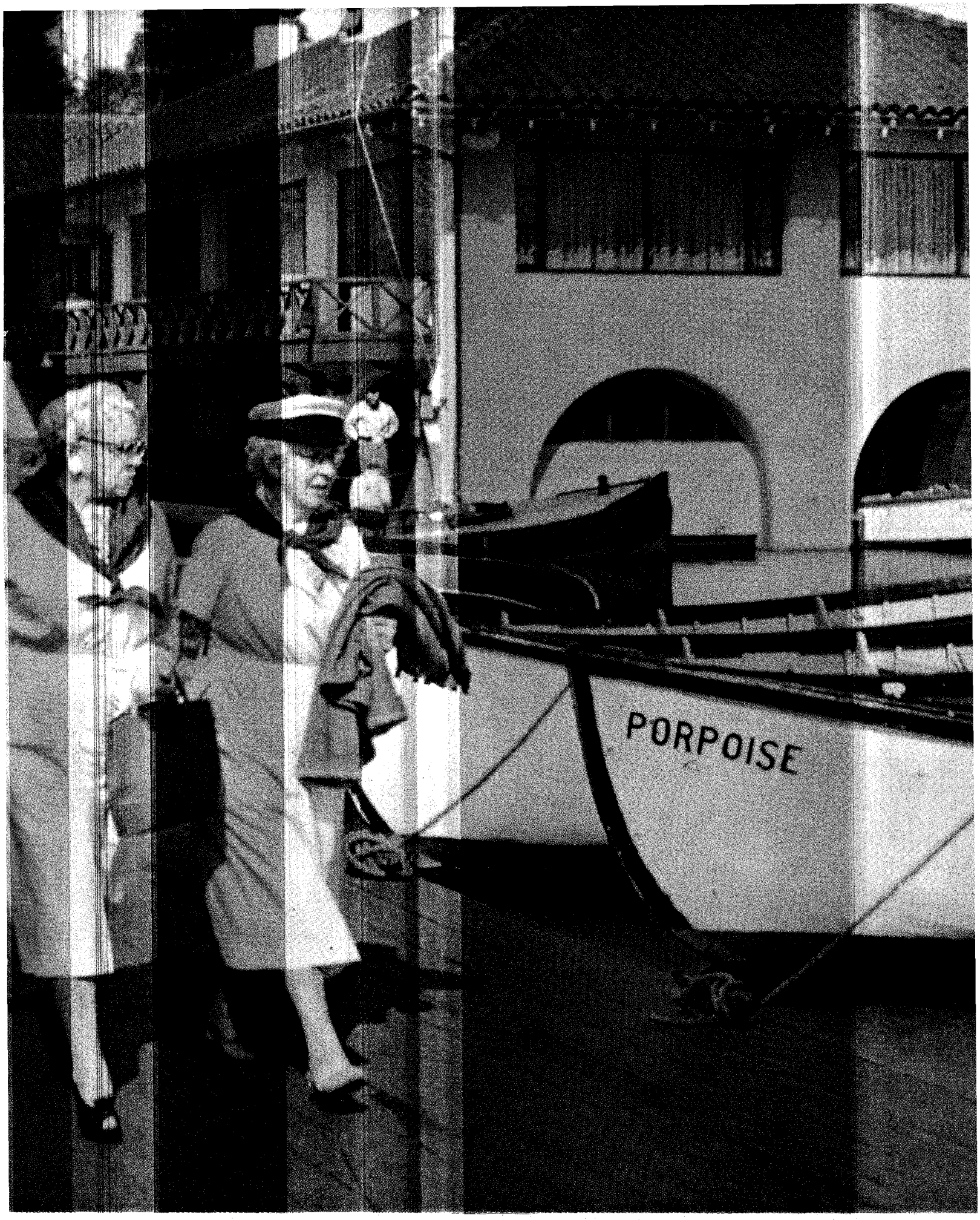

She is "over seventy." Most of her crew are sixtyish. Once under way, Mrs. Mennell takes her post in the stern, as all hands bend to their sweeps (right).

Forty-three years ago, when the club was founded and its members were youthful, the weekly turnout was big enough to fill two or three boats. Now, with the roster of able oarswomen diminishing, the club can muster only a single crew. But these resolute rowers have one compensation. Here, at least, they needn't give way to the next generation—unless the young women of today should suddenly discover the fun they've been missing. ◎ Photographs by Ted Streshinsky

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Who would be the victim of this fateful prophecy?

Too Many Ghosts

By PAUL GALLICO

I feel like a fool," Sir Richard said to Hero, "but we are nastily and visibly haunted down at Paradine Hall."

Sir Richard Lockerie, a friend and guest of Lord and Lady Paradine, was speaking to Alexander Hero, private investigator of the supernatural and ghost breaker extraordinary. When Sir Richard related the odd happenings, Hero immediately recognized the pattern of an old legend, "The Phantom Nun of Paradine Hall." The worst of the manifestations were directed at Susan Marshall, the beautiful American guest of the Paradines' daughter, Beth.

Accepting the case, Hero consulted his stepsister, Lady Margaret Callandar, a photographer to royalty. She briefed him on the Paradines and the paying guests lodged in the east wing of the hall.

Hero subsequently arrived during a rite of exorcism. Then suddenly crashing noises and hysterical screams were heard coming from the floor above. Racing upstairs, Hero burst into Susan Marshall's room to find it had been turned into a complete shambles.

II

Mark Paradine was speechless with anger, his hands opening and closing into convulsive fists, but Lord Paradine cried, "What the devil's the meaning of this? This room's been searched. Isobel, we shall have to get to the bottom of this!"

The fair-haired woman put her arms about the American girl and said, "My dear, what a very poor joke."

"Oh," lamented Susan miserably, "all my things." She went to the dresser, where her jewelry collection of innocent bracelets, bangles, a few rings and brooches and a string of pearls lay in a heap of spilled powder and mascara.

Hero said sharply, "Wait, if you please, Miss Marshall—and everyone. Do not touch anything." He stood in the center of the room looking about him, an expression of distaste at the corners of his mouth.

The Rev. Harry Witherspoon had managed to recover some of his composure. He now shouldered his way through the press of those at the doorway staring into the room with horror, saying "Satanas! Satanas! This is terrible! The exorcism must be continued immediately."

"No," said Mr. Hero positively. "No more. Later perhaps, but not now. It has failed."

A harsh, scathing voice made itself heard from the press at the door, savage and mocking, "Gad, man, you aren't going to tell me that you believe in all that mumbo-jumbo stuff!" The attack came from the sardonic man with a red face and Guard's mustache that Hero recognized as Major Wilson.

He replied, "No, I do not, but it ought to be quite apparent to you that something does,

"Mark, I'm not moving. I'm staying here," Susan said.

and has reacted violently. And now perhaps, if you will excuse us ——" He maneuvered for a moment or two, and then had the door closed on them all, leaving inside only the members of the Paradine family, including Cousin Freddie, and Susan Marshall, Sir Richard and himself.

Hero turned to the confused and angry group standing in the midst of the chaotic room and said, "Forgive me for having been highhanded about this, but I want to speak to you all privately about the condition of this room."

The insufferable Cousin Freddie, who had been as sallow as any of them during the interruption of the exorcism, had recovered now, and to re-establish his importance said, "Let's see you turn up the ghost that did this, old boy."

Lord Paradine, who was badly rattled, shouted, "Ghost nothing! I should think it was as plain as the nose on your face what's happened. Some thief has been in here and turned everything out, and when I lay my hands on him ——"

Beth said, "I feel so very ashamed. You're our guest, and it is our house, Susan."

But Susan was narrowly watching Hero's face for the true explanation that she felt was about to come. Sir Richard said, "If you have any theories, Hero ——"

"It isn't a theory," Hero said. "It is a certainty. Lord Paradine just used the phrase 'turned out'; the phrase is correct; only the context is wrong. There's not been a search for anything. It is not so much the belongings, it is Miss Marshall herself who has been literally turned out of her room."

Into the shocked silence that followed this statement there broke the gasp of recognition from Susan, "Oh!" she cried. "Why, of course! I can see it now—all the bedclothes removed, everything taken out of my closet and bureau drawers."

Hero's gaze traveled about the room again. "Yes," he said, "that's it, I'm afraid. You will note the suitcases have been opened, the mirrors reversed, pictures turned to the wall, articles turned upside down; even the electric-light bulbs have been removed. Everything about the room is a kind of dramatization of the American phrase which, if I remember, goes, 'Here's your hat—what's your hurry?'"

The force of his words, coupled with the shock of the humiliation she had suffered from the exposure of her possessions, suddenly was too much for Susan. She put her hands to her face and began to sob, and was instantly surrounded by them all with words of comfort. Beth had taken her into her arms, Sir Richard and Mark stood by with that helpless air of males in the presence of women weeping.

Hero watched the group for a moment with his intelligent and observant eyes, and suddenly felt himself filled with a conviction as his gaze rested upon Lady Paradine and he noted her expression.

(Continued on Page 96)

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Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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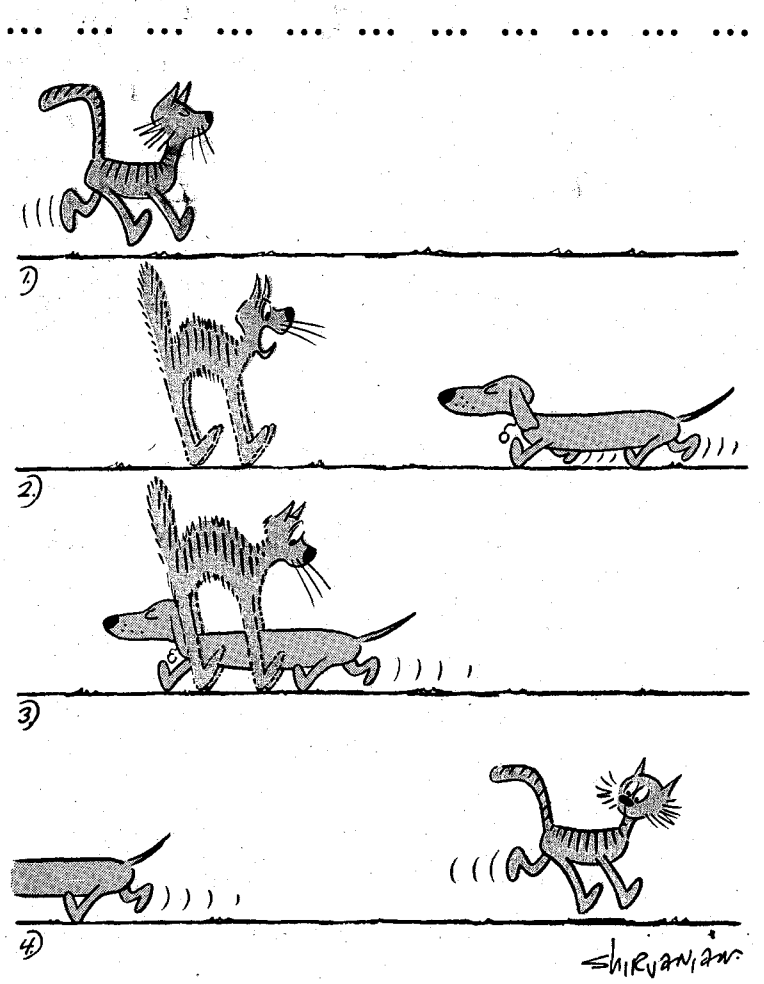
Stores Are Just Not My Department

Dear wifey, I would gladly swim the wildest
river at your whim,
Or run from here to Pittsburgh without
stopping;
Though there's danger in the task, I'd do
anything you ask,
But I must admit that I shall hide behind the
coward's mask
If you once again demand that I go
shopping.

I began to get the cramps in my arches
outside Lamps,
And in Draperies the pain became intense;
Every bone I own was hurtin' when you found
that shower curtain,
But it wasn't until Hosiery that I became
quite certain
That to walk another step defied good sense.

I'll admit that I am tender; I give up, dear, I
surrender;
When it comes to shopping, I am on the
skids;
Take the checkbook, take the car; buy the
foolish, the bizarre,
If you'll simply count me out, love, I will even
go so far
As to stay at home and baby-sit the kids!

DICK EMMONS



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mystery in the Supermarket

"This is a queer one," said Rafferty as we rode uptown. "An old guy got scrogged in a supermarket. He was hit on the head with a can of fancy French beans."

"Any leads?"

"I got the sergeant's report here," said Rafferty. "Most of this stuff he got from the manager:

"Ten thirty-four A.M.: Victim entered store and was heard to complain of squeaking wagon. 'One wheel goes one way and one the other,' victim averred. Victim proceeded to meat counter and asked butcher, 'Will you weigh this bag for me?' Butcher weighed bag. 'Two pounds,' averred butcher. 'Thanks,' replied victim. 'That's the bones from the roast you sold me Saturday.'

"Ten forty-one: Victim approached A. R. Benson, customer, who was buying a bag of one dozen grapefruit. 'Them bags of grapefruit,' victim told customer, 'if you don't watch yourself, there'll be a couple you can stick your finger right through.' Customer put grapefruit back.

"Ten fifty-three: Victim cautioned Mrs. T. C. Stevens, customer, that although the package of meat she was holding in her hand looked nice and lean, the fat was folded underneath with a great big price tag stuck over it so you couldn't see it. 'When you get that meat open,' victim stated, 'you have a nice thing looking at you—all fat!' Customer left store without buying any meat.

"That's all we have so far," said Rafferty.

The fingerprint squad was there when we came in. The electric eye wasn't working, so Rafferty pushed the door open with his face.

"Got anything?" he asked Hogan.

"All the fruit is covered with deep prints, chief," said Hogan. "We got five thousand off the tomatoes alone."

We moved away. The manager was sitting on a box of Norway scrod.

"I don't know what happened, officer," he says. "After this nice old gentleman talked to five or six of my customers, he came up to me with a can of our fancy, dollar fifty-five, French string beans. He said he bought them last year, but only opened them today. 'I want my money back,' he says. 'They're the funniest-looking things you ever saw. No color to them. Like dead beans,' he says. 'Taste one!' Naturally I gave him his money back."

Rafferty worked his cigar over to the corner of his mouth. "You got any idea why anybody would want to kill him?"

"No," says the manager, shaking his head. "Such a nice old gentleman!"

When we were riding downtown again, I said, "We'll never catch the guy that did it."

"Probably not," admitted Rafferty. "For one thing, we got no motive."

JOHN BAILEY

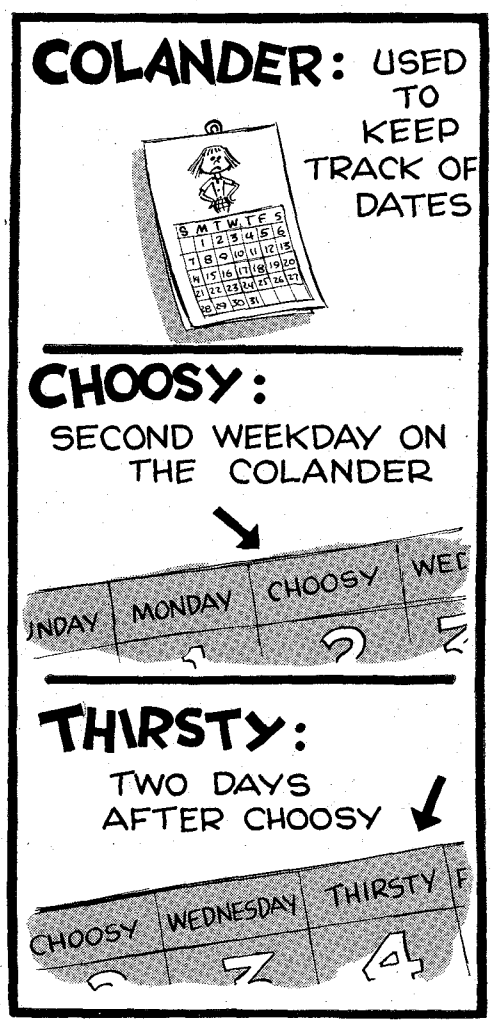
Street Scene

SCENE: Office of the street commissioner. The commissioner is giving his street-maintenance crew its weekly briefing, using a pointer and large city map.

Well, boys, we've a busy week ahead.
There's the 600 block on Elm to spread
With a couple of inches of good, thick tar.
A fellow there has a brand-new car.
Now, here on Pine there's a drain to fix.
So start each morning no later than six.
Take a good jackhammer and work till eight.
Some people along that block sleep late.
Where Main's plowed up, just let it lie.
We'll get around to it by and by.
There's a garden party on Sutton Way,
So take the scrapers out there today
And rip up the street, and do it right.
Make sure the driveways are blocked tonight.
And one more thing: there's a certain writer
On Alturas Drive. We mustn't slight her,
So run all equipment that makes any noise
Up Alturas Drive. Get going, boys!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

The Big Hedge

(How to Recommend Your Favorite Things to Your Friends Without Feeling Silly After They Try Them)

DENTIST: . . . and I mean, he's a wonder, really reasonable, and he handles that fancy new air-cooled speed drill like he'd invented it! No anesthetic, no nothing—perfectly painless! Now, of course, some people just naturally yell at the slightest little thing, but. . . .

WEEDKILLER: . . . simply turned our front yard into a golf green, that's all! Only fifty cents a gallon, and potent—man! Of course, you want to be almighty careful how you mix 'er, or bye-bye bluegrass, but. . . .

MOTEL: . . . and don't miss Mel and Helen's, right on the lake! De luxe furnishings, six dollars a night, free coffee any time, and that Mel's a real character! Of course, once in a while he blows up and fires all the help, so bring a broom, but ordinarily. . . .

TV REPAIRMAN: . . . fast, cheap, and he'll buzz over in the middle of the night if your set conks out. Of course, if it's an oldie or one of those natural lemons, it may run you eighty to ninety dollars—I mean, he's not a magician! But as a usual thing. . . .

INCOME-TAX CONSULTANT: . . . and you wouldn't believe the money he's saved us over the years! Of course, if you've got things sort of fouled up yourself, he may have to charge you more for his time than he saves, but if your accounts are in real tiptop shape. . . .

PEG BRACKEN

Candlelight Dinner

Before I put the bite on it,
I'd like a little light on it.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

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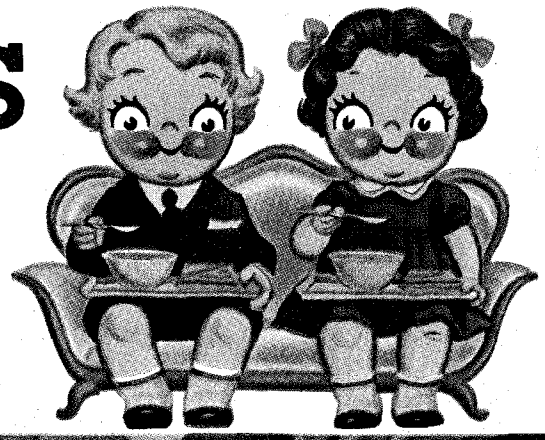
GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...



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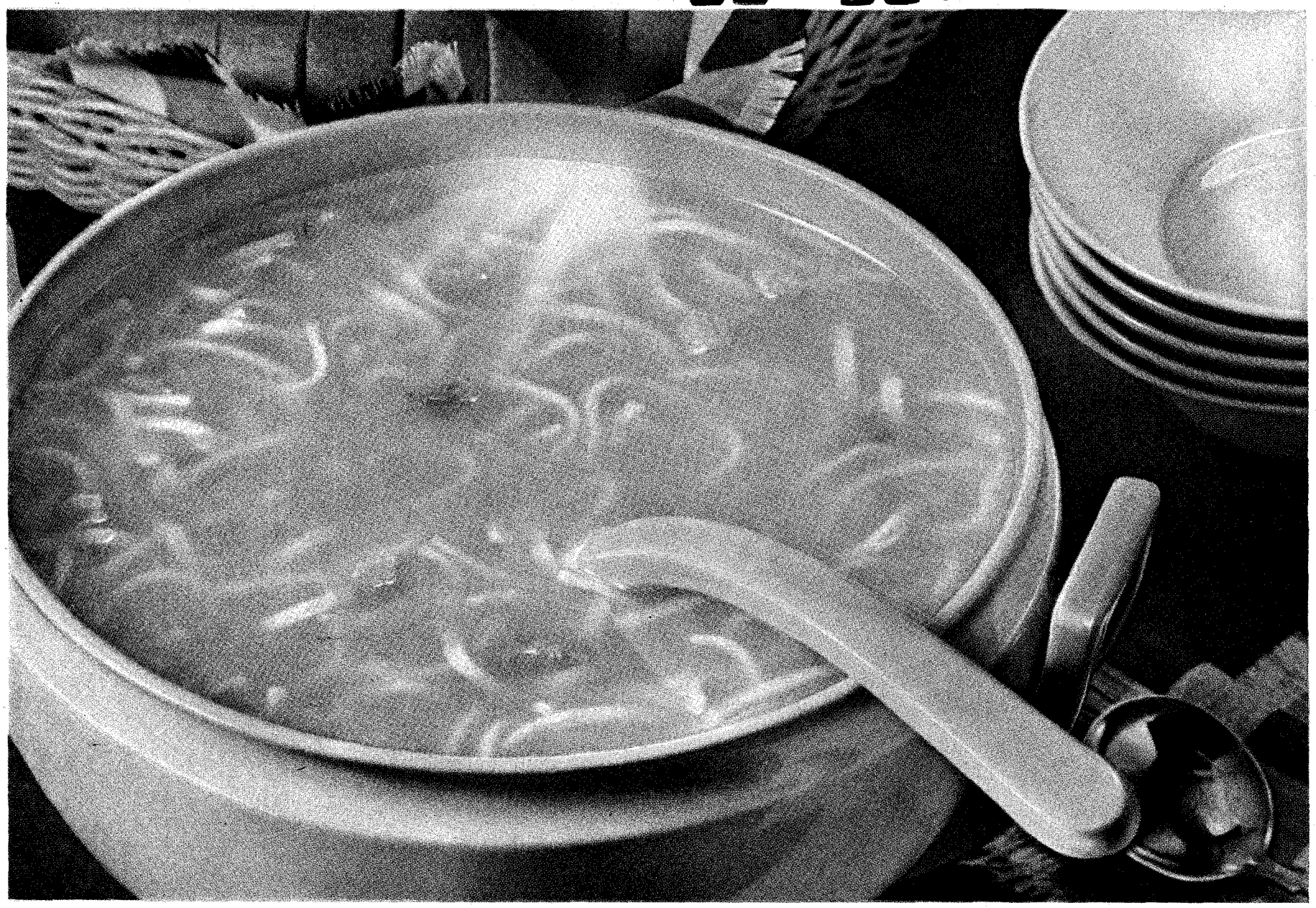


...you have soup for Sunday supper

Does the crowd come to your house on Sunday night? Does the family gather 'round? Give them something quick and easy – like a Campbell's Soup buffet. Hot Chicken Noodle Soup, with plenty for seconds. Crispy bread. An apple salad. A pitcher of milk.

Good things begin to happen when you pass that golden soup. Happy, friendly things. For soup makes folks who eat it feel warm and good all over.

And it isn't any trouble to serve a lot of soup – you just keep opening extra cans of Campbell's. So just relax and let the crowd come.

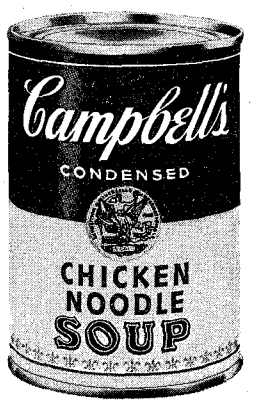
They'll like it, too. There's real nourishment in big bowls of good hot soup.

Good nourishment in the country chicken, and old-fashioned egg noodles, and chicken broth you get in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Along with the good flavor that makes folks ask for more.

Have a Campbell's Soup buffet this Sunday night. And every Sunday night. Or why wait for Sunday? Make soup the main dish of all your easygoing meals. There are 21 kinds of Campbell's to choose from.

Lunchtime, dinnertime – just about any time's a good time for soup. And you can have some, hot and ready, in just 4 minutes – with Campbell's.

Have you had your soup today?



Once a day...every day...enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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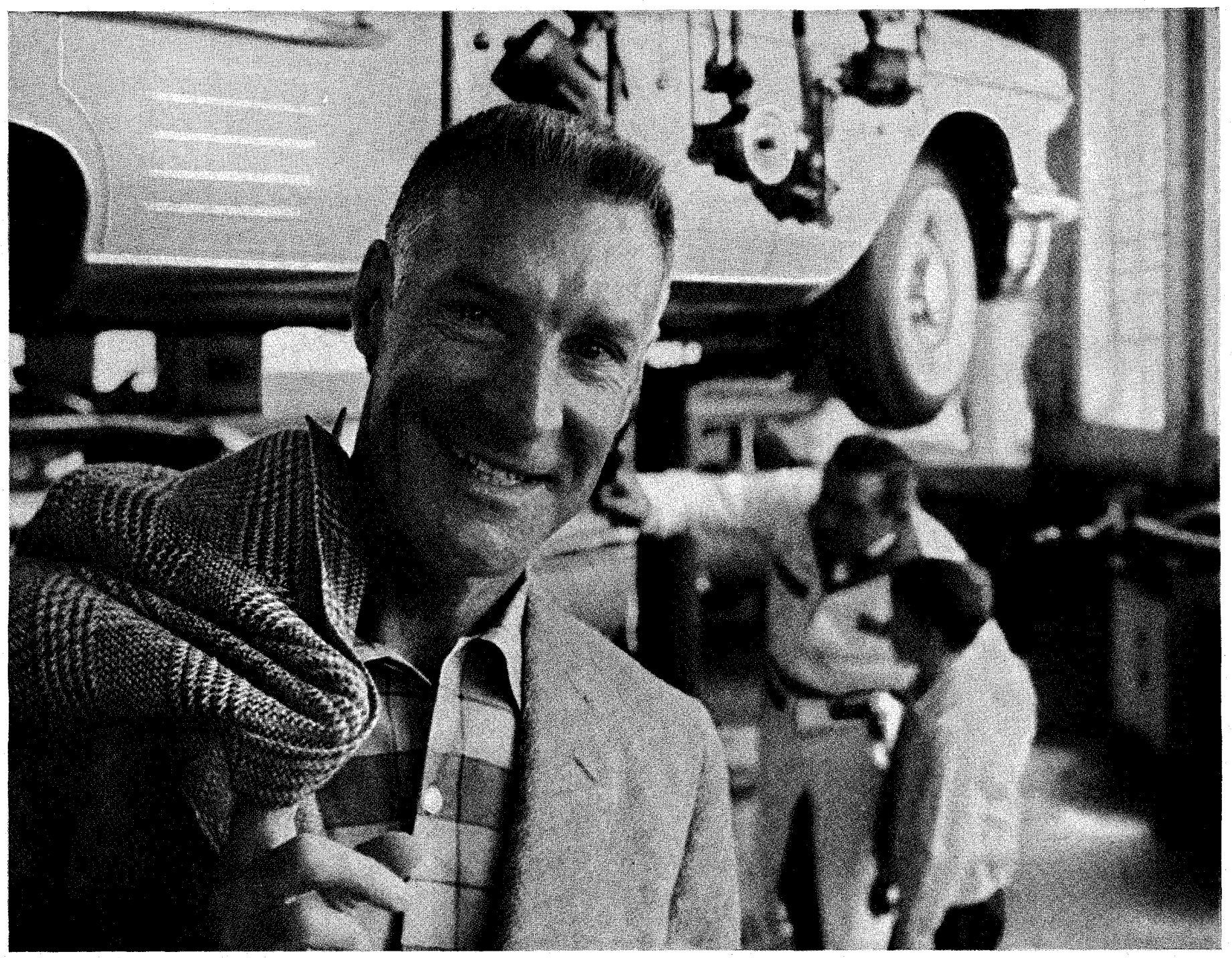

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Ordeal on Blood River

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Unless there was a way to silence the enemy guns, the expedition's ships would be sitting ducks.

"You've played every filthy trick in the deck," Lieutenant Cohill said to Bentinck. "How far will you run it out?"

Cohill and his cavalry platoon had sailed to the mouth of the Colorado River aboard the *Clan Cameron* which, with the *Amos Orr*, was under lease to former United States Senator Bentinck. From there, river steamers would take the platoon upstream to relieve the beleaguered garrisons at forts Yuma and Mohave. But at the river's mouth renegade Gen. Inigo Barras joined Bentinck, and the evil aim of Bentinck's expedition became clear. With Barras' outlaw army, Bentinck would carve out his own ruthless empire in the Colorado country.

Barras was no sooner aboard the *Clan* than two shocking events took place. Countess Athena, whom Cohill loved, shot and killed Barras for his outrages against her years before. And Bentinck's men rioted, throwing the ship into chaos.

IV

Cohill reached for the knob of Athena's cabin door and thrust the girl inside. Hugging the bulkhead, he inched forward again to the mouth of the gangway. Standing, gun in hand, he was below and to the right of the starboard ladder up to the quarter-deck. It was choked with the rioters—on the steps and climbing the rails. They fought each other claw and fist to get up to the visible locus of control of the ship in senseless revolt against all authority. Overhead he heard Moxley's whip-stringed voice trying to shout some semblance of restraint into them; heard Moxley's gun fire and saw a man pitch down into the massed heads and shoulders below. At close range Cohill squeezed off two spaced shots between the steps of the ladder, and the convulsive reflex of the men he hit tripped all of them halfway down the ladder's length. They fought there for a moment with the snarling ferocity of a pack fanging its own wounded—then fell free of the steps in a thrashing tangle to the deck below.

With the ladder momentarily clear, Cohill ran up it to the quarter-deck. The port ladder was clogged with shouting men on the other side, and Sergeant Ohms, who had raced up the inboard companion from the stern cabin, was fanning his service revolver close into their faces. Moxley and Cohill fired across and, with both ladders momentarily cleared, all three of them braced to the forward rail, reloading.

Below, the whole well deck was a maelstrom of uncontrolled violence. The mob had compressed itself so tightly in the waist of the ship that men were being forced up on top of the rails. At the stall-deck hatch there was no sign of Satterlee or the men of the platoon. The rioters had the hatch torn wide, upending timbers and ramming them down into it. Then they began to haul the nested boats free and to drag one of them over the hatch to seal it. In the next moment they had the boat turned sideways off the open hatch and they were dragging it toward the port rail.

A man in the port ratlines above the rail let go, arched over and struck the water spread-eagled with the crash of a splintered crate. It was almost as if that were some kind of signal to the rest of them; that there had been no purpose in any of it except a mad impulse to escape the putrid, close-packed ship. Amidships now they laid onto all four of the small boats, dragging them to the rails. The one they had tried to seal the hatch with was half up over the port rail. Weight of numbers shouldering against its stern transom, its keel slid over, it plunged down bow first into the water, submerging half its length.

As the current began to pass it astern of the *Clan*, twenty men leaped overside, thrashing in the water, clutching for handholds on the gunwales. They pitched one boat down into another, splintering its bow strakes wide open. They trailed ropes overside and rolled side ladders down. They leaped free of the ship, they burned their hands blood raw sliding down, they fought each other like cougars for places on the grablines.

In that moment Cohill saw Carracoe in the doorway of the afterhouse, the bloody ax in the gypsy's great arms, halfway up across his matted chest. As he surged out across the short run of deck, Cohill fired to a misfire and, vaulting down over the ladder, spun under his maniacal rush in an effort to trip him. For a second, as both of them sprawled on the deck, he saw panic take the fury from the yellow eyes. Under

(Continued on Page 89)

They heard a sentry's slow feet pacing his post in front of the guns.

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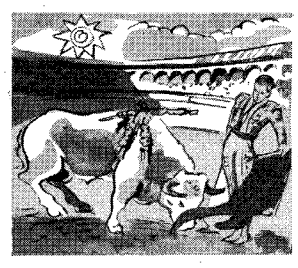

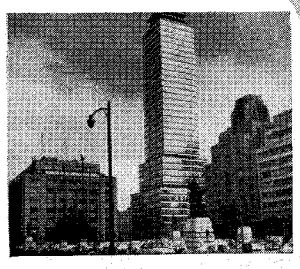

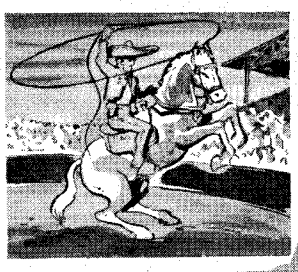

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I Coddle the Maestros

(Continued from Page 21)

and feeding of virtuosos—the great conductors, singers and instrumentalists. I have served as press agent, assistant manager and manager of symphonic organizations from coast to coast, grappling with the geniuses of the world of serious music. I have wheedled and prodded them, laughed with them and remonstrated with them, been their nursemaid and dietitian, and taken their abuse and sympathized with their frustrations. The secret of my survival, I suppose, is that I am a short, rotund man; and short, rotund men are alleged to be jolly fellows who if cast on the seas of despair always bob up floating. Life, in any case, has not been monotonous.

I can still see a husky stagehand putting a bear hug on the formidable conductor Otto Klemperer, six feet five and rigid with rage, and carrying him off the stage of the Hollywood Bowl. Klemperer had become enraged at a set of huge drapes undermining the acoustics of his orchestra from the rear of the stage. "Don't tell me the acoustics are good! I am Klemperer! I can hear!" he shouted at me, as he tried to pull down the drapes.

At that point one Joe Swope, a barrel-chested stagehand, took matters, and Klemperer, into his own hands. He carried the conductor off stage as though transferring a plank. Later Klemperer calmed down and put up with the drapes.

God love Göta Ljungberg, the Swedish soprano, for all dear Göta demanded was that somebody—a stagehand, anybody—give her a swift kick in the rump for good luck before she went onstage. And Göta, bent over in expectation, presented no difficult challenge of marksmanship.

If I flinch when I look at fried eggs, blame it on pianist Oscar Levant's conduct at a breakfast press conference I arranged. A photographer, seeking an informal shot of Oscar, snapped his picture just as he was putting a forkful of fried egg into his mouth. Oscar, enraged, seized the plate of eggs and splattered them against the ceiling. He may only have been trying to turn them sunny side up, but the gentlemen of the press did not so interpret his actions.

I ushered them away, pacifying them with soft words.

Over the years my dealings with virtuosos may not have been uniformly agreeable to my nervous system, but as I always say, laugh and if the world doesn't laugh with you at least you don't get ulcers. Indeed my coexistence with performers on the whole has been one long love affair, for they are fabulous people who, I sometimes believe, water at the mouth when challenged to rise above obstacles.

I've heard better voices than Grace Moore's, but she held her own with the best singers of the '30's and '40's because she was a diva in the great style. Critics slammed her without mercy in the press, yet she boasted that her career was built on unfavorable reviews.

She was a lusty, full-blooded, courageous creature who had no use for convention. I once sat next to her at a large supper party in the dining room of a St. Louis hotel as waiters entered bearing buckets of beer for the forty or so guests. "Take that out of here," Grace ordered them, "and bring champagne—champagne for everybody." Then, glancing at the discomfited host, she chuckled and said to me, "I guess I loused him up, eh?"

Grace once sang *La Bohème* opposite the tenor Jan Kiepura, who soon gave her the impression he was trying to upstage her. In one bit Kiepura was to sit down in a chair while Grace sang to him. Before seating himself, however, he picked up the chair and took it to the rear of the stage, so that Grace was obliged to turn her back on the audience, and Kiepura was the center of attraction. In the second performance he reached for the chair, but it would not budge. Grace had had it nailed to the floor.

Kiepura, incidentally, met with even more severe handling when he later sang opposite Marjorie Lawrence. Miss Lawrence had a hot-tempered brother who warned Kiepura not to upstage his sister and enforced the warning by standing in the wings, holding a gun on him.

Now in what other vocation could I have met such individualists? I have managed the Washington National Symphony, the St. Louis Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Hollywood Bowl concerts, the Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, the Baltimore Symphony and, today, the Pittsburgh Symphony. With each I have been a walking dartboard—and sometimes a running, dodging dartboard—for all complaints. I am the flesh-and-blood superman who must see that somehow everything clicks.

I always listen to the early portion of a concert from out front. Then, at intermission, I go back and reassure the conductor that the sound is good, the balance is good, the music is bright, it's live, it's brilliant, the effects are coming through superbly. This sauce *must* be given to conductors. They demand it. At the same time, after you have finished reassuring them they mutter some dour remark which would indicate you are a thoroughgoing liar.

You arrange a spotlight for the coloratura, and the musicians howl as though you had burned out their eyes with a hot iron. They cannot see the conductor because of the glare, they protest. So you try projecting the spot from the footlights, and the coloratura inquires if you really prefer her with shadows under her eyes or did you plan on booking her for a tired-blood commercial? Finally, if possible, you compromise by using a baby spot and focusing it closely, and then you ride out the last bitter remarks directed at you.

To the audience, singers may appear more theatrical than the somberly dressed conductors and instrumentalists, but as far as temperament is concerned, all are equal, which means equally explosive. The height of difficulty, though, is reached when a performer refuses to go through with a concert. At such times the tension is so acute that I feel I put one over on the insurance people who wrote a policy on my life. Nevertheless, numskull that I was, I once brought such a predicament upon myself, provoking yet another crisis over drapes.

Back in 1950 at Washington we engaged Leopold Stokowski, the white-haired, flamboyant maestro, to lead the National Symphony in a guest appearance at Constitution Hall. At the first rehearsal he complained that the drapes hanging in the rear of the stage sabotaged the acoustics. I explained to him that the Daughters of the American Revolution, who owned the building, had stipulated in our lease that we could make no physical changes in the hall. At the same time, however, I sensed a lively issue—Stokowski versus the D.A.R.—which might sell additional tickets.

So I turned Stokowski loose for a radio interview. I knew he would deliver at least a small tirade against the drapes. But what I did not suspect was that the more Stokowski talked, the more he

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convinced himself that the D.A.R. was a subversive group in his midst and that its drapes must go.

Consequently, by the time the concert was to begin I found myself standing backstage listening to an ultimatum: "Down with the drapes or no concert."

While a large house sat out front awaiting the maestro's entrance, I called upon him for broad-mindedness and understanding. I cited the fine texture and the aesthetic value of the drapes. Desperately I turned to his business representative and spoke the words a wise orchestra manager uses only as a last resort, "Of course, if he doesn't conduct, he doesn't get paid."

Ultimately Stokowski strode to the center of the stage, but instead of conducting the orchestra, delivered a twenty-minute harangue against the D.A.R., addressing himself pointedly to Box 11—the D.A.R. box—where the supposedly villainous matrons sat cowering behind their programs. The audience applauded and cheered him so lustily that suddenly, without a moment's notice, he wheeled and brought down his arms to commence the opening number. Ninety startled musicians jerked their instruments from their laps, and the concert got under way with all the grace of a backfiring motorcycle. I mopped my brow in relief. I was off the hook.

Unfortunately I cannot say that all such impasses were resolved. The aforementioned Oscar Levant, depressive and unpredictable as he is, once pulled out of a concert only a few hours before it was to start. Oscar was exhausted from traveling and had been unable to approach his top form during rehearsal. "I do not want to play badly for you," he told me, "so I shall not play at all."

"Pull yourself together, Oscar," I pleaded.

"No, no, no," he insisted. "I cannot perform." We had to hire a last-minute substitute.

Oscar at least gave me a hearing, but there are times when a manager is not even permitted the opportunity to argue his case. During World War II, when I managed the Hollywood Bowl concerts, we engaged Artur Rodzinski to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic in a series of concerts with Jascha Heifetz as soloist in the opening concert. We put out thousands of circulars, plastered a hundred billboards. It was an enormous operation.

So what happened? Several days before the first concert Rodzinski, possibly laboring under the misapprehension that Western Union rates were fifty dollars a word, wired me as follows:

CANNOT COME TO CALIFORNIA.

Well, there was no arguing with him, for Rodzinski was a law unto himself. He was a sharp-featured, bright-eyed Pole who, whenever he conducted, carried a loaded pistol in his trousers—for good luck, I presume. (I was told it was loaded, though I never had the courage to ask him.) From my position beyond firing range I wired back, telling Rodzinski the least he could do was to offer an excuse we could give the newspapers. Splurging, he sent me a six-word reply:

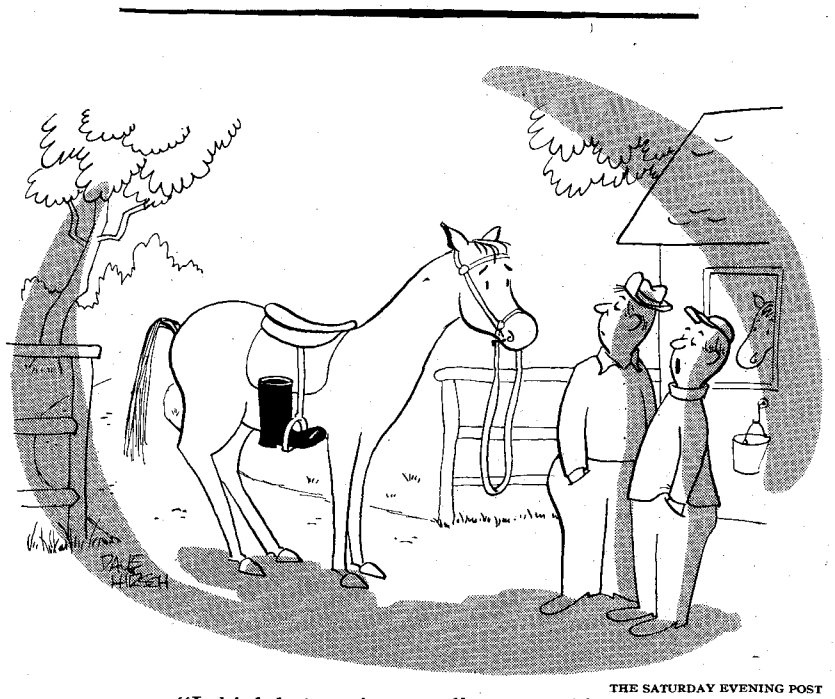
MY GUIDANCE DOES NOT PERMIT ME.

This explanation, I suppose, meant he simply did not care to perform, contract or no. All right, in a case like this you can sue. But so what? You don't get a performance by suing. There is no alternative but to scramble for a substitute. That is what we did, and this time we had wonderful fortune. The eminent Sir Thomas Beecham, who recently married for the third time at age eighty, had gone to Mexico City with an opera troupe, but the show had been poorly promoted and flopped. He readily agreed to rush to Hollywood. More, Sir Thomas, who has a universal repertoire, agreed to take the programs exactly as Rodzinski had planned them. I was overjoyed. I poured myself a drink. I put my feet on my desk and lighted a seventy-five-cent cigar. How could I foresee the impending clash between Sir Thomas and Heifetz?

Now Sir Thomas, in this corner, is a gay old dog, a paunchy little man who is wise in the ways of the world, but just as salty as he need be. And blunt? Well, I was with him in 1957 when the news of Arturo Toscanini's death came through and a reporter asked Sir Thomas for a statement on Toscanini. "Why, I never met the man," Sir Thomas replied.

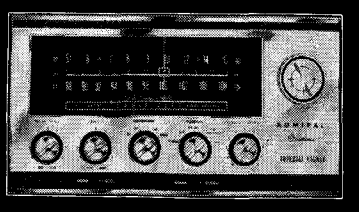
Heifetz, in the opposite corner, is a tense figure with high forehead and soulful eyes—an unbelievable musician, the greatest violinist I have ever heard. But he also is very much "Hollywood." He is a state of mind. Together Heifetz and Beecham are a prize capture, but containing them is a somewhat uneasy task, like walking a Bengal tiger down the street on a poodle leash. Unwittingly I set the stage for their joust when I arranged the

(*Continued on Page 50*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think he's trying to tell us something."



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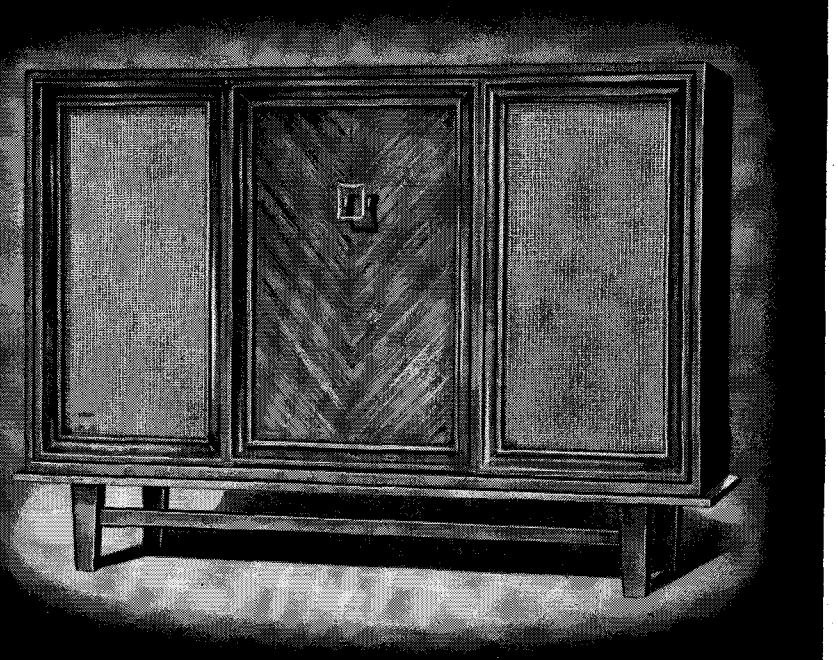

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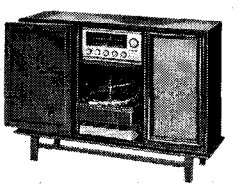

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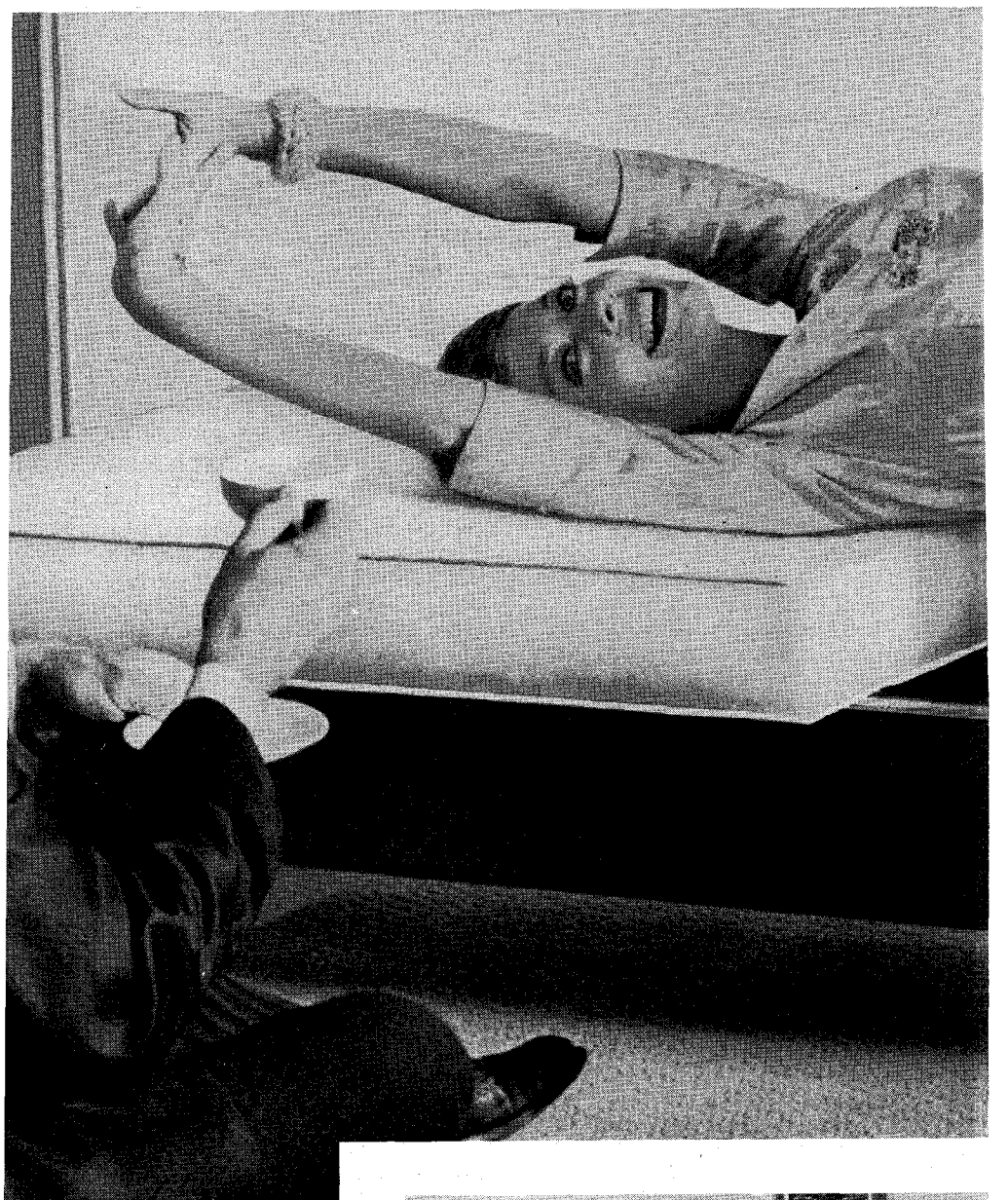
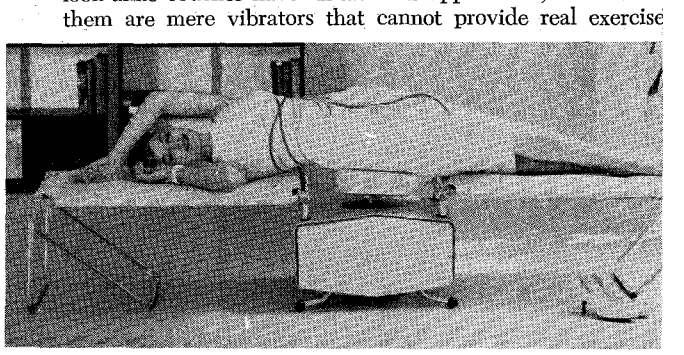


This new Magic Couch is actually two exciting gifts in one It can be used as an exercising couch as in the large pictur above. But, when bolsters and center cushion are replaced it quickly becomes a handsome full-length sofa...and a smart practical addition to living room or den. More and more hus bands are also putting this versatile couch into their offices s they can get essential and relaxing daily exercise.

Choose her gift from five Stauffer models...as low as $89.50 (Suggested retail price

Here is the famous Magic Couch in the Deluxe Model. I gives the deep down exercise you need to lose inches. Som look-alike couches have imitated its appearance, but most o them are mere vibrators that cannot provide real exercise



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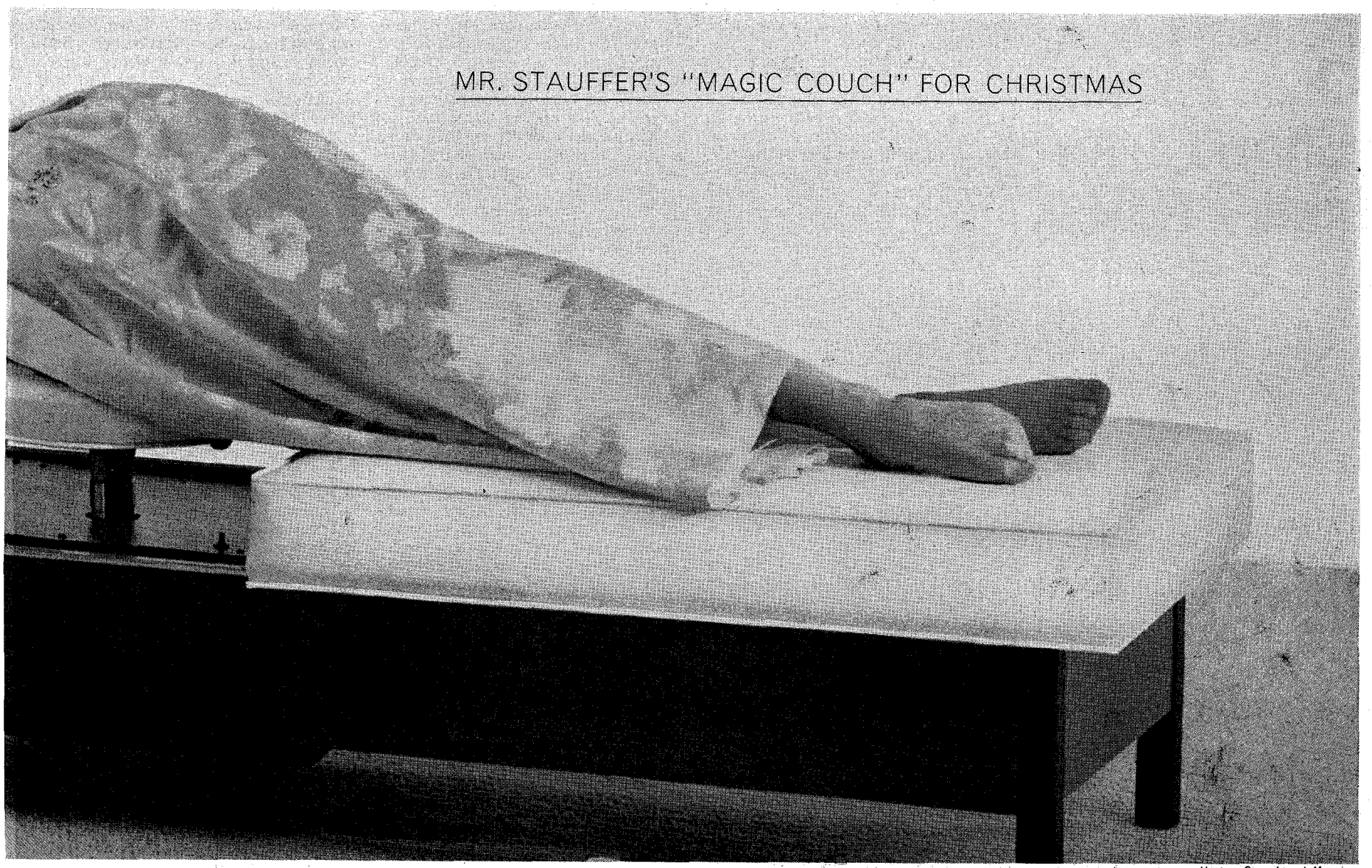


Hostess Gown from I. Magnin

For a Wife Whose Husband Loves and Understands Her

This Christmas, thousands of women will find the gift of figure beauty beneath the Christmas tree. It's a gift no woman will ever forget. Because with a new and slender figure comes all the joy of being the woman every woman wants to be—lovelier—for her husband, for her family...and herself.

If your wife wants to make an important change in her figure *and herself*, let your Christmas gift to her be the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan. There's no better time than Christmas—and no better way than Stauffer, the reducing method that's already helped five million women to slimmer, happier lives.

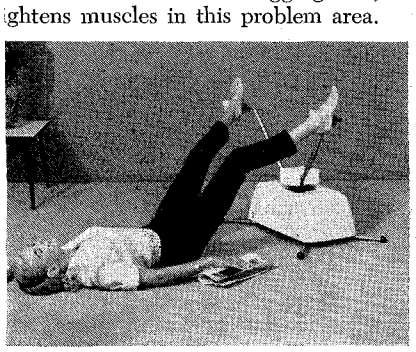
The Stauffer Plan has been called "reducing without nonsense." Everything about it is practical, sensible...and proved by 21 years of reducing success. The Magic Couch (Posture-Rest) is the heart of the famous Stauffer Plan which combines effortless exercise with the kind of calorie reduction doctors advise. It gives a busy woman all the exercise she needs—without work, strain or fatigue.

Unwanted inches seem to melt away—from her waist, tummy, hips, thighs—all without starvation dieting. Surely and methodically she loses where she needs to lose. And every day brings her closer to the figure she dreams of having. Perhaps it is the slender, youthful-looking figure of her wedding day. It can be hers again...with Stauffer!

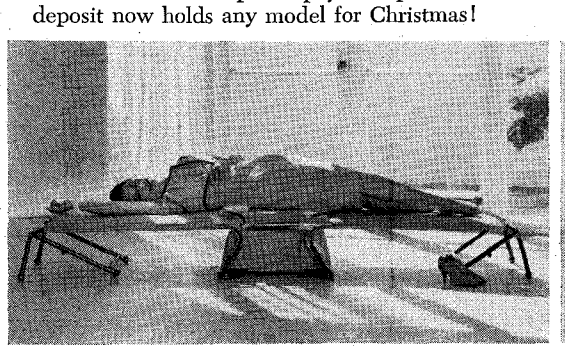
It's something to think about now—this gift of figure beauty for the woman you love. For more information, mail the attached postage-paid card.

© 1959, STAUFFER LABORATORIES

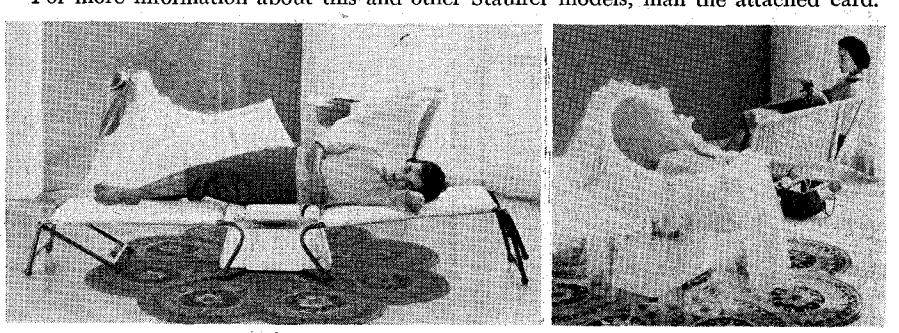
tauffer's new Hip and Thigh Model oncentrates on excess inches below the /aist. It firms and tones sagging skin, ghtens muscles in this problem area.



The same exclusive Stauffer motion is provided by the Princess Model. Like all Stauffer models, it is available on a special payment plan. A small deposit now holds any model for Christmas!



This Magic Couch leads a double life. It has two speeds. One for exercising, another for gently rocking a baby—*automatically!* The couch shares its moving base with the new Magic Cradle—first rocking bassinet ever made. Ideal gift for mother and baby. For more information about this and other Stauffer models, mail the attached card.



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"New" "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

(*Continued from Page 45*) schedule for the rehearsal to take place the day of the first concert.

Beecham was to rehearse the orchestra pieces at ten A.M. Heifetz was to join him onstage at eleven. Ostensibly it was all very simple, but actually the first problem was to get Sir Thomas to the bowl on time. You had to trick him out of bed, make his tea and practically dress him or he would go back to bed like a small boy who does not want to go to school. Nonetheless we succeeded, and he began conducting at ten as scheduled.

Then Heifetz surprised us by sweeping in at 10:20, forty minutes early. He marched directly to his dressing room and then sent out his personal representative to tell me he would commence rehearsal immediately, regardless of the prearranged schedule.

Well, I saw that Sir Thomas was nearing the end of a piece, so I sent up a note to him. "Heifetz is here and would like to rehearse with you right away," my note said. Sir Thomas lowered his spectacles, peered briefly at the note, and then, calling out the title of his next piece, shouted, "*España*, gentlemen!"

Heifetz waited in his dressing room, fuming. As the showdown neared, an ugly word—"refunds"—assaulted my thoughts. I knew we might end up lacking not only a Rodzinski but also a Heifetz and possibly a Beecham too.

Finally, at eleven, I rapped with limp hand on Heifetz's door to tell him Sir Thomas had gone to his dressing room and was ready to discuss the violin concerto. Heifetz, his face livid, stalked into Sir Thomas' dressing room, where he found the old maestro sipping a horrid green soda pop, on which he doted, and calmly leafing through the score of the violin piece, a Wieniawski concerto that is only passable music, but when played by Heifetz simply makes the listener gasp.

At last Sir Thomas looked up and in his rasping, heavily accented voice bellowed, "Well, old boy, what on earth are you doing playing garbage like this?"

Heifetz was so enraged that his words must have clogged in his throat. He was speechless. Sir Thomas chatted on gaily, told Heifetz a few of his witticisms and then led him out to rehearse. That evening they gave a great performance. Sir Thomas' mastery of the situation had smothered the conflict at its height, and I came away from the experience certain I was a child of providence.

Now the tantrums of musical giants may seem laughable, I'll admit, but they are a part of healthy artistic temperament. A performer, certainly, can be a star without manifesting temperament, yet in many cases eccentric behavior flows from an inner search for expression—musical expression. Thirteen years ago, S. Hurok, the master impresario, predicted in his memoirs that the rising tide of American talent would bring conventional behavior to the world of serious music, that wholesome young men and women from Main Street would undercut the traditional notion of a virtuoso as a rather eccentric bird. At this point I must abandon Hurok's prediction.

I believe American performers are figuring out how to be *more* temperamental, and, frankly, when they work at it, they do very well. If they have something to say that is musically important and mannerisms help them to get it out, then I believe the public will be willing to accept them. On the other hand, there are many young artists who have little to say, and their affectations strike me as a cynical pose. It is as though they had decided this is what the public wants of them. I think the public sees through them quickly.

I never have minded putting up with the idiosyncrasies of a great performer—for example, a lion such as Fritz Reiner, the director of the Chicago Symphony. Reiner—squat, bespectacled, a fearsome schoolmaster in appearance—can be perfectly charming and agreeable at times, but frequently conducts himself as a despot of the old European school. I was serving my first hitch with the Pittsburgh Symphony back in the '40's when Reiner directed that orchestra, and he made life one continuous series of crises, particularly when the orchestra went on tour.

On one memorable winter trip two cases of Arkansas bottled water, the only brand Reiner would drink, froze in the baggage car. The bottles cracked. The only good one left was the bottle in Reiner's personal possession. For ten days I surreptitiously filled that bottle with common tap water, recapped it, chilled it to his taste, and opened it in his dressing room with great ceremony. He never suspected the difference.

Keeping Reiner happy, however, was not always that simple. In Charleston, West Virginia, he refused to perform because his dressing room was located at the head of a flight of seven steps. No Sir Edmund Hillary, Reiner considered step-climbing perilous. As there was no dressing room available at stage level, we had to construct one for him. So, using scenery flats for walls, we rigged up a cubicle about the size of a shower stall and dropped a light bulb through the top. The arrangement mollified Reiner, but even before the concert began we had still more aggravation, for Henry Mazer, our young personnel manager, had lost Reiner's plastic hairbrush and comb somewhere between the hotel and the concert hall.

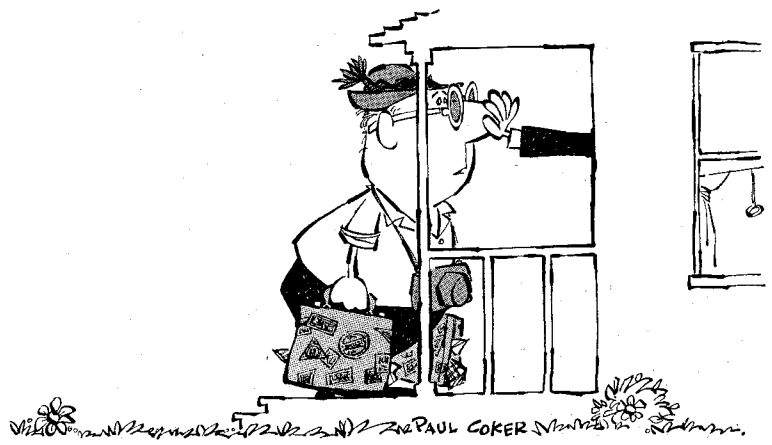
Reiner would permit no other brush and comb to touch his scalp. At intermission he would fully expect to sit down in his dressing room, eat a salami sandwich on rye, take two sips of Scotch and then reach for his plastic hairbrush and comb.

"Maybe you dropped them getting out of your cab," I suggested to Mazer, who appeared, if not quite panic-struck, thoroughly shaken.

Together Mazer and I charged out into the night, into an appalling downpour, and in our tuxedos got down on our knees and plunged our hands into torrents of water rushing through the gutter. Suddenly Mazer whooped victoriously. He had found the comb and brush. They had stuck against the tire of a parked car. It was a miraculous delivery from what might have been a very tense situation.

Today Mazer is conductor of the Florida Symphony and, for all I know, may have a special hairbrush and comb of his own.

But as far as that goes, the tonsorial equipment carried by performers is insignificant as compared to the medicaments they (*Continued on Page 52*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

John and Mary, hard up, failed to pay the taxes on their heavily mortgaged home. The mortgage holder, on a European tour, also failed to pay them. So the state auctioned off the home for unpaid taxes. At the last minute, Mary's father, who lived in the spare room, drew out his life's savings and bought the place. The state gave him a deed. Then the mortgage holder returned from Europe and sued for his money.

"You're out of luck," Mary's dad asserted. "A tax sale wipes out the mortgage holder as well as the owner. To protect yourself, you should have paid the taxes so the place would not have been sold."

"How did I know that the taxes hadn't been paid?" the mortgage holder replied. "Furthermore, how do I know that all of you didn't get together and scheme this thing to do me out of my money?"

If you were the judge, how would you decide this one?

• •

The mortgage holder won. The law will not permit the owner of mortgaged property to fail to pay taxes and then buy in the property at tax sale mortgage-free, the court pointed out, and the same rule should apply to relatives of the owner who live in the property. Hence Mary's father had to assume the mortgage.

Based upon a 1938 Arkansas case.

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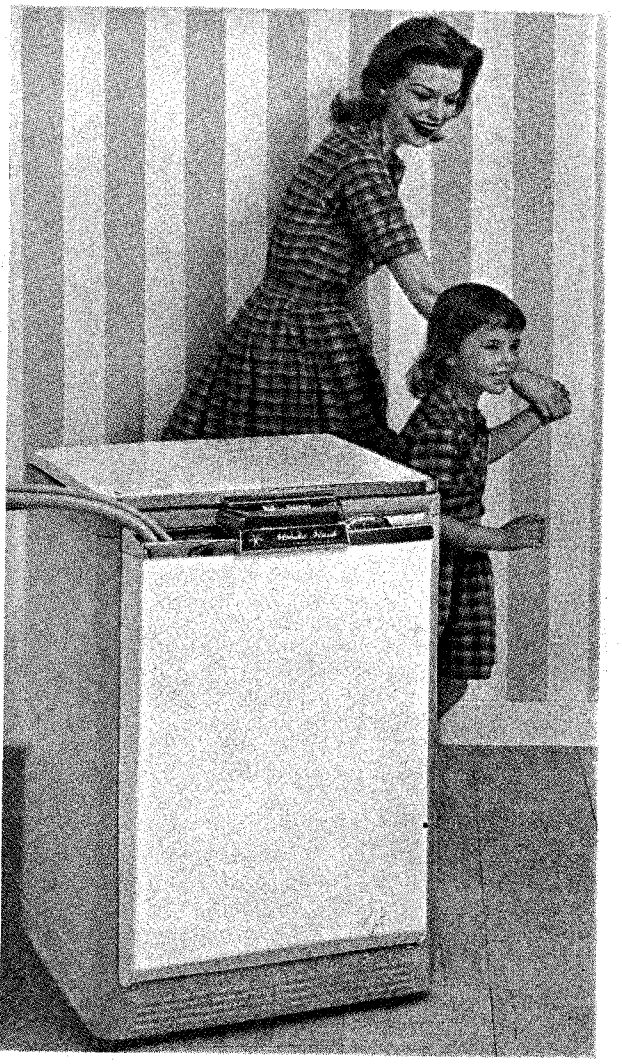
4½ minutes after dessert you're done!



New General Electric Mobile Maid with Power Shower outwashes every other dishwasher including people!

For the first time, a dishwasher that washes dishes from the bottom up *and* from the top down. Only the new General Electric Custom 3-Cycle Mobile Maid with Power Shower washes two ways . . . so there'll be no two ways about the results.

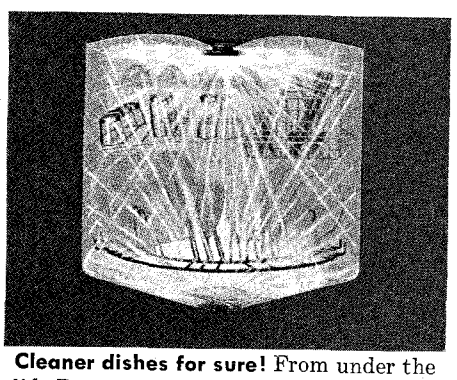
Mobile Maid® is portable. You pay not one penny for installation. Use it wherever there's a sink; roll it away when not in use.

Mobile Maid has Flushaway Drain so you don't have to hand rinse or scrape before putting your dishes in the machine.

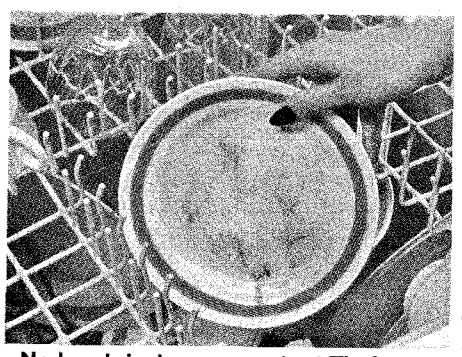
Capacity? Throw a dinner party for thirteen* and Mobile Maid washes everything on the table but the tablecloth.

Pleasant thought: if you owned a Mobile Maid, you could be done with the dishes tonight in the time it takes to clear the table!

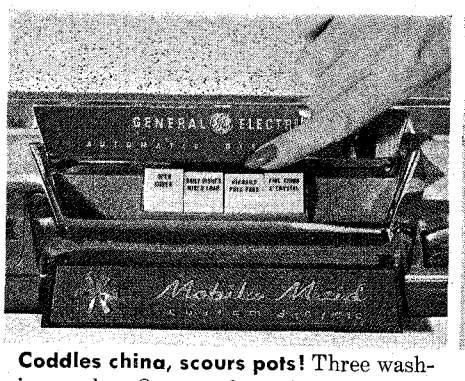
*NEMA place settings



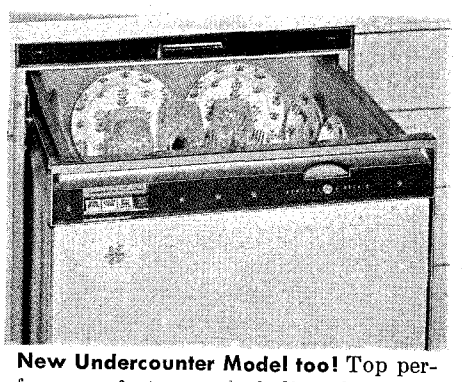
Cleaner dishes for sure! From under the lid, Power Shower swirls hot water over every dish while *more* hot water shoots from the bottom up. Top and bottom washing scrubs away even hard-to-remove soils.



No hand rinsing or scraping! Flushaway Drain does it *automatically*. All you do is remove large food scraps. Soft food is liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins. Easier-to-load racks, *too*.



Coddles china, scours pots! Three washing cycles. One gentle cycle washes fine china and crystal. One vigorous cycle scours utensils, pots, pans. All-purpose cycle scrubs a mixed load of daily dishes.



New Undercounter Model too! Top performance features...including Flushaway Drain, *four* cycles. In five colors, five woods, brushed chrome, coppertone. General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Every year more people choose General Electric Dishwashers than any other make!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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STOP BAD BREATH WITH COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Brushing with Colgate helps give the surest protection all day long!
Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY!

Colgate with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,† only Colgate contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day. Colgate stops mouth odor all day for most people, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And remember! Nothing takes the place of brushing—and nothing brushes better than Colgate!

Same wonderful flavor in the tube or new aerosol container!

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢ 98¢

†TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE. © 1959, COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 50*) accumulate. A virtuoso has not really arrived until he has turned himself into a walking drugstore. Hypochondriacs? Igor Stravinsky, when first I saw him, constantly wore gloves in order to avoid contact with germs.

When I label performers hypochondriacs I do not apply the term disparagingly. Their livelihood depends upon their maintaining perfect physical condition. Indeed, our outstanding performers condition themselves more conscientiously than most athletes, for proper sleep and diet are of the utmost importance to them, particularly when they are at an advanced age. From two o'clock in the afternoon till five, conductors all over America are resting, and regardless of what emergency may arise during those three hours, a manager cannot reach the conductor. He is incommunicado.

In the matter of diet performers follow rigid programs, although here I am bewildered by the vast difference between one performer's dietary theories and another's. For instance, conductor Howard Mitchell of the Washington National Symphony eats a heavy meal before conducting. On the other hand, Paul Paray of the Detroit Symphony does not eat from two P.M. until after his performance. Then, about midnight, he combines breakfast and dinner in one meal, starting lightly with bacon and eggs—an oboe-and-flute course—and then proceeding crescendo fashion as he clears away various dishes en route to a sirloin steak, which he pounces on with a timpani-and-cymbals effect.

And yet however much conductors may differ in their eating habits, almost all of them think alike on one subject: themselves. They do not think poorly of themselves. They are downright conceited, and they had better be, for conceit is basic to the nature of the profession. Throughout his career a conductor goes about his work, in the first place, by turning his back on the public. Who else earns his money by turning his back on the public? Furthermore, when a conductor turns his back, you know darn well he thinks he's good and that his back is the loveliest in all the world.

In general, conductors have an idea—and there are hardly any exceptions to this rule—that it is an immense privilege to work with them, one which, if everything were well organized in this world, you even would pay for. If a player goes elsewhere for bigger money, the conductor infers that he's been disloyal, that he's a traitor—you know, that he's really not a very good fellow.

But vanity may well be a requisite to greatness, and I have no urge to quarrel with it. Artistic pride, moreover, is easily wounded, even in such a man as William Steinberg, the extraordinarily compatible conductor of our Pittsburgh Symphony. One morning last winter Van Cliburn, the twenty-three-year-old piano wonder, arrived late for a rehearsal with the Pittsburgh orchestra. According to the unwritten law of the music world, a guest artist arriving late may be charged the amount of overtime paid the orchestra as a result of his tardiness. Anyhow, Cliburn burst into the hall, shedding his overcoat, jacket and sweater as he rushed onstage to the piano.

"Good morning, maestro," he piped respectfully to the bald, bull-necked conductor on the podium. Steinberg, twenty-six years Van's senior, had been kept waiting, and now he appraised the pianist with eyes narrowed and lips pursed.

"That will cost you five hundred dollars," Steinberg snapped, and commenced Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto. Young Cliburn played so beautifully, however, that Steinberg was lulled into forgetting the $500.

In my twenty-four years in the music business I have learned there is no telling from what source trouble may originate. I even have seen a concert crisis arise because of a basketball game, no less. Artur Schnabel, a thick-set, aristocratic Austrian pianist with shaggy gray hair and a formidable mustache, was playing a Schubert sonata in the concert hall of St. Louis' all-purpose auditorium. His playing grew very soft, lyric, songful—and then suddenly, from the other side of a presumably soundproof curtain that separated the concert hall from the remainder of the auditorium, came the roar of a crowd. A basketball game was under way.

Schnabel stopped playing. He cocked his ear, disbelievingly. Finally he shook his head as if to say, "No, I am hearing things." He resumed.

Then the cheering of the crowd really grew vigorous. Schnabel stopped again and this time walked off stage. He sat down, firmly and stolidly, and refused to return to the stage. For twenty minutes we remonstrated with him, promising to seal all openings. Ultimately he consented to return, but instead of resuming at the point where he had been interrupted, the old fellow began the concert all over. There were then about 3500 persons in the audience, but by the time Schnabel neared the end of his concert only 400 or so remained. He had all the quiet he possibly could have desired.

Troubles? Headaches? All the time. But I'm not really complaining. If a manager is able to stand the strain of a big scene periodically and take the abuse without feeling personal resentment, he usually can ride out the storm and get his way in the end. He has, to be sure, certain executive powers, but the less he exercises them, the more effective he is.

The idea, as I see it, is to keep in mind that no emergency, however ominous, is a matter of life and death, and that today's trials are tomorrow's chuckles. Once, when our Pittsburgh orchestra arrived in the town of Kingsville, Texas, for an overnight stop, Fritz Reiner came to me and said he preferred to go on to Corpus Christi and that I should arrange suitable transportation for him.

"There are no trains out today," I pointed out.

He replied, "That is your problem, not mine."

Resorting to the limits of my ingenuity, I telephoned the local funeral director to see if he had a limousine and driver available. "Reckon so," he said. "Don't have a funeral today."

"Well, if I don't get a decent limousine and a driver, you will have a funeral," I told him. "Mine."

The mortician rolled out his four limousines, and Reiner, after inspecting each meticulously, chose an impressive eight-passenger job, the type in which the mourning family rides. Seated grandly in the rear, the maestro rode off to Corpus Christi. As he departed the mortician turned to me and said, "That feller has mighty fine taste. That's the car we haul prize sheep in."

I watched the limousine disappear into the dusty plains, and I wondered, *How did I get into this business anyhow?* Of course, I knew. I had been a student at Harvard, many years earlier. In Boston's Symphony Hall I had sat entranced by the majesty of Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony. This beauteous power—I knew I had to be a part of it.

So now I stood beside a mortician on a street in Kingsville, Texas, and watched small puffs of dust settle in the wake of a mourners' car as it sped toward Corpus Christi, carrying its resolute, grand passenger. This beauteous power—I was a part of it. THE END

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Marriage on Her Mind (Continued from Page 30)

are many people I know in the brokerage house where I work who would love to get in on a good thing when they see it; but the money they might be able to put into securities has to go instead to pediatricians and obstetricians and orthodontists and to furniture and department stores.

"I will tell you about this girl," I said to my mother. "She wandered in about eleven this morning and sat down and watched the board for a while."

We do not have an electric board—Clayton City is a thousand miles from Wall Street—and instead of the figures being flashed electronically, we have a girl who walks up and down with chalk and puts in the figures as she gets them.

"This girl," I said to my mother, "was casing the joint, and after about twenty minutes she turned away from the board and began watching Joe Heffernan and Pete Tyler and Walter Brock and me."

We are all account representatives and we have glass-fronted cubicles across the room. There is the board, and then the chairs for the customers, and at the far side we have our offices.

"She kept studying us," I said, "and then she came into my cubicle and sat in the client's chair beside my desk."

"Was she pretty?" my mother asked.

"Very attractive," I said. "She has brown hair and blue eyes and a neat, trim figure. She had a kind of glow in her eyes ——"

"I didn't know you ever noticed," my mother said. "I'm encouraged. Go on."

"What impressed me most was her conversation," I said.

I could still remember the way she sat down. She crossed her legs, and I noticed her knee, which temporarily took my mind off the news that a stock I was involved in had dropped two points.

"I have never been in one of these places before," she said. "Will you tell me something about how it works?"

I gave her a brief talk, and she nodded and asked intelligent questions from time to time.

"If I am to be of service to you," I said finally, "I should know your objective. Everyone who goes into the stock market should know his objective. Are you chiefly concerned with safety of principal, income, or growth?"

"I am principally concerned with getting rich," the girl said. "I am sick and tired of being poor. I had a very dull job and never met anyone interesting. I have given it up. I have savings of two hundred dollars and I am trying to decide what to do with my money. I am going to blow it all one way or another."

"You talk like a speculator," I said. "I must warn you that if you speculate with your money, large risks are involved."

"I understand that," she said, "but I am in a reckless mood."

"If you would like me to recommend a speculative issue," I said, "I have a small glass company in mind, selling at twenty dollars, that I think may become a forty-dollar stock in a year or two. The earnings for this year are projected ——"

"There's just one thing," the girl said, nibbling a thumbnail. "I have another alternative, but it's not in your line."

"I will be glad to give you any help I can, whether or not you become a client," I said. "This is no bucket shop."

"Well, I could buy some very nice clothes for two hundred dollars," she said. "I could get a new hairdo by the best stylist in town; and for two hundred dollars I could look a lot better."

"This is a little outside my experience," I said. "Whether you would do better with ten shares of this glass stock or two hundred dollars' worth of clothes and hair styling is a bit beyond me."

"I realize this is my own decision," the girl said, "and I appreciate your help." She stood up and looked at my name on the glass. "Thank you very much, Mr. Wallace," she said. "My name is Ellen Venner, and if I make a decision in favor of the glass company I will be in touch with you."

"She had a nice handshake," I said to my mother, concluding my story. "I gave her a stock guide and offered to be of service any time. It was an unusual but rather interesting experience. I'll probably never see her again."

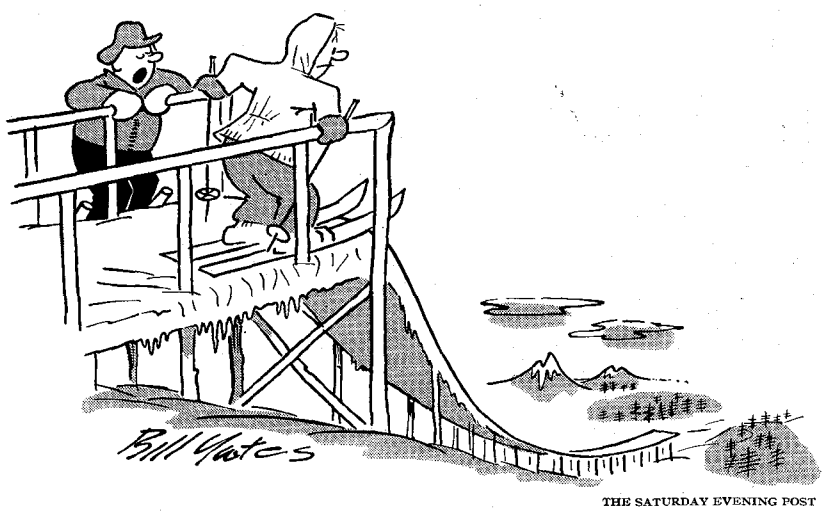
"Why didn't you ask her out for dinner?" my mother said.

"I was behind on my forecasting charts," I said.

My mother gave me a long look that no mother should give a son, and went and turned on the television.

The girl did not come into the office the next day or the next. And I had almost forgotten about her a few days later when someone entered my cubicle.

"How do you do," I said to this girl, and then I did a double take. Ellen Venner smiled at me, and I remembered the smile and also the figure; but there had been some changes which took me a while to assimilate. It was the same girl, all right, but her hair was now blond and done in some kind of upsweep style which I will not attempt to explain; but it made her seem taller. (*Continued on Page 56*)



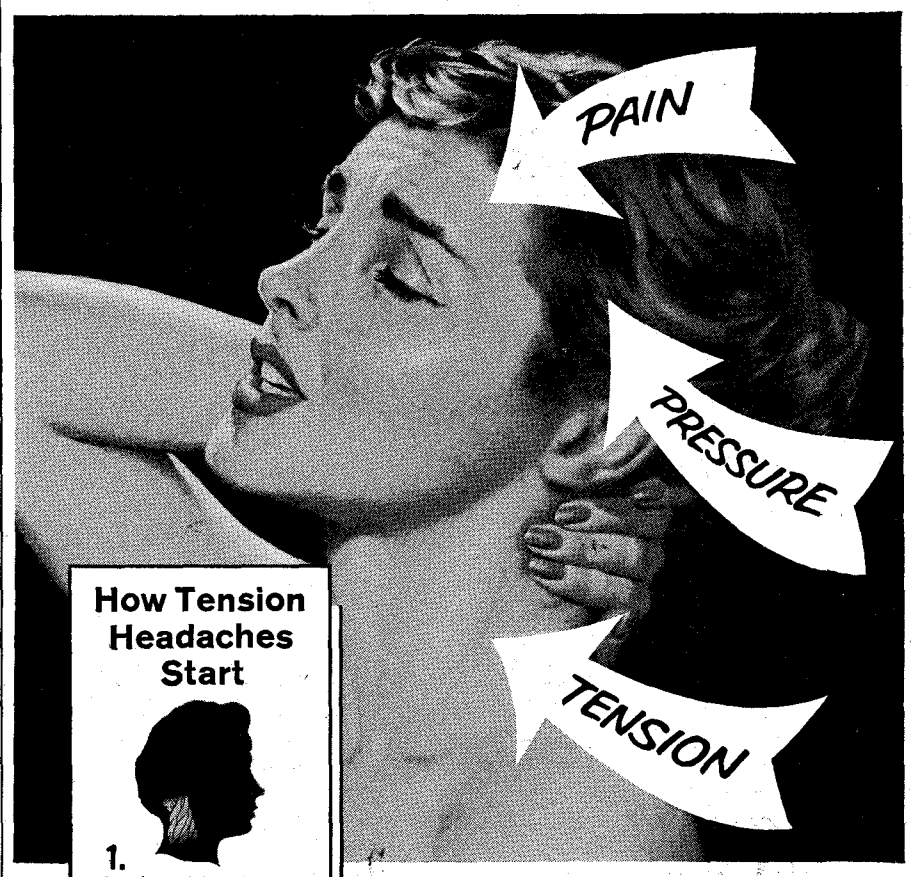
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's nothing to it—it's downhill all the way."

Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

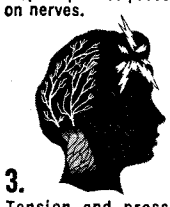
Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .

2. . . . puts painful pressure on nerves.



3. Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (**not** found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.

ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients — each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension, release painful pressure on nerves—assuring a better 'total' effect—more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in . . .

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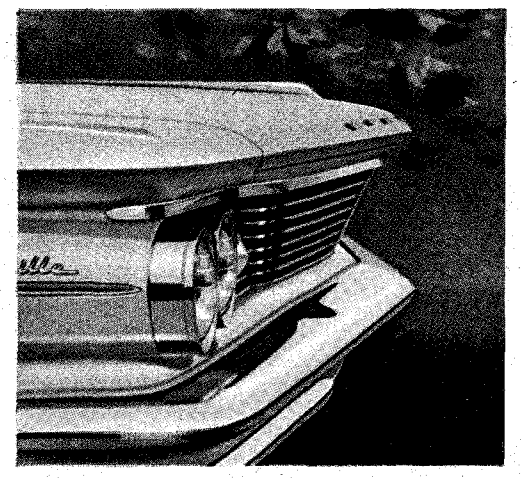

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There's rhythm in the horizontal bars of the grille.

There's a new order of unity in the profile. New freedom and grace in the back.

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All of this artistry rides flawlessly on Wide-Track Wheel Design, the Pontiac innovation that brings new standards of stability and driving security to the American passenger car.

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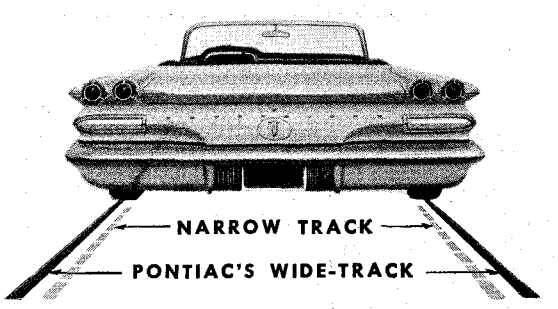

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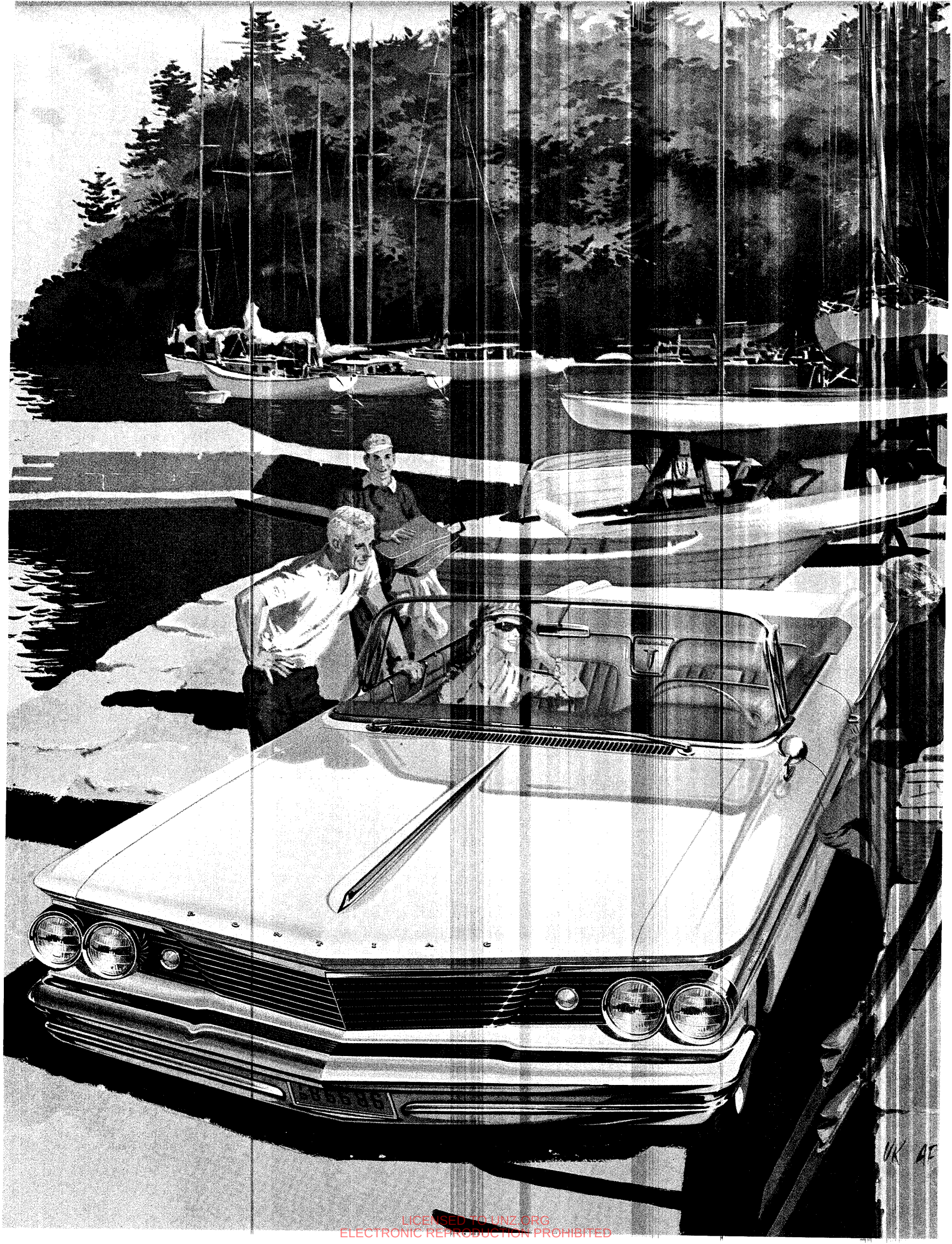

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(*Continued from Page 53*) Her figure was unchanged, I suppose, but the dress she wore was very tight, and when she sat down I was afraid it would burst at the seams.

"Well," she said, "do you think I made the wrong decision?"

"You look terrific," I said.

"Well," she said, "I may look like a million, but I am flat broke, and when my rent comes due in two weeks I will be out on the street. So I cannot buy that stock—but I was interested in your opinion."

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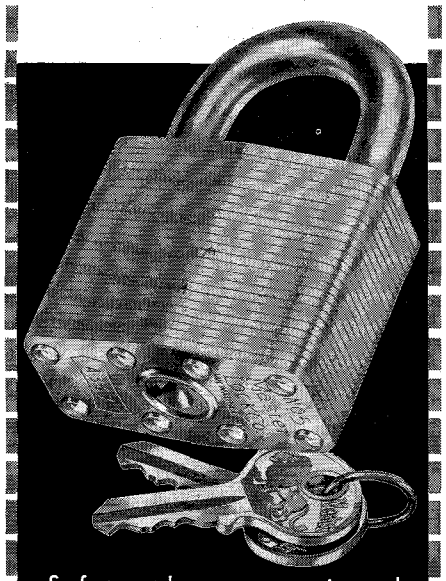

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"I am not sure you are being practical," I said, "but if you want to meet people, in that rig and with that hairdo, I don't think you can miss. Just go out on Main Street and you will stop the traffic."

"Thank you," she said. "A girl has a different situation from a fellow. A fellow can use his brains. A girl is limited by her physical equipment."

"You are well endowed," I said. "Nature was very generous to you, and the two hundred dollars put the frosting on the cake."

"Well, we will see what happens," she said. "If you don't mind, I will sit in one of your chairs for a few minutes."

She walked across the room, taking very short steps in her very tight dress, and sat down and crossed her legs; and when she did so there were very few male heads in the room that did not immediately look away from the board. In fact, at that moment the bottom could have dropped out of the stock market and nobody in our entire office would have noticed.

My phone rang, and I was busy with customers, and it was half an hour later before I saw Ellen. And when I did see her she was talking to Mr. Fenton, who is a valued client of mine who comes in every day. Mr. Fenton is a man who retired when he was forty and is now about forty-six. He is a trader, so naturally I keep a very close eye on his account. He is very shrewd about the stock market.

I left my cubicle and went over to him. "Mr. Fenton," I said, "I want to talk to you about your holdings in oils. I think we should make some changes."

He did not even look at me. "I rely on you, Wallace," he said, "and you make whatever decision you think is wise. I have a luncheon engagement."

Without even a glance in my direction he took Ellen by the arm, and they walked out of the office. It shook me. Ordinarily Mr. Fenton is a man who will not accept my recommendation on any security until he knows all there is to know about the company except the name of the office boy.

I thought he would be back before the market closed, but he did not show; and at five o'clock I telephoned his home.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have a dinner engagement and cannot talk now."

"I will see you in the office in the morning," I said.

"I am not sure I will be in," he said. "I have been thinking of a drive in the country and a picnic. I have reached the conclusion that a man like myself, still in the prime of life, a red-blooded, vigorous individual, should not spend all his time indoors. He should broaden his horizons."

"She is a bleached blonde," I felt like saying, but did not say it—I only hung up and went home and had dinner and got out my charts. But I could not concentrate, and so I went in and sat beside my mother watching a TV western.

"For heaven's sake," said my mother, "you are finally out of the kitchen. Why don't you get out of the house? Call up some girl."

"I hate women," I said. "They have the biggest racket in the world. A man who wants to get rich has to work at it. Look at me, for instance. I worked my way through college—four years a fry cook to get a degree in economics, special courses at the university after I was graduated, while I was breaking in at the brokerage house. And I've been studying ever since, reading reports night after night, analyzing companies, trends, economics. I am nowhere near being rich. It will take me twenty years to get rich if I am lucky. But some dame can spend a lousy two hundred bucks on a phony hairdo and a tight dress and she has it made overnight. It is unfair."

"It sounds to me as though you have fallen for some gold digger," said my mother, "and it serves you right. I am sorry you have not fallen for some nice girl, but it is a relief to learn you are more or less normal."

"I have not fallen for this dame," I said. "I have just lost my faith in humanity."

I went back to the kitchen, but I was unable to work on my charts. I tried to read up on several companies, but I did not give a hoot about the companies. All I could think of was Mr. Fenton, who could analyze the most complicated financial structure of any company, but was helpless when it came to analyzing a bleached blonde.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Coyote Night

By Ethel Jacobson

Sing, Coyote, on some far hill
When the moon is full and the wind is chill
And hunger is sharp as a porcupine's quill.
Sing, Coyote, sing!

Harsh and desolate is the land;
Raised against you, every hand.
Round the throat like a barbed-wire strand
Loneliness twists a ring.
Still, sing.

Sadder than loon or whippoorwill,
Sing to the stars and sage, until
Faint from another distant hill
Comes a long-drawn trill,
Answering!
Sing, Coyote, sing!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mr. Fenton did not come into the office the next day or the next. It was almost a week later that I smelled a very heady perfume while I was on the phone. It took my mind off the client I was talking to about a paper stock. I looked up and saw Ellen Venner in another tight outfit, this time a suit.

"I came in to thank you," she said. "You did a lot for me, and I want you to know I am grateful."

"I did nothing for you," I said.

"Had it not been for you, would I be seeing Dick Fenton morning, noon and night?" she said. "I have never met a man like Dick Fenton. He is very rich, isn't he?"

"Ha," I said, "so it is 'Dick' now, is it? He has been a client of mine for three years, and I do not call him 'Dick.'"

"Well, perhaps he does not send you flowers," she said. "He sends me flowers every day; so how could I call him Mr. Fenton?"

My phone rang. An important client, an old lady with a big account, wanted to talk to me.

"Tell Mrs. Crumley I will call her back," I said, and hung up and turned to Ellen and said, "Did he give you that suit as well?"

"Do you like it?" she said, and pirouetted in my cubicle; I would have smacked her on the fanny if there had not been people watching.

"Mr. Fenton did not give me the suit," she said. "I bought it myself. I opened a charge account at Winkler's."

"Winkler's!" I said. "I cannot afford to go to Winkler's, and I am employed and making a good living. How can you afford to go to Winkler's when you don't even have a job?"

"Well, I can't," she said, "and frankly I am concerned, but I ran into certain problems. When a girl goes out with a man like Dick Fenton, who keeps taking her to fancy places, she cannot show up in the same dress day after day. I had to have some clothes, so I opened a charge account. I have charged about four hundred dollars' worth of clothes at Winkler's."

"How much do you have in the bank?" I asked.

"I think about thirty-four dollars," she said, "and I cannot pay my rent or the charge account; but the bills will not come in for several days, so I will just try to play it by ear."

"You are headed for big trouble," I said. "You should have bought ten shares of that glass stock. You are in a jam ——"

Just then Mr. Fenton came in and hurried over to my cubicle.

"About that oil situation, Mr. Fenton," I began, and he waved me off. "Later, later," he said, and took Ellen by the arm and led her out of the office without once looking at the board.

I sat there bemused, my chin in my hands; and finally the resident manager came in and said to me, "Can you spare a minute of your valuable time, Wallace?"

"Yes, dear," I said without thinking, and he gave me a glare and said, "I don't know what your problem is, Wallace, but things have got to change. You know how we feel in this office about Mrs. Crumley?"

"My gosh," I said. "I never called her back."

"A word to the wise, Wallace," said the resident manager, and he left without another word. I called Mrs. Crumley, but my heart was not in it.

At noon I was still upset. I stood on the corner outside the First National, which is the biggest bank in our town and next door to our office, and I went in and asked one of the tellers I knew if Ellen Venner kept her account in the bank.

She did, and I wrote out a check for five hundred dollars and asked him to enter it in her account.

I went back to the office without bothering to eat any lunch. It was a long afternoon, and when I went home I pushed the food around on my plate.

"You love *Sauerbraten*," my mother said. "What is wrong? Is it that gold digger? What has she done to you?"

"She has done nothing to me," I said, "and I have done nothing to her except to buy her some clothes—about four hundred dollars' worth so far."

"Four hundred dollars' worth of clothes!" shrieked my mother. "What are you getting in return, I'm afraid to ask."

"I never see her except briefly in the office," I said. "She goes out all the time with Mr. Fenton."

"I think I had better take you to a doctor," my mother said. "I have never heard of such carryings-on. Whoever heard of a man buying clothes for a woman to wear in front of another man."

"If I cannot have any privacy in this house," I said, "then I will move to an apartment."

"I won't say one more word," said my mother, "but I think those charts have affected your mind. If you had gone out with girls (*Continued on Page 60*)

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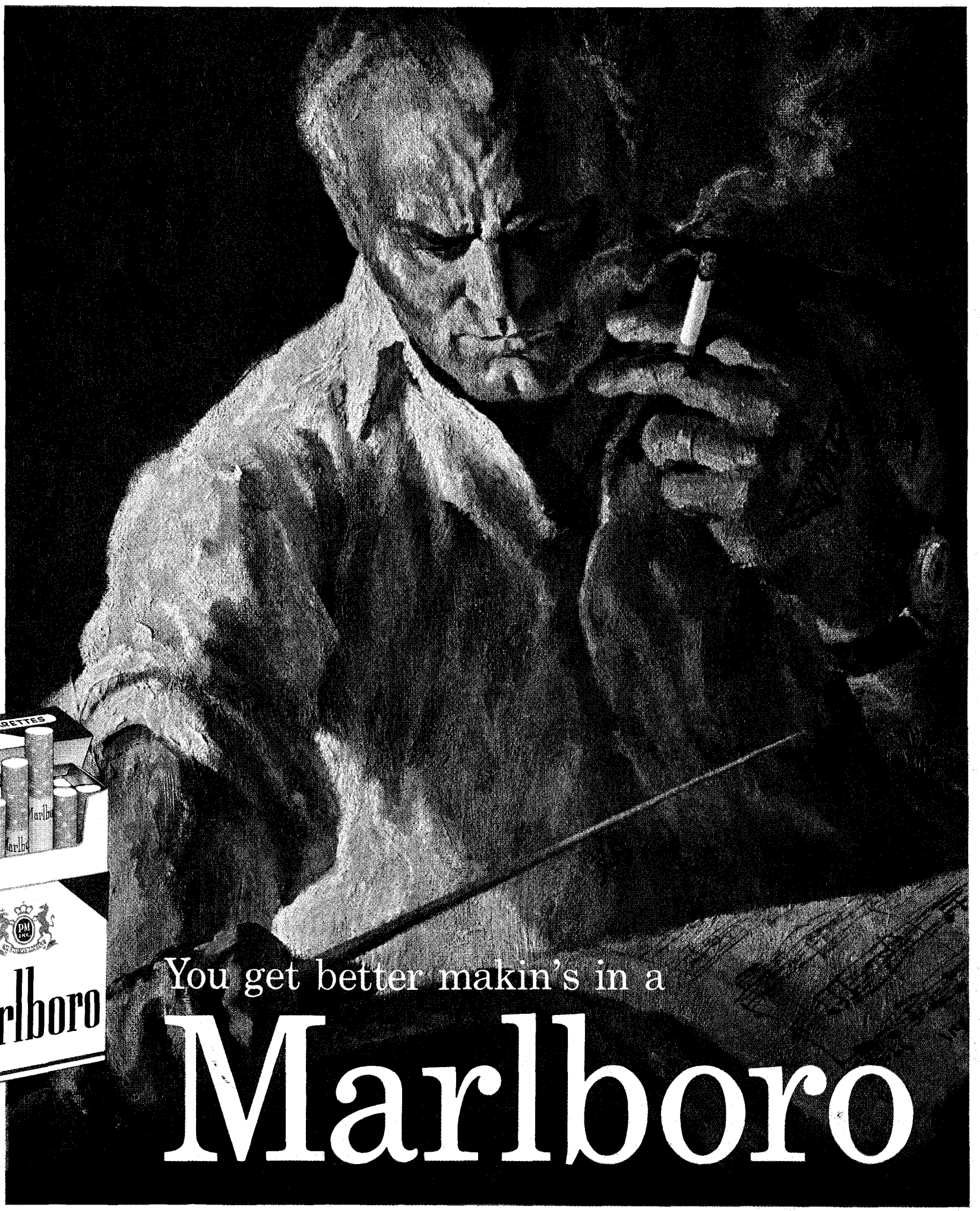
November 7, 1959

The better the makin's, the better the smoke



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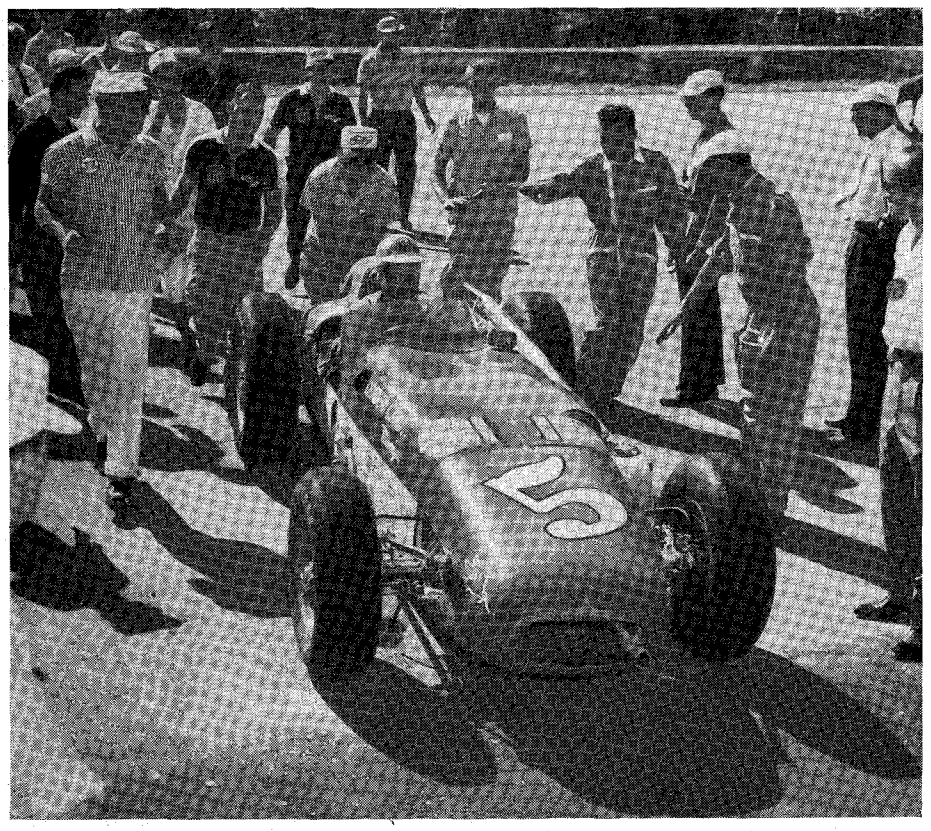
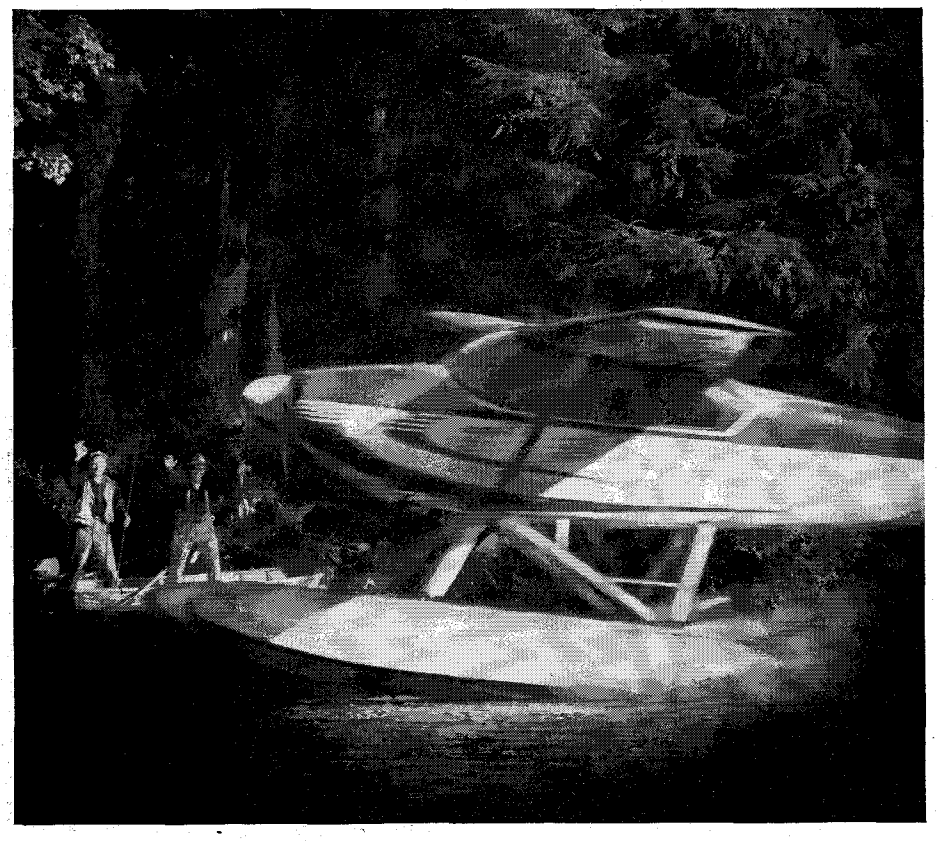


Racing cars—9 out of 10 racing car winners . . . both "big car" and "stock". . . over the past five years, used Champions.

Car makers—over *twice* as many (including Rolls-Royce) specify Champions—46 different makes in all!



Aircraft—more aircraft (including over 90% of the world's airlines) use Champions than any other spark plug.

Trucks—17 out of 21 U.S. truck manufacturers specify Champions for *full power*, regardless of load or road.

Q. Why is it that wherever performance is vital—on land, sea or in the air—the experts choose Champion spark plugs?

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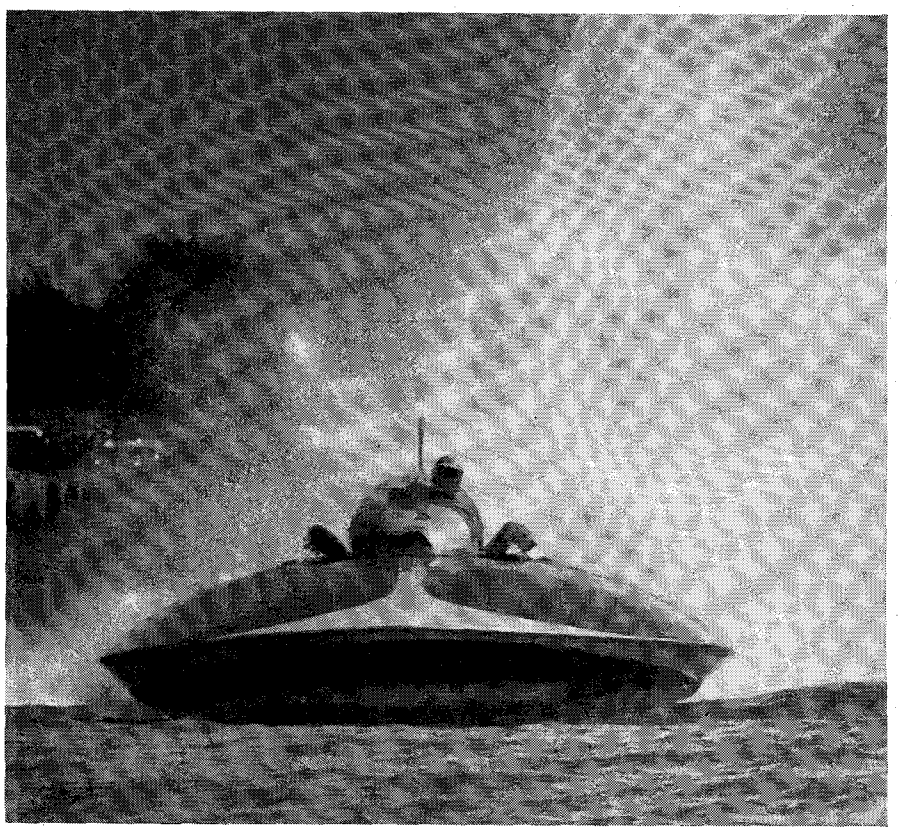
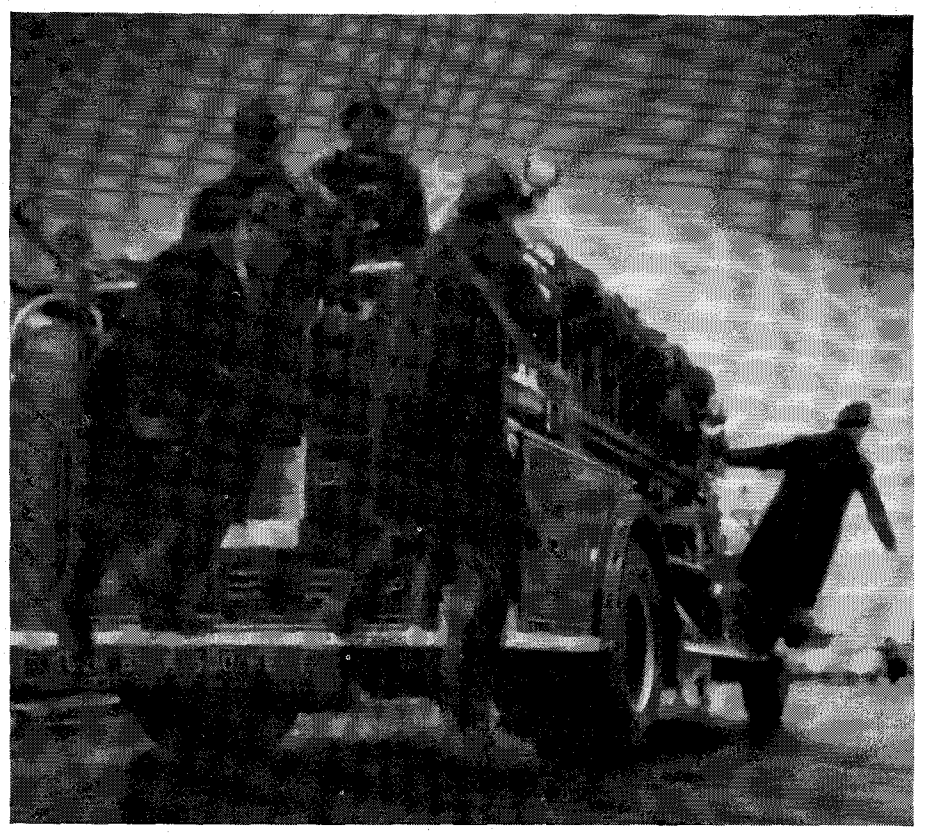
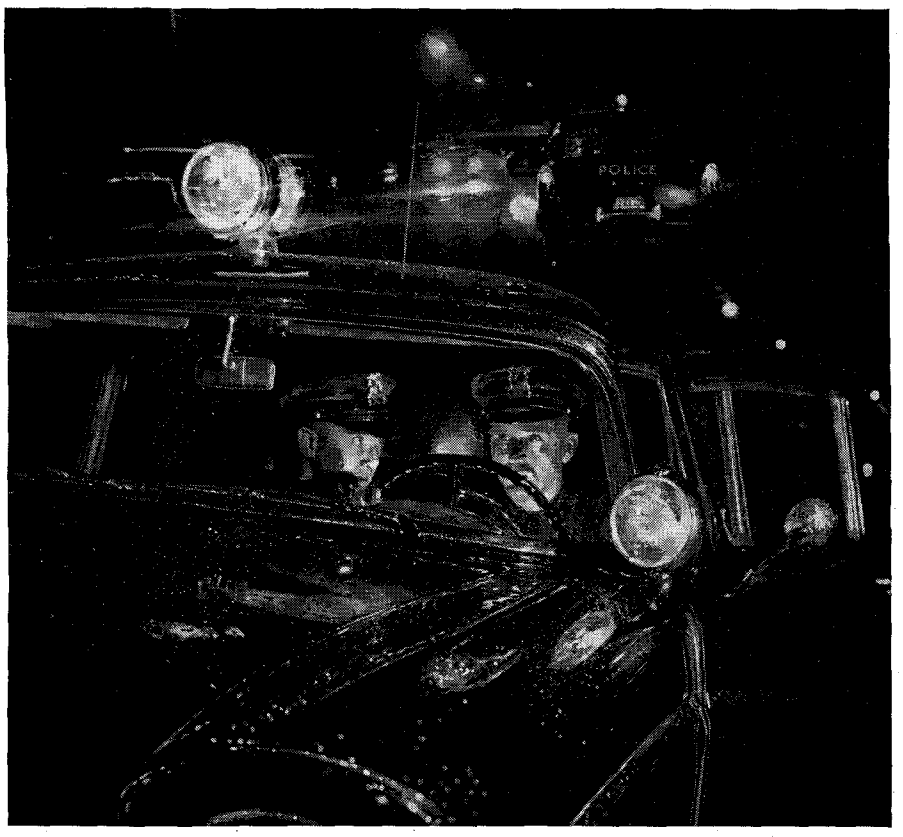


Marine engines—9 out of 10 power boat winners—and *all* U.S. outboard engine makers—use Champions.



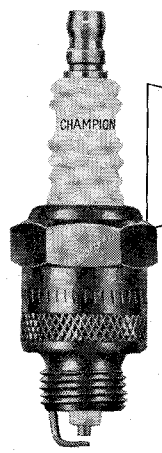
Fire engines—*all* the major fire engine makers use Champion spark plugs for sure starts and *complete* dependability.



Police cars—nearly *twice* as many U.S. police cars today are powered by Champions as by any other spark plug.

Farm tractors—every major U.S. maker uses Champions for the dependable pulling power farmers need.

A. The experts know from experience that you can always depend on Champions. To get top performance from your car, put in a new set of Champions every 10,000 miles!



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(*Continued from Page 56*) instead of studying economics, you would never have cracked up."

We did not discuss it further. I went to the office in the morning; and suddenly I smelled the perfume again, and there was Ellen standing beside me.

"I stopped in at the bank this morning," she said, "because I wasn't really sure I had thirty-four dollars, but maybe even less; and it turns out I have five hundred and thirty-four dollars, and banks do not make that kind of mistake."

"It is probably Mr. Fenton," I said.

"I feel sure it is not Dick Fenton," she said. "I think it was someone else. I think it was you."

"All right, it was me," I said. "You can pay me back sometime."

"I can't accept it," she said, and put five one-hundred-dollar bills on my desk.

"Have lunch with me," I said suddenly.

"I am supposed to meet Dick," she said. She looked at me and sighed and then said, "Let me use your phone."

She called Dick Fenton and said she couldn't make it that day. While she was talking, the resident manager walked through and beckoned to me.

"Who is that blonde on your phone?" he said.

"It is a client, Miss Ellen Venner," I said. "I am taking her to lunch. She doesn't know much about the stock market. I'm educating her."

"I saw that suit she's wearing," the resident manager said. "My wife and I were at a fashion show at Winkler's the other day, and she went crazy over that suit. I didn't let her buy it. In the first place, the price was one hundred and forty dollars; and in the second place, it wouldn't do for my wife what it did for the model or for that blonde. She is pretty and she is also loaded, hey, Wallace?"

He patted me on the shoulder in a friendly manner. "Have a good lunch, Wallace," he said. "Don't hurry back."

I went back to my cubicle, and Ellen said, "I'll sit on one of those chairs so I won't distract you. Collect me when you're ready."

I sat in my cubicle and watched the nape of her neck until twelve and then collected her and called a taxi, which I never do, and asked the cab driver to take us to Rory's, where I never go because a peanut-butter sandwich runs around two dollars there.

Our check came to fourteen dollars. We did not leave the restaurant until three. We went outside, and there was a jewelry store next door. I led Ellen inside.

A clerk came forward, bowing, and I said, "We wish to browse. If some bangle appeals to the lady, we will buy it."

"We have some lovely bracelets," the clerk said, and displayed some on a velvet pad. I dangled one casually over Ellen's pretty wrist and said, "Do you like it?"

"Of course I like it," Ellen said. "Did you see the price?"

I started taking hundred-dollar bills out of my wallet, and Ellen turned and ran out of the store. The clerk looked sadly after me as I put back my money and ran after Ellen.

"What do you think I am?" she said. "Do you think you can buy me? Do you think I'm for sale? How are you going to get rich doing crazy things like that?"

"The heck with getting rich," I said. "I am going to sell all my stocks and have a fling."

"Not with me," she said furiously.

"I wanted to buy it for you because I love you," I shouted—and people were watching, and the jewelry clerk was standing in the doorway watching. The angry look went out of Ellen's face, and she stood on tiptoe and put her arms around my neck and gave me a kiss that stopped the traffic.

Then suddenly she pushed me away and jumped into a cab and was gone before I knew what had happened.

I went back to the office in a daze. I wandered into my cubicle. My phone rang, and the resident manager requested my presence in his office immediately.

I walked in. The resident manager sat behind his desk. Mr. Fenton sat on the other side.

"Wipe off the lipstick," said the resident manager; "then collect your pay and get out."

"You mean I'm fired?" I said.

Whether a black cat means bad luck for you depends upon whether you are a man or a mouse.

JACK HERBERT

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"What do you think?" said the resident manager. "When, Wallace, did you get the brilliant inspiration that the way to keep our clients happy is to steal their women?"

"Miss Venner is not Mr. Fenton's woman," I said hotly. "I knew Miss Venner before Mr. Fenton knew her. I happen to be in love with Miss Venner. I do not know Mr. Fenton's intentions; but because he has often told me he intends to remain a bachelor throughout his life, I have some notion about the gentleman's ideas concerning Miss Venner."

"You also lost me thirty thousand dollars," Mr. Fenton said. "That oil stock ——"

"You lost nothing, Mr. Fenton," I said. "I am aware that my personal situation the last few days has made me somewhat negligent, but I sold you out before the drop. You asked me to make my own decision, which I did. You should have received the confirmation before now."

Mr. Fenton stared at me. "I haven't looked at my mail ——"

"Good day, Mr. Fenton," I said.

I bowed coldly to him. I bowed coldly to the resident manager and went home.

"You're ill," my mother said. "You're home early."

"I got fired," I said. "How long do you suppose it will take me to burn the charts I have kept for three years?"

"It's all that gold digger," my mother said. "It's a curse on me. I brought you up the best way I knew how, and now you're keeping some girl ——"

"All I did was kiss her once," I said and sat down at the kitchen table and thought dreamily about it.

"Four hundred dollars for one kiss," said my mother. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

The doorbell rang, and my mother went to get it; and she came back with Ellen. Ellen stood in the kitchen looking at me.

"Well, she's beautiful," my mother said. "I can understand why you forgot about your charts."

"I'm not really a blonde," Ellen said, "and I'm not going to be one any longer. My hair is a mousy brown."

"It's a beautiful, beautiful soft brown," I said.

My mother was very nervous. "We're having warmed-over *Sauerbraten*," she said. "It's not fancy ——"

"I love it," Ellen said. "I don't know how to make it. Would you mind giving me the recipe?"

"You dear sweet girl," my mother said. "I'll write it out."

The telephone rang. I picked it off the wall; it was the resident manager.

"Ah—Bill," said the resident manager. "Sometimes when all the facts aren't in, we act hastily—a mistake we should know better than to make in our business, heh, heh. Mr. Fenton calmed down considerably when he discovered what you'd done. Also he was completely unaware of your emotional attachment to Miss Venner. In view of that, he thinks—and I heartily concur—that your behavior was above and beyond the loyalty that we should give our clients. And Mrs. Crumley called. I offered to go over her portfolio with her, but she has complete faith in you and plans to be in the office at ten in the morning. So if you'll forget what I said ——"

"I'll be there," I said.

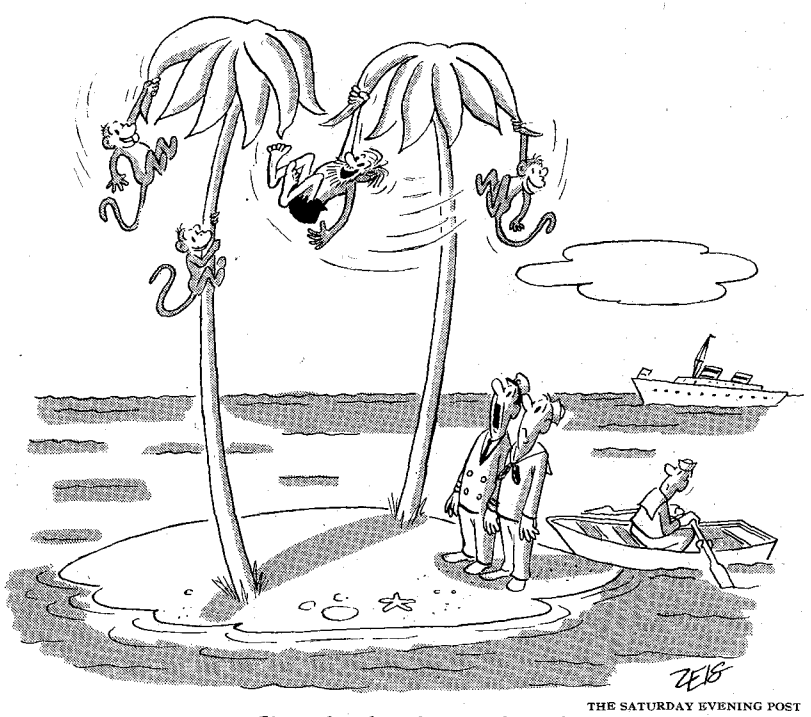
I hung up the phone. "I'm hired again," I said. "But I may never be rich. I don't even especially want to be rich." I leaned my chin dreamily on my elbow. "I want a house," I said. "Not necessarily a mansion. I don't want to spend all my nights poring over charts. I want a wife to cherish, I want children, I want to be cherished ——"

"Why do you think I chose your cubicle in the office in the first place?" Ellen said. "Why do you think I wouldn't accept anything from Dick Fenton but flowers? Why do you think I opened that crazy charge account to buy a suit I couldn't afford and wear it to your brokerage office? Who do you think I wanted to show it off to? I went in your office originally thinking I'd make an investment, but after I talked to you I knew that the best investment any girl can make is to invest in a man. And I have a job at Winkler's, modeling clothes so I can pay my debts. Can't you analyze a girl as well as a company?"

I stared at her, and my mother said, "Well, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about."

Ellen sat down beside me at the kitchen table. I could smell the *Sauerbraten* bubbling on the stove and I was delightfully aware of Ellen. I put my arms around her, and she leaned her head against my shoulder.

From the living room we could hear my mother chuckling in front of the television set. THE END



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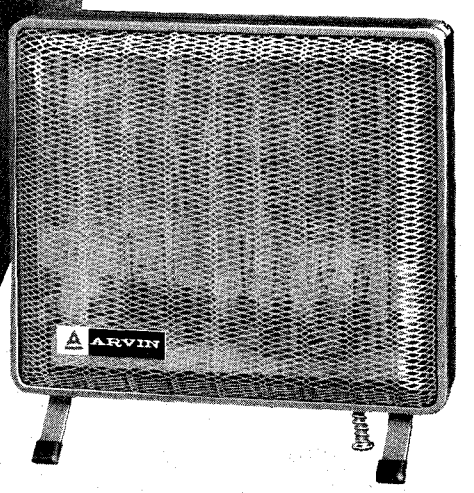

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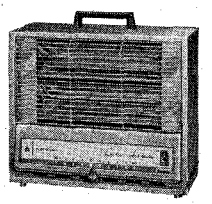

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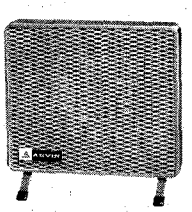

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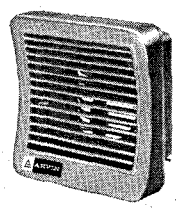

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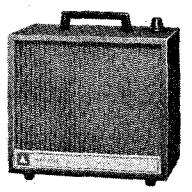

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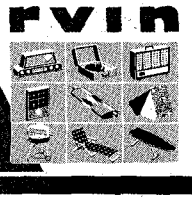

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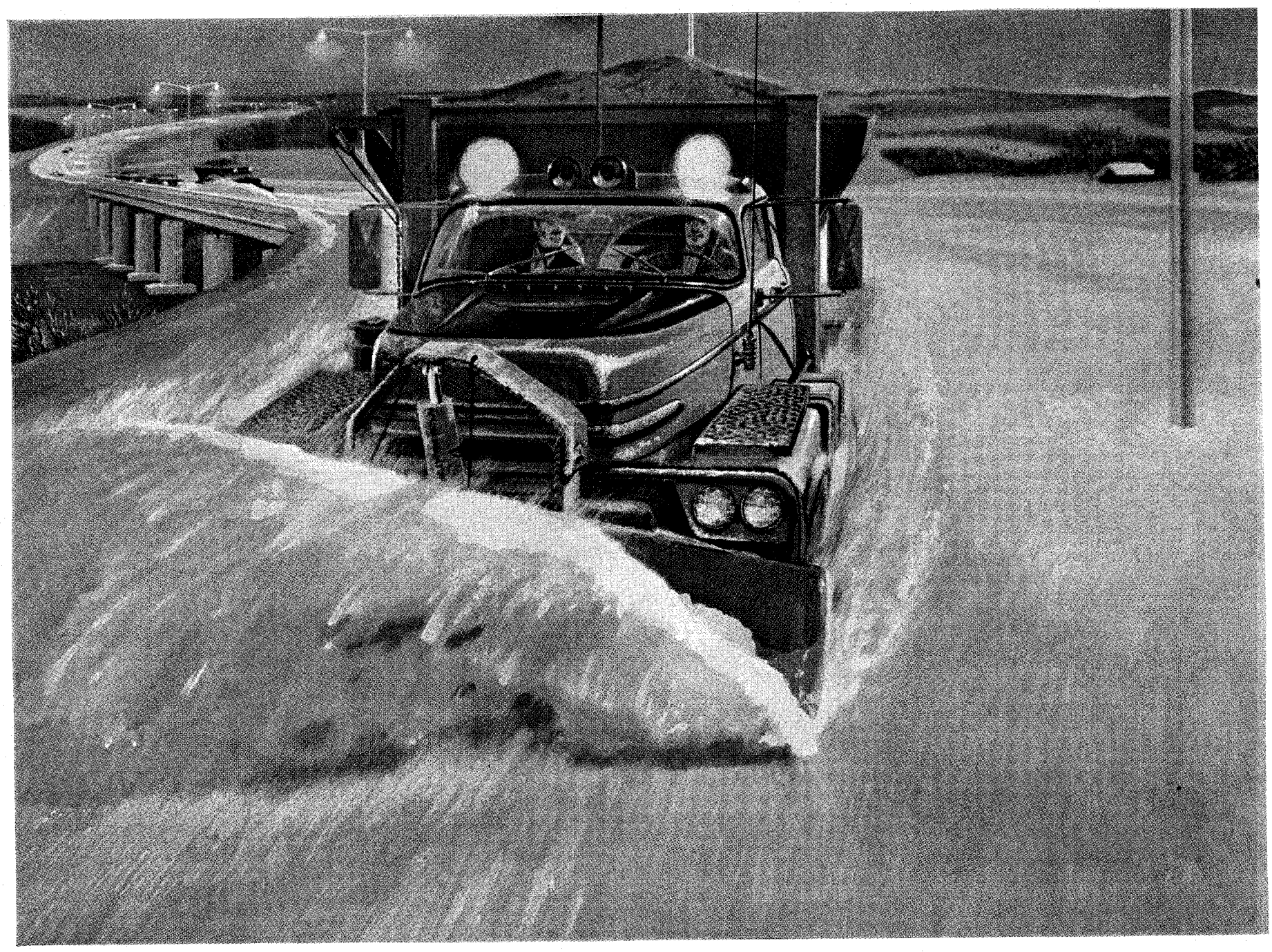

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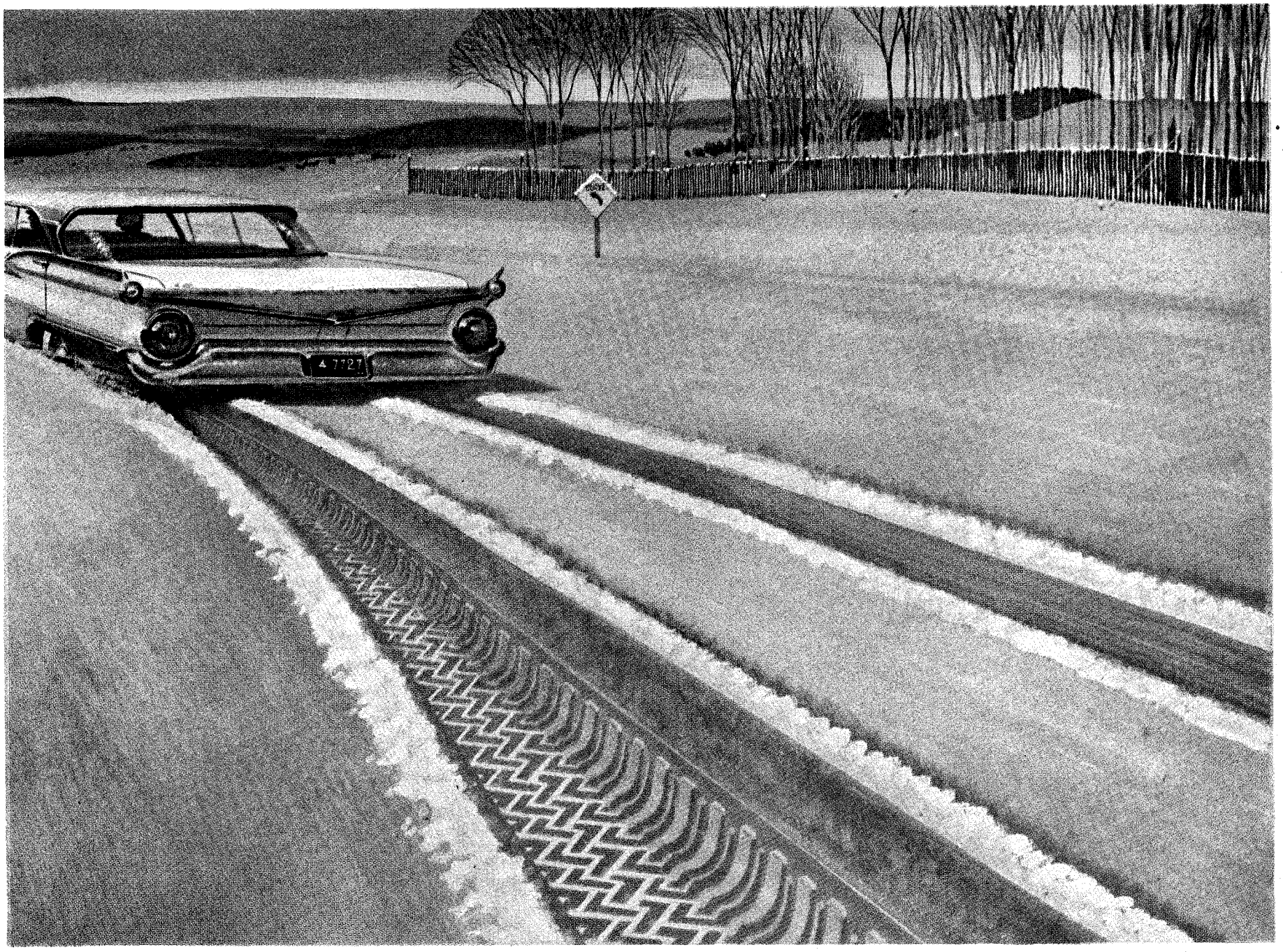

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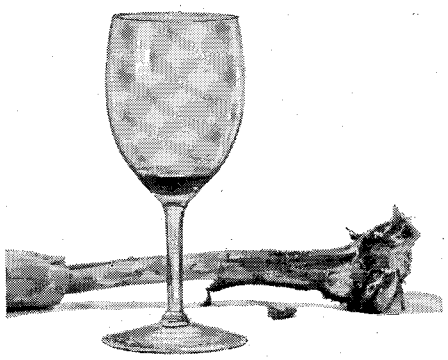

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Storm Gamble (Continued from Page 26)

The air held the mysterious texture of the Beyond because it could be felt but not seen; and it was ominous, streaming as it did out of the East. He shivered, suddenly feeling quite alone in the cockpit.

"We might have a little trouble, old girl," he said aloud, and that cheered him—the sound of his own voice, the warming thought that the yawl understood, that it was still with him and was trying.

A ragged hump was gathering dimension off the port bow. Barron wondered about it for a moment, then remembered it was Mona Cay, a small, steep, isolated island covered with frangipani trees. He had put in there for a morning two or three months ago. Reflecting on that past morning, a smile tightened in his tanned face.

A crotchety old recluse by the name of Fenimore Albert lived there. He leased the island from the British and had been moping around since 'Fifty-two in a small cement house he'd built on top the seventy-five-foot hill. Every summer his daughter-in-law and grandson spent three months with him.

Barron hadn't met Mrs. Albert or the boy—he'd heard about them from friends in Road Town. She was a widow. Her husband, a called-up reservist, had been killed in Korea. The boy was twelve.

Old Mr. Albert had come down from the house on the hill that morning with the wary air of a man who believes he is about to have something stolen from him. "Silly kind of work for a young fella to be doin', I'd say—takin' pictures of coral," he'd grumbled after David Barron explained what he was up to.

"Well," Barron had countered, smiling, "it's honest work."

"You're sayin' it—I'm not," the old man had muttered, then abruptly had spun on his heel and tramped off.

Bitter about his boy's death, friends had told Barron later.

Still, he thought, *he could have invited me up to the house for a cup of coffee. I would have in his place.*

He was going to pass the cay without a second glance, because the sunset, wind and the barometer were full in his mind. Then, startled, he looked again. Mona Cay rose dark against the sky, the top a bushy fringe with loblolly trees whipping, and a slim, stark flagpole reaching defiantly into the evening. The flag was upside down!

Old Mr. Albert was waiting on the wobbly jetty. He helped Barron secure the yawl, but wouldn't say anything except, "Come up to the house—it's my grandson."

He followed the old man up a goat-run trail, trying to exert a little care in dodging the prickly-pear cactus that crowded them with vindictive needles, pausing once to catch his breath and look back at the small yawl bobbing in the scudded lagoon below.

"Come on, come on," the old man snapped over his narrow shoulder.

This better be good, Barron thought. *This better be* —— But he left the threat hanging, for, as they cleared the brow of the hill, he saw the square cement house sitting stolidly in a hollow of land.

"What is it?" Mr. Albert shouted from the courtyard. "Ain't you never seen a house before? *Come on!*"

Barron hadn't been aware that he'd stopped again. Mrs. Albert was standing in the open door of the house, a lemon-yellow sweater about her shoulders, staring up at him. He'd never really thought about her before. If he had—never that she would be pretty. She was the particular type of girl he liked—quietly pretty.

She couldn't have been more than seventeen when she married, he thought absently. Then he broke and nodded at Albert. "Right."

She let them in, closed the door, stared at him with enormous eyes—frightened, but not of him. *Then it's for real*, he said, *and it's bad.*

"This is a book writer," the old man muttered, shoving his head toward Barron. "He seen our distress signal. The boy's in here."

"My name's David Barron," he began. "I'll be glad to ——"

She took his arm as they turned to the bedroom, though it only meant she needed help. "You're not a doctor, are you?" It wasn't really a question. "It seems to be his stomach: vomiting, cramps, fever ——" She closed down. Old Mr. Albert's wake had led them into a blue-plastered room, up to a rumpled bed.

He was only a little kid, probably wiry on a school yard, brittle and forlorn in a double bed. A freckle-faced redhead that would go through life alternating between pale white and tomato red.

"Could it be fish poisonin'?" the old man offered, standing ramrod-stiff at the foot of the bed. "He's been throwin' up."

Barron exposed the slight body and placed his hands carefully on the sleek, sheet-white skin of the boy's abdomen. The area was rock-hard. The boy groaned, moving slightly in the bed, his eyes closed.

No, it wasn't fish poisoning. Barron glanced at Mrs. Albert and saw that she knew. He put his hand on the boy's sticky forehead, bleakly activating the imagery of an emergency operation performed on a dining-room table with kitchen knives and sewing needles. When he pulled his hand back he realized it was trembling.

By some maybe, but not by him. He glanced at the old man, seeing through the bitter veneer, recognizing the mushy fear. Not by him either, and the mother was out. "Do you have a phone?" he asked.

"Would I be flyin' a distress if I did?" the old man barked.

"Dad"—the girl murmured—"dad, he's only trying to help."

But it didn't matter. There wasn't time to take offense. Barron went back to the living room and looked around for a nameless help to leap up magically and embrace him. He saw a barometer on the north wall. No help—the glass was dropping.

"God," he said quietly.

He returned to the bedroom. The old man and the girl watched him. They waited for him to do or say something. He said, "I thought you had a motor launch?"

The old man slapped a spidery hand to the back of his neck. "He thought I had a motor launch!" he echoed furiously. "Sure, I got one—but it's in Road Town gettin' its bottom calked! What's wrong with my boy? You haven't said what's wrong with him!"

Absently Barron's hand slid up to his own abdomen, to the old scar that hid under his pants. He looked at Mrs. Albert.

"I don't know what to tell you," he said. "I think we've all guessed that it's appendicitis, but without shore contact ——"

She said nothing. She got her eyes away from him and put them on her son. Her right hand made a fist and went to her mouth. She just held it there, staring over the knuckle hump.

Old Albert snapped into life. "Well, what you gonna do about it?" he cried. "Why you jus' standin' there? You got a boat, don't you?"

David Barron flapped his hands. "Have you seen the glass?" he said defensively. "Have you seen what's happening out there?" (*Continued on Page 66*)

The Perfect Squelch

Tom, on a sales trip through the Midwest, stopped for breakfast at a nice-looking downtown restaurant. After paying the tab, he handed the cashier a five-dollar bill and asked for some small change for parking meters, phone calls and tips. The cashier glanced up from his newspaper without making a move.

Curtly he said, "There's a bank across the street."

Tom looked across the street and made a remark which got him his change instantly.

"I see the bank," he said. "And also a restaurant there."

Bernedine Murphy

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(*Continued from Page 64*) The old man took two quick steps forward, pointing a scrawny arm at the bed. "Have you seen what's happenin' to my boy?"

Barron hesitated. He could make a lone run for shore, raise help from the Coast Guard. But what if he didn't make it? What if something happened out there on the sea? The Alberts would go on waiting—and the little boy? *Why?* he asked, his helplessness kicking him into self-pity. *Why have I been pulled into this? I was out there minding my own business, with my own problems* —— But that was stupid. He shoved it away and nodded. "All right." He turned to Mrs. Albert.

"It's a long chance," he told her, "but the only one we have. You've got to decide. We'll put the boy in my yawl, and I'll make a run for Road Town."

She lowered the fist from her mouth and said yes in a whisper.

And Barron wished he had her courage—or was it courage? Didn't matter, he wished he had it whatever it was. He hesitated again, trying to think ahead, seeing the stark possibilities, then said brusquely: "We won't need you. Mr. Albert can stay below with the boy."

But she shook her head, and her voice was urgent. "No. I have to go too. You know I have to go."

Yes, he did know, because the world and women were like that. But it was a waste—or was it? Again he didn't know. He opened his mouth to warn her, but stalled. How do you tell a mother you don't want her along because nature was making book that her son would drown?

But he didn't have to say it—she did. "You don't think we'll make it, do you?" Her hand fumbled for her son, her eyes on Barron. "But it doesn't really matter, does it? I mean, we have to do it."

He put one hand into his hair, shoved it back and down to his neck, loosening his scalp. "Get all the ice you have from the refrigerator—we'll pack him," he ordered, and he came over to the bed to pick the groaning boy up, blankets and all.

And for a brief moment she smiled at him. But it meant nothing to Barron; only showed that she had faith in him—he couldn't feel it.

Barron lowered the boy into the starboard berth of the cabin, barking his shins soundly against the berth board. Mrs. Albert leaned down to pack her son with the ice cubes wrapped in a towel. Old Mr. Albert tried to help, but was just in the way.

"Do you know how to sail a boat?" David Barron asked him.

The old man's one-word reply had the bite of reproach: "Course!"

Barron straightened up, then grabbed for a carling overhead as the yawl heeled suddenly. Old Albert slammed against the metal wardrobe at the foot of the berth and muttered an oath. Barron supported the girl with his free hand until they righted. She looked at him, quick, her face bathed in oriental yellow from the timber lamp.

"We'll make it," he promised, not because he believed it, but now that there was no turning back it couldn't hurt to say it.

"Yes," she whispered. "I know you will."

Not me, he thought grimly as he went up the companionway and into the cockpit. *It's up to Wee Winkie.*

They loosened the stops quickly; then old Albert plunged forward through the billows of sail to the mast and halyard. With the stern line and the warp from the bow aboard, Barron eased the wheel. The mainsail filled with a "whumph" of sound; the boom swung out silently; the sheet rose dripping from the water, and the yawl sagged away from the jetty. Her wake broadened as Barron held the bow toward the open sea, and with her sails broad off she scurried out from Mona Cay.

He didn't like the sound of the surf; it was like a steady, deliberate pounding on a giant drum. Its booming had the regularity of seconds. He tacked past the lee end of the cay and put the yawl's head on a line to Tortola, placing distance between them and the drum.

"Go below with the boy," he called to the old man.

Mr. Albert crouched at his knees for a moment in the cockpit. "You'll be all right?" he asked, and it embarrassed Barron that the old man was actually showing concern for him.

Alone he looked at the sea. The swells marching from the southeast were growing, and the breeze had gradually backed to that position. The waves were very militant now, wearing jaunty white helmets on their dark-blue heads. Barron felt apprehension crowd him with a cold shoulder. He shivered, staring at the sea, and spoke to it: "You want us, don't you? You think you have us."

In answer a sea rolled under the yawl's counter, lifted the stern sharply and passed on, its white crest eloquent of more to come. A blow of wind banged the sails, and for a moment Barron had his hands full with the wheel. When it eased he realized that true night had slipped over them. The wind whistled him a tune, whining through the taut rigging. And now he was having trouble with the spindrift as a constant stream of spray swept back over the cabin and across the cockpit. He released one hand and pawed at his face and eyes.

A steep wave hurried up in a combative manner and planted itself in front of him like a black fort. He rammed the yawl into the barrier. They went up, up into dark night, stalled teeter-totter fashion at the top; then the yawl slid down the back of the wave, digging its bowsprit vindictively into the trough. Then, for a long sickening moment, the old girl seemed to lose heart. The rudder went mushy, the mainsail fluttered, spilling wind.

Barron looked up at the black walls hanging over him, and his stomach rolled into a cold iron ball. "Please ——" he whispered. The *Wee Winkie* quivered and began to send. They climbed from the valley. Barron laughed, and his aching hands gave the spokes a tighter hug of affection. "Good girl—you show 'em!" he cried.

The yawl shook her head to the top of a new summit like a dog triumphantly worrying a fox, and for a wet moment they viewed the battlefield spread before them. The sea was methodically marshaling fresh reinforcements, moving up line after line of combatants to confront them. Barron grimaced and gave a shout for Albert.

The old man came through the companionway fast and crawled to David Barron. "That was a bad one, huh?" he said.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Confession Concerning My Troubles With the Straight-and-Narrow Path

Grimly determined,
I try for a beeline,
And yet I keep making
A kind of a Z-line.

Richard Wheeler

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Barron nodded. "Get a couple of reefs in the mainsail," he ordered. Then—"How's the boy?"

Something tightened in the old man's bleak face, and Barron was shocked to recognize a smile lurking there. "When he found out we was at sea he got all excited," old Albert said. "Know what he said? Said he wished he could be up here with you an' see the storm."

The old man was back in the cockpit from his duty minutes later and reached for the wheel. "Take a break," he ordered. "I made some coffee. Lost half of it on that last plunge, but what's left is hot."

Barron hesitated, and that brought back the old fellow's ire. "G'won! I was sailin' these tubs when you was spinnin' tops."

Barron grinned and released the wheel. The seas were still growing, but the double reef in the mainsail seemed to have taken the sting out of the yawl's headlong dives.

"I think we're all right now," he said. "Be back in a minute."

Mrs. Albert was on her knees, hard against the berth board, her arm clutching the lashed boy. She looked back at Barron.

"Are we all right?" she asked simply.

No, it wasn't courage, he knew that now. It was desperation. But perhaps that was all women ever had. He nodded. "I think so. Should raise Tortola in an hour." He lifted the coffeepot from the stove and poured himself a cup. He sat on the port bench, his feet braced against the centerboard trunk, and lost a quarter of the cup down his jacket front as the yawl heeled abruptly. "How's the boy?"

The redhead opened his eyes and rolled them at David Barron.

"Mister," he whispered, "are you takin' me to the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Whata they gonna do to me there?"

Barron grinned. "Spank you for scaring your mom with a bellyache."

The boy smiled at him, then closed his eyes. "Mom, will he come to the hospital with us?"

Mrs. Albert glanced at Barron, looked away and patted the boy's hand. "Yes, Tim, I think Mr. Barron will stay with us."

Barron stood up, grabbing for support. "You're not scared down here, are you?" he asked. "It's not as bad as it feels." Was that a convincing lie? He guessed it wasn't.

She made a fleeting smile, shook her head. "No. We're all right."

That wasn't very convincing either, but what else could two strangers do? He nodded and made a short run for the ladder.

Going on deck was like coming from a fort into a wilderness. Barron took the wheel as he and the old man exchanged a look. "Good coffee," Barron said. The old man shrugged, turning away.

The yawl was moving violently as wall after wall of water chased up and passed under her counter. *Maybe,* Barron thought, *we'll be lucky. Maybe it won't get any worse.* But something was wrong with the air. He tilted his face. Was it going to rain? That was all he needed. Yes, that would really do it. Cut his visibility to nil.

A facet of his mind which was always perverse saw its opening and darted in with a bleak question: *Suppose you lose the Wee Winkie? What will you do for money, beachcomber?* But he wasn't being caught in any of that. He laughed at himself. *If I lose Wee Winkie out here—what will I do for a life?* Suddenly the failure of his book seemed very minor. He had to face it—his agent had been letting him down easy. It was his first book and he had tried too hard. It wasn't really as good as he'd hoped it would be. It wasn't another *The Sea Around Us.* But what was failure? Did it really have a monetary value? No. Right now failure was in not bringing a little boy to the hospital.

His thoughts had carried him off base. He woke up—too late. There was a whistle and hiss astern, loud in his ears. His head jerked around, but before he could call out, the squall had them.

Baaramm! The cannon went off, snapping his equilibrium into nonexistence. The booms jumped high, the canvas crumpled, the yawl shuddered, sagged aimlessly ahead. Barron lunged his entire weight against the wheel to keep the *Wee Winkie* from swerving to starboard and into the inevitable broaching to.

"Albert!" he bellowed. "Albert!" Sheets of rain came knifing in horizontally from astern, slicing his voice into bits. Rills of ice-cold water began chasing down his back. He shouted again.

Old Albert piled out of the cabin, struggling into one of Barron's oilskins. Barron pointed forward. "Down main!" he shouted. But the old man didn't have to be told—he knew what to do. Barron squinted past the blurred, humped figure and through the flying spindrift. He waited for the lull that never came.

The old man joined him in the cockpit. The mainsail was down, and the *Wee Winkie* had lost some of her drag. "Goin' to be bad, eh?" old Albert offered.

Barron nodded, looking ahead. "Get below," he ordered. "There's some life jackets in the wardrobe—get one on the boy."

The old man pawed moisture from his seamed face and stared at Barron silently.

"Just in case," Barron added.

Old Mr. Albert suddenly clutched Barron's knee in a crabbed hand and said, "You're doin' yer best, son. You'll be all right."

I'm doing my best, Barron repeated when he was alone again. He glanced over his shoulder apprehensively. The following seas were growing—immense black battlements that piled up raggedly and broke close to the yawl's counter. They made him sick because they were dragging them over. If they kept it up they would be pooped. *I'm doing my best, but I'm scared to death. I don't want to drown.*

And then he hated himself for having thought it, because now he could see it, feel it: David Barron, would-have-been writer, plunged headlong into black icy water; kicking, thrashing; brine in his mouth, in his nose, blinding him; reaching up desperately for air, for life and—and for nothing.

Then a stab of contrition hit him, and he winced against the spindrift. *That's it, big man, worry about David Barron. He's so important. What about the old man that believes you're doing your best? What about the girl who thinks "Mr. Barron" will stay with them? What about the sick-eyed kid that's waiting for you to go to the hospital with him? What will happen to them? They'll be trapped down there and won't even know what it's all about.*

He pushed it all away, coming back to the small, howling black circle of world that was his. A decision had to be made. The jigger mast would have to come down, but could the yawl even carry the jib? If not, they would have to heave to and wait the storm out. But how could they? How could the redheaded kid be expected to wait?

And then a frosted pinpoint of white light winked at him through the spindrift and was gone. He swiped his eyes, hunched forward, squinting. What had he seen? Or had he? The wind screamed horror music through (*Continued on Page 68*)

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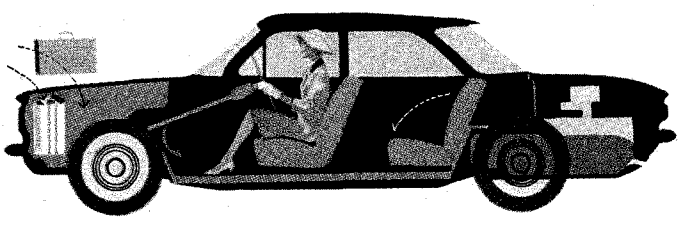

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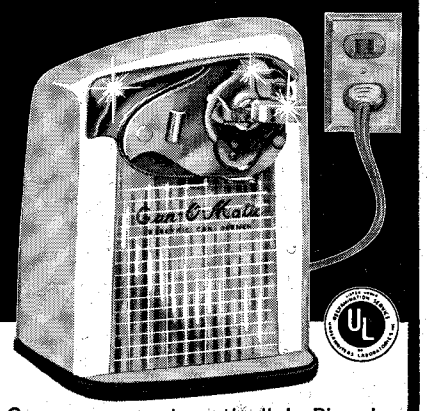

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(*Continued from Page 66*) the rigging, mixing with the insistent crash of the sea. The wheel quivered in his hands. And he saw it again clearly.

A glowing speck of light, made by man. *Road Town!*

He couldn't help it—he opened his mouth and let out a whoop of ecstasy. He felt like a harassed mail pilot rising out of an Andes storm, up into pure calm moonlight.

"We made it, baby!" he shouted at the yawl. And then he heard the drumbeat.

He couldn't believe it at first, wouldn't. Where was it coming from? Why? And something was wrong with Road Town—it wouldn't stay put. The light he'd spotted was joined with another—they were moving at an angle across his bow. Then he understood. Headlights. The yawl was approaching a headland, cars were groping their way home along a coast highway. He had missed Road Town.

Worse—the sea was drumming on reefs. He opened his mouth to bellow for old Albert—again too late. The jigger sail gave way over his head like the crack of a rifle. It snapped against his neck and flashed, twisting and helpless, off into night. Barron jolted forward, stunned, reaching at the nothingness of air for support, and dimly saw the jib puff out of existence like a delicate piece of gossamer.

He clutched the wheel. It was like slush in his hands. The yawl slid aimlessly into a trough, and someone slammed the door. The bow swerved off to port, rudder wobbled. *That's all she wrote, boy,* Barron thought. A glistening wall, falsely transparent like polished ebony, piled up, hesitated with the air of a young boxer afraid to uncork his right and hurt, then crashed down.

Everything came apart. The yawl flattened into near foundering. Barron went under, grabbing, skidded across the cockpit. The bowsprit quivered up into the night as though pointing out its assassin. A snapped line whipped about the tumbling body of Barron and he straw-clutched it. Once he was sure he was overboard in the water, but the line—wherever it took him—brought him back, and he struggled to his knees in the flooded cockpit, gagging.

Blearedly, for a moment, he saw the dark sinister line of the land, and closer, the black teeth of the reef snagging through the boiling surface of the white water.

When she struck she cried out with the rending of planks and frames. The rudder was smashed at once, and the wheel shaft lunged up and forward as if for a glimpse of the binnacle. Barron, clutching his line and the edge of the coaming, felt like Poe's hero descending the Maelstrom. He was whipped one way, another, then slammed against the cabin as the *Wee Winkie* tried to slide over.

But it was the end, and for a moment Barron couldn't understand why he wasn't dead. He gaped around in wet confusion. The sea was smashing at the yawl's fantail, spilling white muck into the tilted cockpit, but the *Wee Winkie* had a grasp on the land and was clinging tenaciously. Not for long maybe, but long enough.

Barron snatched the companion doors open and tumbled down into the crazy-house cabin. The redhead was still in the berth, his arms and left leg jutting over the edge, supported there by the main force of his mother and grandfather. They were hip-sprawled in four or five inches of shaking amber water. They turned chalky faces on Barron. The girl's eyes were enormous blue question marks.

"We've got a chance," he said before they could ask. "We're on a reef—we'll try to wade ashore." He pawed through the wardrobe for an elusive life jacket. "I'll take Tim. There's a highway above us. . . . Albert, you get up there and commandeer a car. For God's sake, move, man!" The jacket got itself on him without his knowing quite how it was done. He sloshed forward and gathered the boy up in his arms.

The redhead looked at him. "We goin' to the hospital now, mister?"

"We sure are. But we're going to haye a swim first."

Mrs. Albert reached her feet by climbing up Barron's arm. "Your ship?" That was all she said, and he thought it inordinately kind of her to think of him at a time like that.

"It's fine," he said. "Go on. Tim and I will be all right."

He could feel the *Wee Winkie* breaking loose as he lurched up the steps, tailing Mrs. Albert. The following seas were worrying the yawl's stern. They broke over, foamed around, battered and harried her, and still she held like a game fighter on the ropes, shaking his head at the upheld towel in his manager's hand.

The ice water met him breast high as he went over, and then he stepped blindly into one of the crevasses that honeycombed the reef. He could feel the redhead's brittle arms tight around his neck as he plunged, and his will to survive shouted defiance at the sea.

You can't stop us now. Why won't you give it up?

The current hit him, swept him forward, his legs chopping frantically for a foothold. He found it, braced himself against the undertow and came out spluttering. A dark glob washed back against his stomach. Mrs. Albert. There wasn't time to be gentle. He scooped his left hand into her hair and hauled her upright, shoved her forward, aiming toward twin spears of light that jutted stiffly into the night. Headlights again. A parked car. Good. Old Albert had done his job.

He waded onto a rampart of coral fragments, following Mrs. Albert, and he thought, *Amazing how solid the earth really is.*

Old Albert and a native of Tortola were rushing down the slope toward them. The Negro flashed a band of white teeth in Barron's face as he relieved him of the boy and said, "That's my car up on the road. I'll have you at the hospital in ten minutes. You all right?"

Barron nodded. "Fine."

It was a battered old sedan, and he helped the owner spread the boy on the laps of the Alberts in the back seat. Then he hurried around the tail and slid into the passenger seat up front.

A loud, sharp crack split the fabric of the night, and Barron clutched the driver's shoulder. All of them turned and looked down at the blowing beach. A gray-white wall formed at the *Wee Winkie's* stern and seemed to suck the yawl in just before it toppled. For a moment after the crash nothing could be seen. Then, vaguely, the suggestion of a black mass hurrying backward.

The last thing Barron thought he saw was the bowsprit—still pointing at the land.

The Negro stared at him, saying nothing. Barron nodded.

"Let's go," he said.

He felt a hand on his shoulder as the sedan ground into gear, and he heard Mrs. Albert say, "I'm sorry. I'm so very sorry."

But he smiled, shaking his head. "No," he said. "It's all right."

And it was. The *Wee Winkie* would never rub shoulders with her somber sisters now. The Road Town fishermen could go hang. The sea had won; yes, as of course it must sooner or later. But the *Wee Winkie* had also won and had gone to rest where she belonged.

And suddenly in the yawl's victory Barron saw his own. He wasn't going to run for home. He'd stay here, somehow, and write another book—a better one. The *Wee Winkie* had taught him to hang on. It was the only thing to do, the only thing he wanted to do—keep trying until he either went under or made a strike.

David Barron settled back in the seat with old man Albert's crabbed hand on his shoulder. He stared at the white ribbon of paint running off before the sedan's lights. He felt good. THE END

"He left me a priceless heritage of devotion to duty, integrity, human compassion and three million bucks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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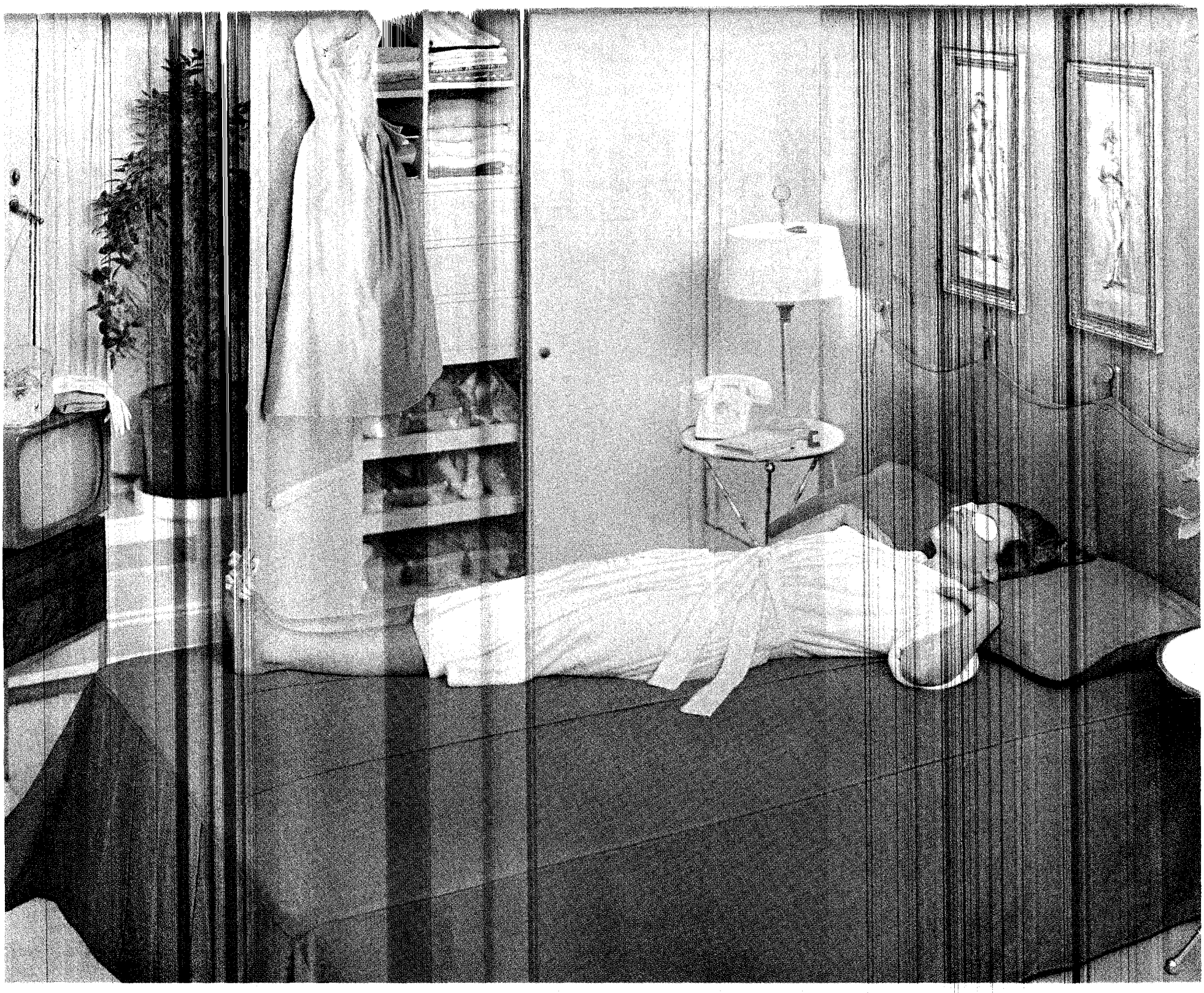

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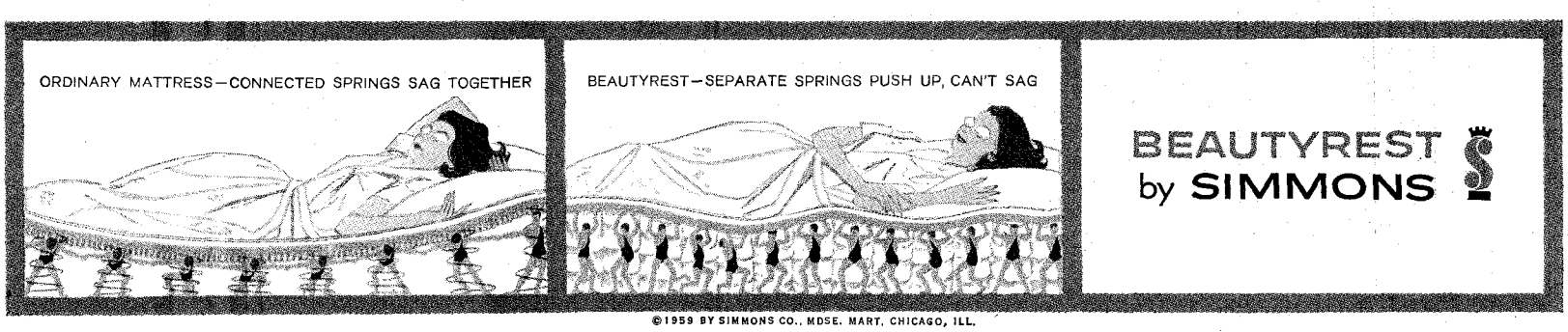

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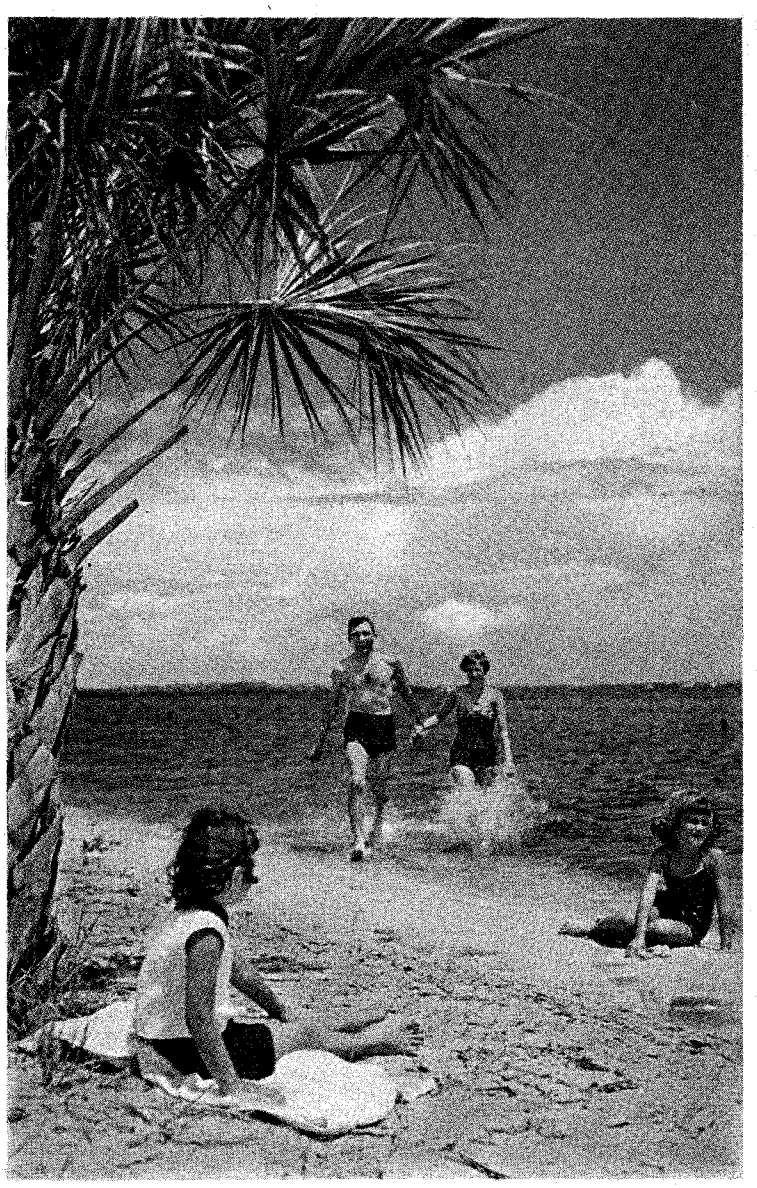

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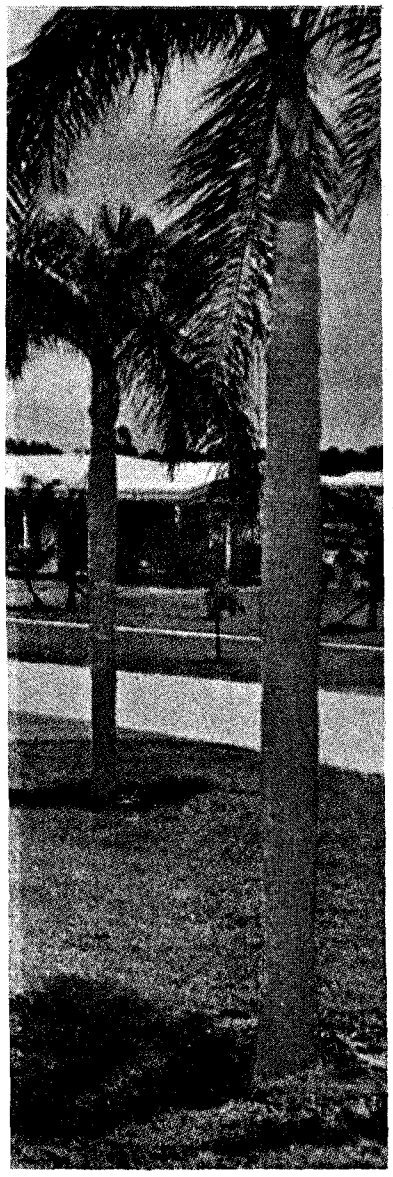

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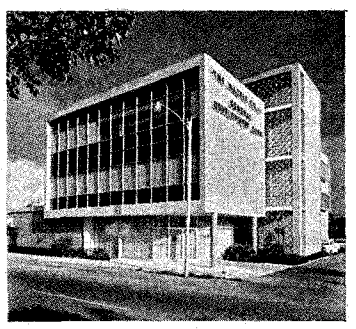

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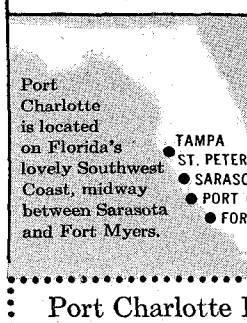

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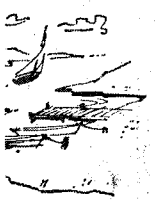

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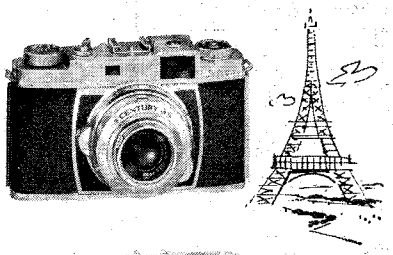

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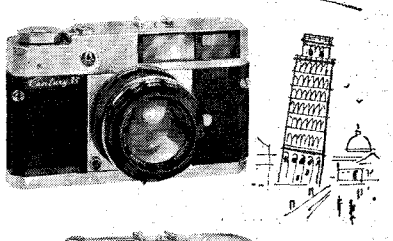

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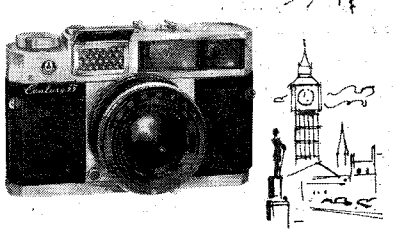

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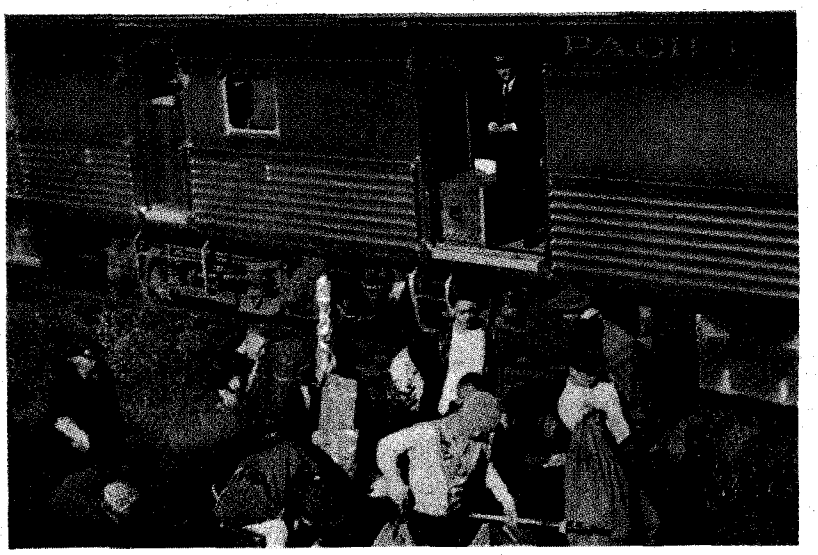
I Rode the Frontier Train

(Continued from Page 29)

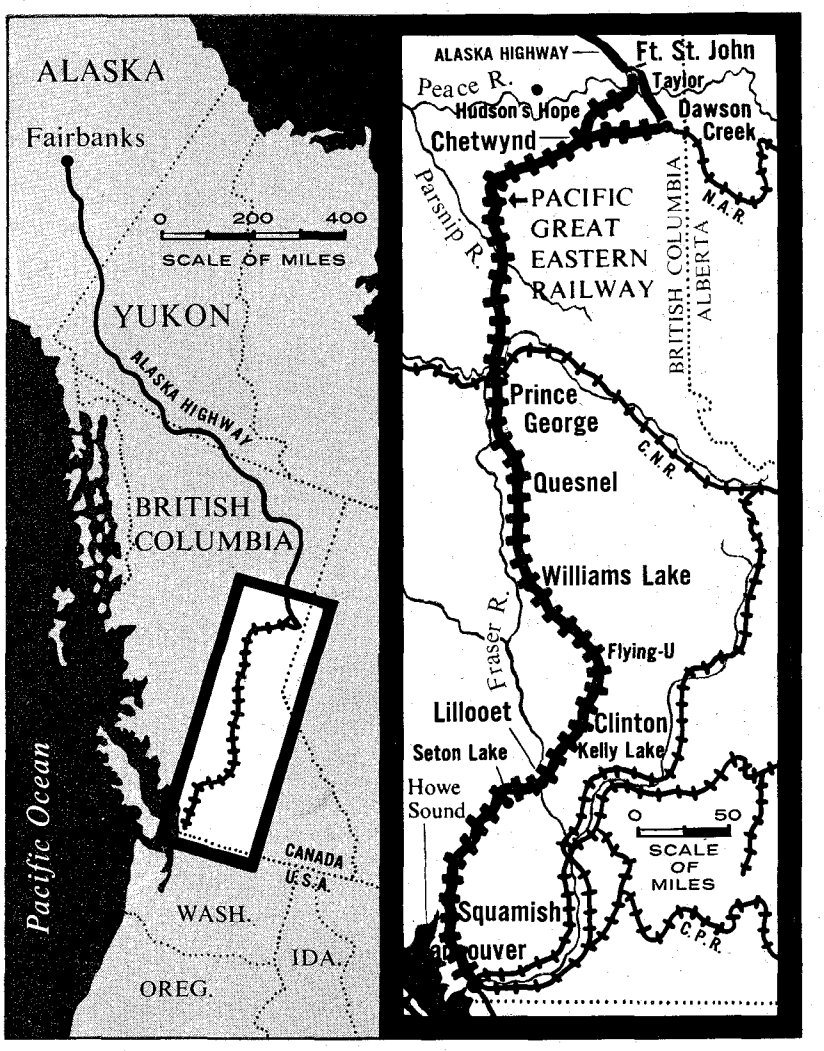
caught up with the surveyors they stopped building. For thirty years some of the trains remained idle on the tracks. Trees actually grew out of two locomotives.

Then when the half-finished mountain railroad did start up again in 1918—the provincial government bought it when no one else would—it was regarded as a combination San Francisco cable car and Toonerville Trolley. The antique rolling stock barely made a top speed of fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour on the twisting single track, took forever to make the run, and sometimes stopped whimsically in the middle of nowhere while the crew picked berries. Crowded coaches, breakdowns, and leaks over the beds in the sleeper were common, and in winter you could find Indians, Mounties, fur traders, prospectors and tourists, mostly rail fans, huddled around the train's two potbellied stoves while the train was being repaired. On occasion, when the engineer felt that the train was full, he would rattle past a station at full speed, leaving passengers clutching their suitcases and waving angry fists.

The poor little P.G.E. was dubbed "Please Go Easy," "Past God's Endurance," and "Prince George Eventually" and was the butt of daily gags in the Vancouver press. There is the tale of a Mrs. Lee, who started knitting a pair of socks at Squamish and handed the finished hose



Boy Scouts detraining for an outing near the Flying-U Dude Ranch.



The Pacific Great Eastern Railway, which links the Alaska Highway in the north with Vancouver in the south, is part of 2300 miles of road and rail leading into the heart of our forty-ninth state.

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to the conductor at Williams Lake, 250 miles away. Another story is that of a salesman who boarded the train at Lillooet.

"You deserve a medal," he told the conductor. "I've been riding this line for fifteen years, and this is the first time you've been on time."

"Keep your medal," the conductor grunted. "This is yesterday's train."

Despite the ribbing—and staggering yearly losses—the "antique, amiable and always-in-the-red" railroad refused to die. Offers were even made to buy and revive the line, including one by Franklin Roosevelt, who saw in it a vital wartime link to Alaska. Finally, in 1949, an eighty-mile extension was started between Quesnel and Prince George, but it wasn't until three years later, when the province's newly elected premier, W.A.C. (Cecil) Bennett, assumed office, that British Columbia decided to do something big with its white elephant. With a "flourish of the pen," as one Vancouver newspaper headlined it, Bennett, who is also president of the railway, wiped out some $90,000,000 of interest from one of the most awesome railroad debts ever accumulated—$156,000,000—and left a capitalization of $66,000,000. Then, armed with statistics of the potential wealth of British Columbia, Bennett flew to New York, Chicago, and Toronto and came back with American and Canadian backing to the tune of some $100,000,000. The result, after the biggest North American railroad-construction job in twenty years, was that the P.G.E. finally went somewhere—to Vancouver and the Pacific in the south, and to a link with the Alaska Highway in the north, about 2300 miles of road and rail straight to the heart of our new forty-ninth state.

Premier Bennett insists that the line is now making money, but whether the P.G.E. is actually turning a profit or merely paying off old debts, as the critics contend, the fact is that the line is spotlighting the enormous economic possibilities of British Columbia. The upper two thirds of Canada's third-largest province is roughly the size of Texas, but it is mostly uninhabited mountain, lake and bush country holding a tremendous untapped wealth in oil, minerals, coal, lumber, grainland and lush pasture. In the past the lack of cheap transportation has limited development, but railroad officials now think that P.G.E.'s push will cut shipping costs and lead to booming progress in the land which Canadians call "the continent's last frontier."

To get a train's-eye view of these goings on and to see firsthand why the British Columbians are still driving golden spikes during the age of rockets and satellites, I arranged to ride the P.G.E. from North Vancouver to Fort St. John, a 730-mile swath through some of the wildest, emptiest and grandest territory on the continent.

The train, which was idling at the tiny station across the inlet from Vancouver when I arrived, was a surprise. From a visit ten years ago I remembered a huffing steam engine, ill-assorted coaches of different heights and widths, and a lamp-lighted observation car that had been created by sawing off the roof of a defunct Portland, Oregon, trolley. Now in front of me stood a slim orange-and-green diesel locomotive with five stainless-steel coaches. Each car, I learned, has its own engine, so that it can proceed alone if need be—the line takes no chances. The crew consisted of the "hogger," or engineer, two conductors, a baggageman, and a steward who would serve us our meals. As I climbed aboard I saw among the passengers two Indian cowboys in skin-tight blue jeans, boots and dark Western hats. The last passengers aboard were two green-uniformed railway police.

Our eight A.M. departure was smooth, but accompanied by a great clanging of bells which continued incessantly as we left the yards and slipped under the thin pylons of Vancouver's famed Lions Gate Bridge. "This train sounds like an old-time fire engine," I commented to the young lady in the next seat, the wife of a P.G.E. trainman.

She smiled. "The West Vancouverites were responsible for that. The crossing whistle got on their nerves, so they went to Victoria and got a law to stop it. Now they have bells."

She went on to tell me that the bell business was the last of a series of conflicts between the P.G.E. and those citizens of West Vancouver who live beside the old right of way. Believing that the P.G.E. would never expand, they had moved in with lawns and gardens. When track-laying began in 1955, the citizens formed a resistance movement. Tools were stolen. Sand found its way into the fuel tanks of equipment. Teen-agers threw rocks into train windows, and to cap it off somebody fired a .22 caliber bullet at a trainman, missing his head by inches.

"The P.G.E. still has the darnedest troubles," my informant added. "An Indian chief named Mathias Joe recently sued the railway because its boxcars stayed too long on his reservation. He said they blocked the road to his home. The court ruled in favor of the chief. It told the P.G.E. to snap it up at the chief's crossing." She smiled again. "On this line you never know what'll happen next."

The line was indeed full of surprises, as I discovered shortly. When I left the coach to swing my way into the tiny engineer's cab, the train had twisted around the rugged Coast Range cliffs which overhang Howe Sound, crawling along narrow ledges, and was clog-dancing through the rocky confines of Cheakamus Canyon, seven miles north of Squamish. Outside, a wild rainstorm whipped waterfalls from crevices in the mountainside and lashed the train like a fire hose. So close to the edge of the cliff did the tracks cling that at times I was sure if I poked my head out the window the shift in weight would plunge us into the yawning chasm below.

Suddenly as we rounded a bend there was the sharp crack of an explosion, followed by another. Engineer Allan McDonald, a bespectacled veteran of thirty-two years of railroading, smiled at my startled expression. "Those are torpedoes on the rail," he explained. "Two explosions mean slow down. Could be a washout. We'll get the story on the telephone."

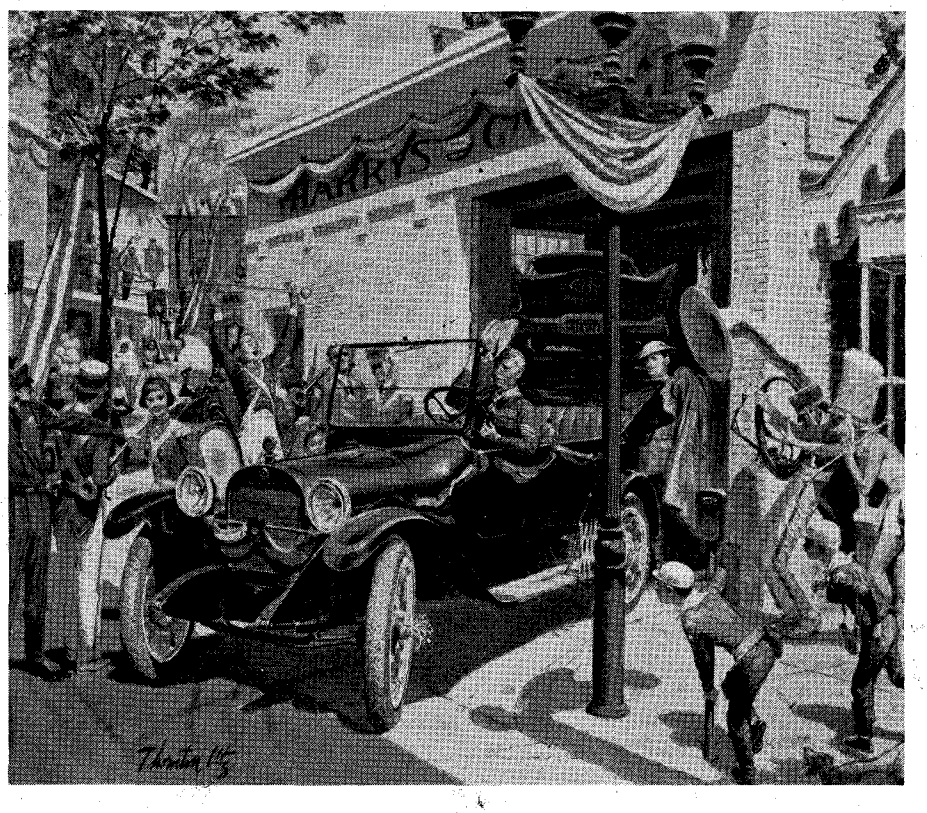
Echoing his words, the amplifier in the cab suddenly crackled. "Five-fifty-five calling Number One," a voice said loud and clear.

McDonald picked up the receiver. "This is Number One," he said. "Go ahead."

"We're slipping. Can't make the grade. We'll have to dump ballast."

"O.K.," said McDonald, hanging up. Then he turned to me. "That's the work train ahead of us," he said. "There's no washout. We'll just have to back up." He flicked a lever. The train jolted to a stop, slowly rumbled backward and stopped again. In a few minutes, the orange rump of the work train filled the bend. It held fast for a few minutes while gravel cascaded to the roadbed. Then the work train disappeared ahead.

"That could have been nasty," McDonald said as we started again. "These microwave telephones are terrific. The



The day they put Pop on parade

Nearly missed it. Would have, too—if it hadn't been for the boys at the garage. Why, when he took that old car in, it was howling like a banshee and smoking fit to suffocate the Cub Scouts. Time for an engine overhaul . . . time for new bearings. Ran smooth as the day it was new!

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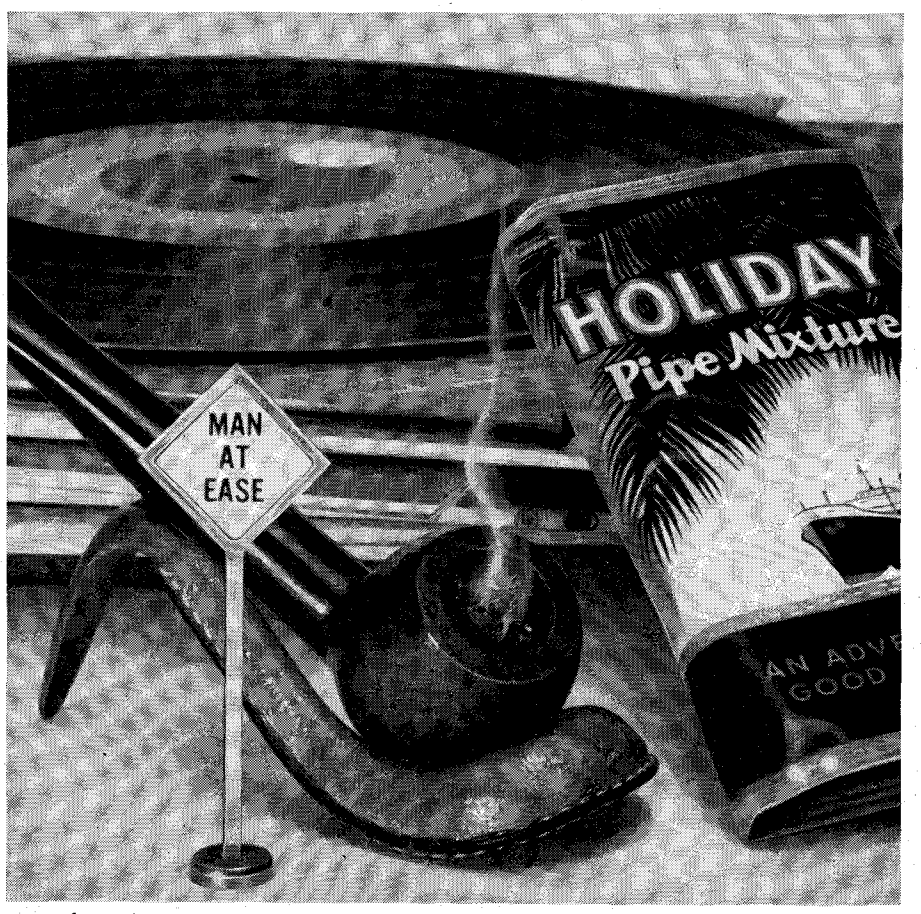

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dispatcher can call if anyone's on the track ahead, and you can then talk to the hogger to find out what's what. We're the first train in Canada to install the system," he added proudly.

With McDonald's deft fingers on the throttle, the train picked up speed, and as we approached the narrow rims of Anderson and Seton lakes I returned to the coach. According to the crew, my fellow passengers were a routine group—a California couple on an excursion, a P.G.E. employee, a few loggers, a construction team headed for Shalalth, and a contingent of Indians, heading for Lillooet to pick up their week's supplies. The police I saw made regular inspections of the coaches, and I learned later they were on the lookout for liquor, one of the P.G.E.'s big weekend headaches.

"This used to be called the toughest railway beat on the continent," one of the police told me. "We have arrested as many as twenty-five people in one month for drunkenness and brawling. But the big Britannia copper mine closed down this year and now things are quieter. Last week we nailed only two drunks."

Lunch on the P.G.E. was next and held another surprise. Instead of hardtack or some other frontier grub, it was a tasty meal of meat loaf, salad, soup, pastry and coffee, served in the seat, airline style, and included in the price of the ticket. By the time the trays were gone we were on a level run approaching Lillooet, population about 1350, where most of the passengers got off and the train took on a new crew. Five cars made the run to Lillooet. Three were taken off there, and the others went on to Prince George. I was the only passenger going to Fort St. John.

A few miles north of Lillooet the P.G.E. swung across the Fraser River and climbed along the old twisting Cariboo Road, exposing to wide-eyed passengers the majestic and terrifying view of the Fraser Canyon, 2200 feet straight down, with the 300-foot-wide Fraser River a green snake trapped at the bottom of its towering granite prison. We continued to wind past such romantic spots as Clinton, Chasm, Seventy-Mile House, and Onward—places fragrant of the days when camels and mules humped $100,000,000 in gold dust and nuggets over the treacherous passes. Here Judge Matthew Begbie, the bearded hanging judge of the Cariboo, set up his Assizes on horseback and ordered outlaws hanged on the nearest stout-limbed tree. During the early evening along these stretches the conductor used to look for lamps burning in lonely prospectors' cabins. If a light which should have been on was out, he'd notify the dispatcher at the nearest station, so he could send someone to check on the health of the occupant.

North of Williams Lake, center of British Columbia's Cariboo cattle country, we encountered what might be described as our first adventure. A large moose, apparently confusing the diesel's horn for a mating call, lunged at the train and then scooted across the tracks. While the passengers dashed to the windows to watch, the moose became entangled in a fence, finally managing to get away as we lost sight of him. Sometimes, I learned, moose have charged the diesels head on, and deer, raccoons and bobcats, along with an occasional drunken Indian, are stubborn trespassers on the tracks. The engineer said later that he had once almost bagged a black bear which ran down the rails ahead of the engine as though hypnotized.

"We have these animal troubles because the line is unfenced," Ron Waite, a P.G.E. man who handles animal claims, told me. "We have to pay for about sixty cows a year. Naturally, they're all prize winners, even the scrawny ones. We settle out of court. It's cheaper than fencing the line."

Landslides are another disturbing problem, especially in the new track areas where the right-of-way cuts are not yet settled. At one point our train stopped for half an hour because a boulder had rolled onto the track. The baggagemen jumped off and placed a log between the diesel and the boulder. With much roaring and slipping, the locomotive finally managed to push the huge rock aside. In the meantime I was listening to the conductor's tales of slides. One famous legend has two men talking in the baggage car with the door open. One was smoking a pipe. A rock zipped down the hillside, through the doorway, and neatly clipped the pipe out of his mouth. A factual story tells of the time a rock came through a window, ricocheted from the back of a seat, and crushed the skull of a Japanese merchant sitting across the aisle. This has been the only passenger fatality in forty years of operation, though back in 1944, and again in 1950, avalanches sliced a freight train in two and sent engine and crew to the bottom of Seton Lake.

At twelve-thirty A.M. we arrived in Prince George, where the P.G.E. connects with the transcontinental Canadian National Railway, which runs to Prince Rupert on the West Coast. A P.G.E. representative met me at the station.

"How do you like our long-distance trolley line?" he asked with a smile.

"Spectacular," I told him, "but if I have to pick up this train at seven-thirty tomorrow morning I'm not going to get much sleep."

"I know," he said sympathetically. "But we have to break up the trip this way because it isn't worth while to put on a sleeper. We'll probably change things when we get enough passengers."

Seven-thirty A.M. came with a jolt, and after checking out of the hotel in Prince George, where I had been put up, I was back in the streamlined coach, sipping morning coffee. The train now consisted of the locomotive and just one coach for the 260-mile run to the Peace River Block. The tracks plunged through thick groves of poplar and spruce, with occasional gaps revealing the charred remains of last summer's heavy forest fires. Except for the tracks, mileposts were the only signs that civilization had ever been here. At odd spots the train stopped to let off a logger or a timber cruiser lugging a blanket roll which would serve him for a week in the deep woods.

"How can you make money on this kind of traffic?" I asked an employee.

"We don't," he grinned. "We make it on freight, like other trains."

Freight, of course, is the lifeblood of this curious mountain railroad. Spruce, fir, and jackpine lumber from the 600 sawmills around Prince George is the biggest item—about 960,000 tons of a total of 1,200,000 tons of freight carried in 1958. But the Hereford cattle coming out of the Cariboo country, and the machinery, oil products, and other consumer goods going in are steadily growing in volume. During a typical month last year the P.G.E. traffic agent at Prince George booked in 200 cars, twice as many as for the same month in the previous year. Half of them carried fuel oil and other petroleum products. Now with this new stretch of rail it is expected that Cariboo cattle will be brought to the lush grain-feed lots farther north, and sulphur and other new products of the Peace River area will be coming out more economically than by truck or the circuitous railway route through Edmonton, Alberta. Interestingly, the P.G.E. still carries gold, which is shipped in bars in mail sacks.

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Around nine A.M. we were at Summit Lake, the beginning of the North Country, at the Great Divide, and I thrilled at knowing I was approaching the land of the northern lights and of Kipling's "rime-ringed sun." Here the waters no longer flow south and west toward the Pacific Ocean, but flow north to the Arctic. Above the Parsnip River the snow-seamed Rockies were a line of granite soldiers guarding the 40,000-square-mile Rocky Mountain Trench, a fabulously mineral-rich ridge upon which British Columbia is banking much of its future.

A few miles beyond Chetwynd, the P.G.E.'s new northern division point, the train suddenly began to roll and sway, like a ship caught in a storm. Visions of derailment gripped me, and I glanced uneasily at one of my companions. He grinned reassuringly. "Muskeg," he said. "The rail bed keeps sinking into it and has to be bolstered by gravel now and again. But don't worry, we won't go over."

Muskeg bog, the curse of construction in the North Country, is a spongy mass of floating roots and weeds which have to be removed before you can lay road or rail. In the construction of the Alaska Highway, a certain one-mile stretch cost the United States $1,000,000 because it involved the laborious job of pulling up the muskeg and repacking the space with rock. A railroad engineer told me that in carving out the P.G.E. rail bed he had found muskeg as deep as 20 feet. In some stretches, the muskeg was so troublesome it had to be blown out with dynamite.

We skimmed through forests of thin cottonwood, much used for paper pulp, moved through wheat fields, and rolled into the panorama of the East Pine River Gorge, spread like a relief map. On a distant butte I caught the silhouette of a lonely cowpuncher against the red sky. Around a switchback and over the $3,500,000 Peace River Bridge—a curving jigsaw of steel and crisscrossed timber—and then at six P.M., after twenty-seven hours on rail, we were in Fort St. John, end of the line.

Fort St. John, northernmost incorporated town in British Columbia (pop. 4000), and Mile 68 on the Alaska Highway, is, with its larger neighbor, Dawson Creek (where the Highway begins), the busy, booming center of the Peace River Block—a 53,000-square-mile mineral and agricultural empire. George Murray, who with his wife, Margaret (affectionately known as "Ma"), runs the Alaska Highway News, drove me through parts of the Block in their foreign car, with its windshield pockmarked from flying gravel, a hazard of driving on the unpaved highway. On flat golden plains, reminiscent of Iowa, we saw fat Angus cattle browsing. Here and there men were clearing ground and hacking away the matted forest.

Murray, a craggy John L. Lewis type, pointed to homes which were once the construction shacks of the Alcan builders and are now centers of thriving farmland. He talked glowingly of the ninety-day wheat, hardier than anything "down south" because of the long periods of summer sunshine. "Put this in your article," he said. "The North is not a barren wasteland. We grow fifty bushels of wheat an acre compared to twelve bushels in the rest of the country. And we produce the largest potatoes on the continent. You can break a leg on a Peace River potato."

At Taylor, down the Alaska from Fort St. John, Murray showed me more bursting development—the flaring gas wells of a new $30,000,000 refinery which scrubs sulphur out of natural gas, and the "big inch" Westcoast Transmission pipeline which carries the dry natural gas 650 miles to Vancouver and may soon reach as far south as San Francisco. Other industry is in the works; oil drilling in the area has heightened; and plans are afoot to extend the P.G.E. rails to Hudson's Hope—where coal still burns underground—to the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and through to Alaska.

Perhaps the most exciting project to come out of the North is the brain child of Dr. Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist and financier, who appeared one day off the coast in his armed yacht with a ready checkbook and a fantastic idea. Wenner-Gren's project proposes to dam the mighty Peace River sixteen miles west of Hudson's Hope, backing up its waters and those of the Finlay and Parsnip rivers into the largest man-made lake in the world, about 250 miles long, and then hurling 4,000,000 horsepower through the sky over steel towers to markets in Vancouver and possibly the United States Northwest, some 700 miles away. This is the largest hydroelectric-power-transmission project ever to be attempted outside Russia. It would create a Pittsburgh of the North and would change not only the face of British Columbia but the weather as well by creating a veritable inland sea. Wenner-Gren also envisions installing a high-speed monorail whose towers would stalk the walls of the Rocky Mountain Trench from the Yukon border to the P.G.E. station at Fort McLeod.

Critics are openly skeptical. They point to several other fabulous Wenner-Gren projects which have been abandoned. They point to the lack of published survey reports and the mystery surrounding Wenner-Gren's movements. They question the possibility of transmitting power long distances at competitive prices. But in the meantime Wenner-Gren has deposited $500,000 earnest money with the British Columbia Government for permission to explore the Trench and, according to Premier Bennett, has poured in thousands more in exploring for dam sites and surveying the region's resources.

"The reports will be published soon," the premier assured me when I interviewed him in Victoria after my trip. "And construction of this dam will begin in 1960."

I left British Columbia a bit groggy. The newspapers in the States were headlining imminent exploration of the moon. It was nice to know that the old earth could still yield so much wondrous excitement, and that a grown-up Toonerville Trolley could bring such hope for the future to a frontier in our own back yard.

THE END

Into November

By Memory McGonigal

In its puckered russet gown
On the gnarled, crotchety tree
That had shed all but a crisp
brown leaf or two
The apple clung—it gave out a
cidery,
Garnet smell, and the old-silk
sheen
Of its pale globe faintly glowed,
And I hoped the frost would
hold off another night,
For I wanted to see it once more
On the silvery silhouette of
morning,
Hanging so high, the strange,
old, stubborn thing,
Still firm, still mothy-gold, still
refusing to fall.

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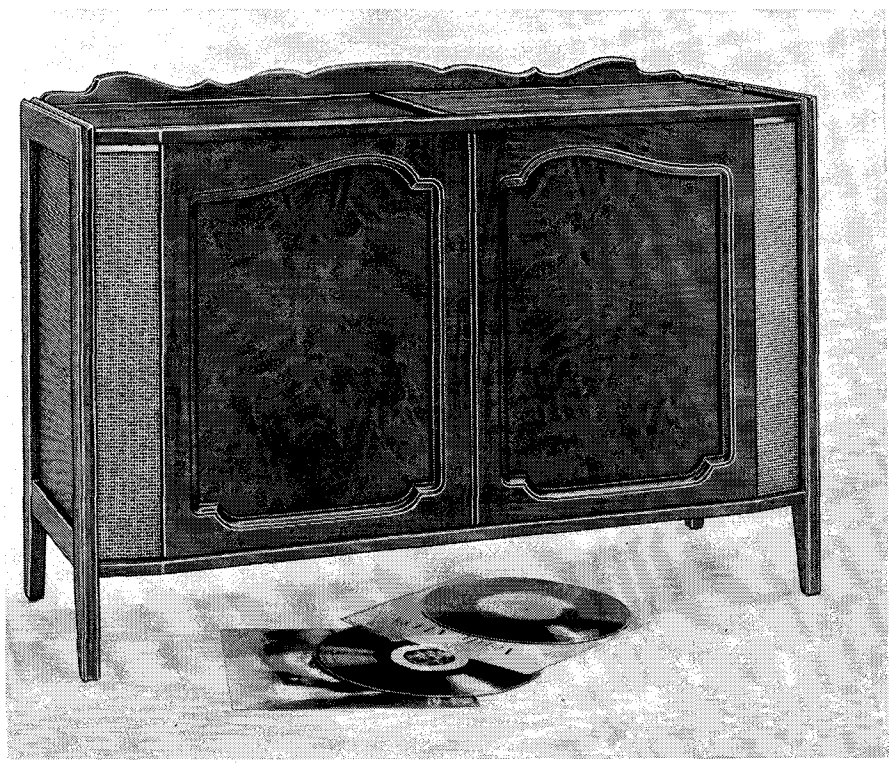

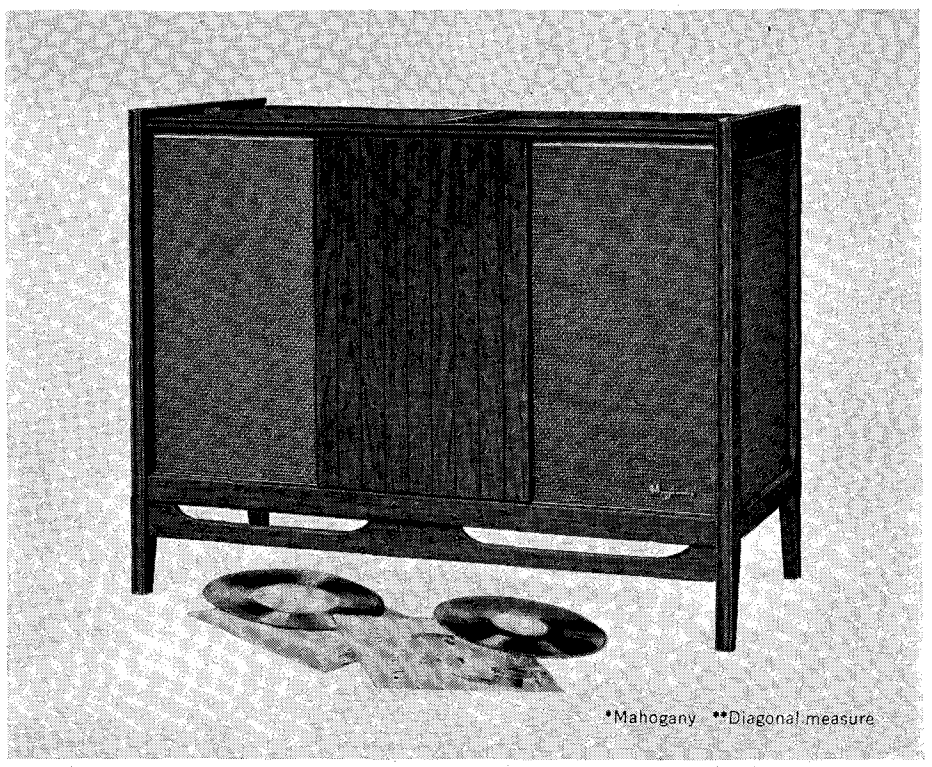

*Mahogany **Diagonal measure

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A Place Called Belleau Wood

(Continued from Page 35)

disappointing. I still don't feel like I'm looking at anything I ever saw before."

"Isn't it always like that, sir?" said Martin politely. "Places you go back to after a long time are never the way you remembered them."

"Maybe," said Sylvester in a troubled tone. "But some things a man ought not to forget. Six days of pure hell we went through in these woods and the boys dying around like flies. A man ought not to forget that." He waved his cane impatiently. "But everything's gone and changed so. All these big trees — why, it looks more like some kind of park than a place that men died in. When we took this ground, what trees were left weren't anything but burnt black snags. Black stumps and wire and bare tree trunks and the ground all blown up. Six days we fought without artillery support, and the Germans beat us bad. But we held out. And when they finally did bring the big guns up behind us we went on through."

Pride quickened his voice. "Four years the Germans held this sector and nobody could budge 'em. But we did it. Americans did it. We took everything those fellows threw at us, and it was plenty, but we went on in regardless and drove them out. With bayonets."

Oh Lord, thought Martin in pitying dismay, *do I have to hear all that again? Didn't I hear enough of it from his pot-bellied cronies in Deltatown that afternoon he dragged me down to their hall? Those old bores with their endless tales of Château-Thierry and Saint-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne! I know a little bit about war*, thought Martin irritably. *I ought to. Three years flying bombers in the Pacific—and that was a real war. But to hear those tedious old fools in Deltatown you'd think nobody had been shot at since 1918.*

The evening air sharpened and Sylvester Johnson shivered in his topcoat. "Look, sir," said Martin, "we ought to be getting to the car."

"All right," said Sylvester agreeably, but his eyes kept searching the forest for something that was no longer there. "I just don't understand it," he said gloomily. "You'd think being back here—standing on the same identical ground—you'd think that would bring it all back to a man. But there ain't any *feeling* to it, Martin. Oh, I remember all about what happened here, the way you remember about something you read in the history books, but not like it was anything that ever happened to me."

He looked at his son-in-law appealingly. "How am I going to explain this to the boys back home? For a lot of the boys nothing much very important's ever happened since the war, and they were all right excited about me getting to come here. They're counting on me to tell them what it felt like being back."

He paused. "And dang it," he said, "it don't feel like anything."

"Well, in that case," said Martin, a little ashamed of his sense of relief, "perhaps we ought to call it all off and go back to Paris tonight. That way you and Doris and the girls could leave for the Riviera a day sooner."

"Well, no," said Sylvester reluctantly. "I kind of hate to give up on it so easy. No, I expect we'd better go on to Verdun the way we had it planned and spend tomorrow seeing the battlefields around there. I reckon I owe that much to the boys because won't any of them ever get to come here. You see"—he grinned at Martin self-consciously—"they're not lucky like me. They haven't got a fine successful son-in-law with a big business position in Paris to come visit."

Martin flushed. "Whatever you say, Mr. Johnson." He tried to say it genially, but to his own ears the words sounded falsely hearty. *Why do I have to be so stiff and formal with him?* he thought. *He's a nice old fellow, well-intentioned and sincere as the day is long. I wish I could bring myself to call him dad. He's a lonely man with his wife gone and no children but Doris, and it would be a kindly thing to do.*

But he couldn't. It was impossible for him. Martin was city-bred, Northern-bred, a successful corporation executive. Nothing in his background equipped him for easy familiarity with the garrulous, slow-moving, retired hardware merchant from a small bayou town, whose daughter he had married. *He's the only man I know*, thought Martin ruefully, *who makes me feel like a pompous stuffed shirt.*

"If you'd like to stay here a little longer, sir," he said hesitantly, "I'll walk down to the car and pick you up here."

"Why, thank you, Martin. I'll just do that. Maybe if I keep looking, some of it will come back to me."

But instead of trying to reconstruct battle lines in his head Sylvester watched Martin's solid figure moving off smartly down the graveled forest road. *He's a mighty good boy*, he thought fondly, *but I declare I don't understand him. Maybe if we'd ever gone duck hunting or fishing the way I planned it those times, I might know him better. But he and Dorrie were always in such a hurry when they came by home—and it never seemed to work out. Part my fault*, admitted Sylvester. *Come right down to it, I reckon I never really felt easy enough with Martin to ask him to go out on the bayou with the boys and me. That fast, impatient way he talks and all the things he knows about—well, I know he didn't go to do it, but he always made me feel like a sure-enough country hick.*

I'm mighty glad though, he thought, *that I took him down to the Legion Hall when he was still in uniform. I'm glad I did that much. Even if he didn't hit it off with the boys too well. But pshaw*, he thought loyally, *that wasn't Martin's fault. Those ignorant loafers around the hall just didn't know how to take to a smart, educated, Northern boy like him. But I was mighty proud of Martin that day with his ribbons and wings on his chest and those gold leaves shining. Yes, sir. Mighty proud.*

Night was descending on Belleau Wood. The bare trees darkened, thickened, seemed to close ranks about Sylvester. Stealthy white ground fog came creeping through the timber, and an owl hooted curtly. Roosting birds or some small animal rustled the underbrush, and from a long way off a farm dog bayed once, forlornly. An inexplicable uneasiness overtook Sylvester. He glanced about nervously, as if there were something behind him.

I declare, he thought, turning up his coat collar, *it certainly gets dark in these woods. I'd forgotten how dark the nights are in France. Darker than anywhere I've ever been.* He looked at the sky, but there was no moon, no least starshine, and from out of the dark forest, smelling of rotting wood and leaf mold, a clammy breath lapped his face. *I wish Martin would hurry up with the car*, he thought. *I declare, I'm getting fidgety as an old woman.*

He was not a superstitious man. But the white fog crawling and wavering among the still trees began to trouble him. It struck him then with sharp, forceful clarity that he, an old man now, was standing where hundreds of young men of his time and generation had died. He was old, dry-boned and brittle, but they were still young and green and full of sap because it had not been permitted to them to grow old.

A notion came to him, mixed with faint dread, that the pale, coiling wraiths were not fog at all, but some subtle emanation that comes from earth where many men have died. He protested the idea, but it clung. You take a place like this, a battlefield where men are cut down young and their seed lost to the race, how do we know that some persistent kind of essence of them doesn't stay in that place? What the burial details pick up and take away when they come through later, that's not the essential part of a man. Not if there's anything to what we believe in about man's immortal spirit. They can't bury that under any concrete cross. Why shouldn't it hang around if it wants to? Maybe all those boys that died here—maybe they wouldn't like going off to some other place; maybe they wanted to stay here together.

And now it seemed that the forest had begun whispering to him, was coaxing and wheedling him. *Remember*, it seemed to urge. *Remember*, it whispered. *Remember us. Remember how it was.*

Sylvester Johnson stirred restively. He swallowed and peered into the forest fearfully. *Nothing here to be afraid of*, he told himself sturdily. *If it is them talking to me, which I don't believe for one minute, what's there to be scared of? These were my friends, young fellows I went off to war with, all of us skylarking and cutting up together.*

But I don't like it much, he conceded. *I don't like it a bit and I reckon that makes me an old fool with too much imagination. I think I'll just kind of start walking down to where Martin parked the car.*

He turned in the darkness, stumbled on a root and went headlong into a leafy shell hole. He lost his cane and his glasses and, when he fumbled for them blindly, snagged his hands on barbed wire. He tried to struggle up, but his coat caught under his knees and pinned him down. Cold horror seized Sylvester Johnson. Once, long before, he had been trapped in a shell hole and lay shuddering all night under a ceaseless artillery barrage. The memory of his fear that night, real as the thing itself, rushed upon him. Shaking uncontrollably, held fast in the obscene clutch of horror, he rocked helplessly in the ancient shell hole while wave upon sickening wave of remembered terror rolled over him.

In the mix-up and confusion the first night the battalion went up to the lines, he'd piled into the wrong truck with a bunch of B-Company guys. They gave him a razzing, but were nice-enough fellows, though not like his own buddies, of course, and anyway it didn't matter because he knew he'd join up with his outfit soon as the truck got to wherever it was going. So they rode along, jouncing and bumping down a dark road and every body making funny remarks and passing along lighted cigarettes from one pair of cupped hands to another even though their hard-nosed sergeant up front kept hollering not to smoke. You couldn't see anything, but all the time the grumbling mutter of artillery kept getting louder. Some fellow back at the tail gate craned his neck out finally and in a wondering Georgia drawl said, "Lawd a' mighty, men! Whole world's on fahr up there!"

Others looked; the wisecracking died down because none of them had been under fire before, and they all began thinking private thoughts. The way it was with Sylvester—well, he wasn't scared exactly, but had this kind of upset feeling like he might be going to throw up and had to keep swallowing, but mostly he was just excited and wished he knew more

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The ones who usually manage to get the most out of middle age are the grandchildren.

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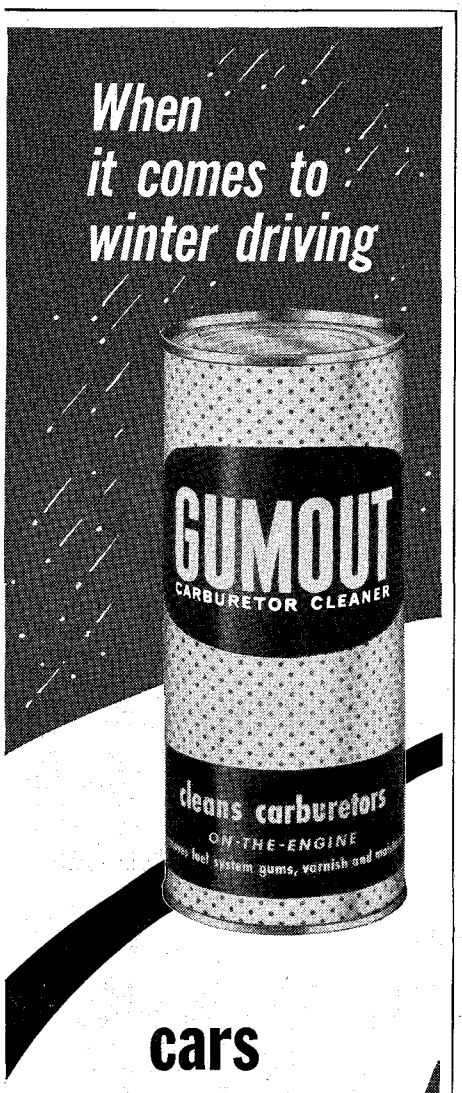

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about what was going on and what they were getting into up there.

They'd always said you never heard the one that hit you, but this came with the rumbling whoosh of a runaway locomotive tearing across a wooden trestle, and the truck stood on end and went over, terribly slow. Against a sky full of yellow fire Sylvester saw a ruined village church standing black and ragged and then the whole shebang wheeled, and he was lying with an awful headache in a big hole under broken bricks and couldn't pull his legs out, and men were moaning all around him. It was a crossroads village, a key junction point that a German battery had zeroed in, and no more trucks came through that night. Shells kept falling—first that awful rumbling and then the shattering, deafening crash like the end of everything. They had to detour the convoy, and the whole advance was held up. When morning came finally and the firing stopped, that village was pounded to rubble: no church, no houses, not even a street any more, and Sylvester the only live man in it. How he made it he never knew. In fact, he never remembered much about that night at all.

But he remembered now. Across a gap of forty years the memory leaped upon him. Down on his knees in rotting leaves, clasping his shaking hands in an attitude of supplication, Sylvester Johnson relived mortal terror. Under the remembered blasts of heavy explosives he cringed and cowered once more, smelling the rank chemical fumes and tasting brick dust on his tongue while his tortured nerves jerked the flesh on his bones.

Then the headlights of Martin's car blossomed through the trees and reality returned. Sylvester Johnson found his glasses and put them on with trembling hands. He wiped the chill sweat from his forehead, drew a deep breath, took a firm grasp on his cane and pushed himself erect. In the traversing yellow beam, Belleau Wood was an ordinary patch of second-growth timber again, a place that did not look as if anything special had ever happened in it.

Sylvester got into the car without speaking. Martin snapped on the dome light and looked at him curiously. His hat was crushed, there was mud on his coat and leaf trash clung to his sweater.

"Good heavens, what happened?"

Sylvester grunted. "Not right sure I know, Martin."

"You don't know? But you must know. How did you get all that mud on you?"

"Mud?" Sylvester looked down at himself. "Why, I reckon that must have happened when I fell down."

"Fell down! Good Lord, sir! Did you hurt yourself?"

"Oh, no. I'm not hurt."

"But look, sir," said Martin, concern in his voice, "you can't just dismiss it like that. Maybe we'd better go back to Paris and have a doctor check you over."

"I just stumbled in the dark," said Sylvester mildly. "Anybody can stumble. I don't need any doctor."

"But look at you! Hands all scratched, tie pulled loose, you look as if you'd been in a fight!"

"The fact is," said Sylvester slowly, and Martin was struck by the queer expression in his eyes, "I was in a fight that happened a long time ago."

"I don't understand you," said Martin, exasperated and alarmed. "Are you sure you're all right? Are you sure you wouldn't rather go home than on to Verdun?"

"Not sure I understand it myself. No, I still want to go on to Verdun. We started and we might as well finish it out." Sylvester chuckled dryly, but there was no mirth in it. "Fact is, Martin, after you left me I got to remembering all of a sudden. Oh, yes; I remembered all right. I remembered too good." He shook his head and grinned bleakly. "I remembered—and it liked to have killed me."

Martin stared at him, baffled.

"And I found out something," said Sylvester somberly. "I found out why it is that you don't remember some things." A deep weariness entered his voice. "It's a God-given mercy, Martin. Because there are some things it's better for a man not to remember. Now if you don't mind, I'd just as soon not talk about it any more. I think I'll just try to catch a little doze while you're driving. That kind of remembering is a little too energetic for an old man and I feel a mite tired."

He napped most of the way to Verdun. Martin kept glancing at him, annoyed, perplexed and worried. *Fell down,* he thought. *Got to remembering too well and fell down! What crazy kind of talk is that? Why the old fool shouldn't be let out alone! I know one thing,* he thought irritably. *This is the last time Doris ever talks me into playing nursemaid for him.*

He had wired ahead for rooms at Verdun. They knew Martin there, and the hotel owner was waiting. He was a portly man in his sixties, rubicund and smiling, but of immense dignity. When they drove up he came out to the sidewalk, flanked by aproned porters.

"Ah," said Martin, smiling. "Monsieur Souillat! *Ça va?*"

"Very well," said Souillat and bowed formally before shaking Martin's outstretched hand. "For me it is very well. And you, my friend?"

"Fine," said Martin, shifting to English. "Like to introduce my wife's father, who's visiting (*Continued on Page 79*)

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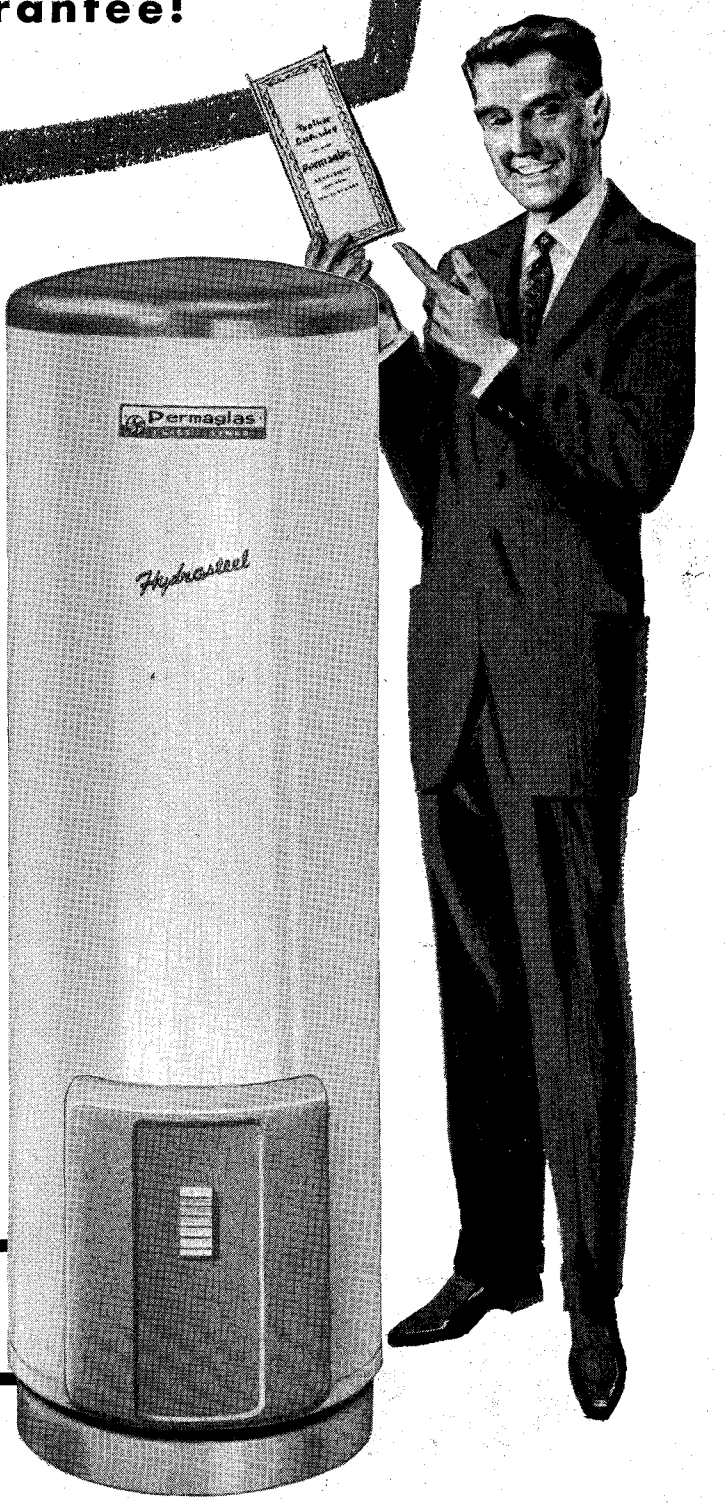

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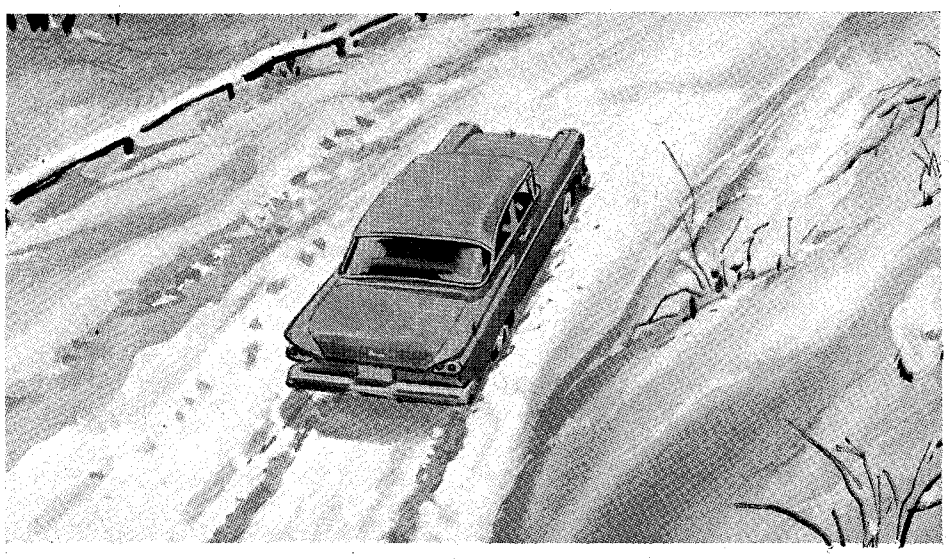

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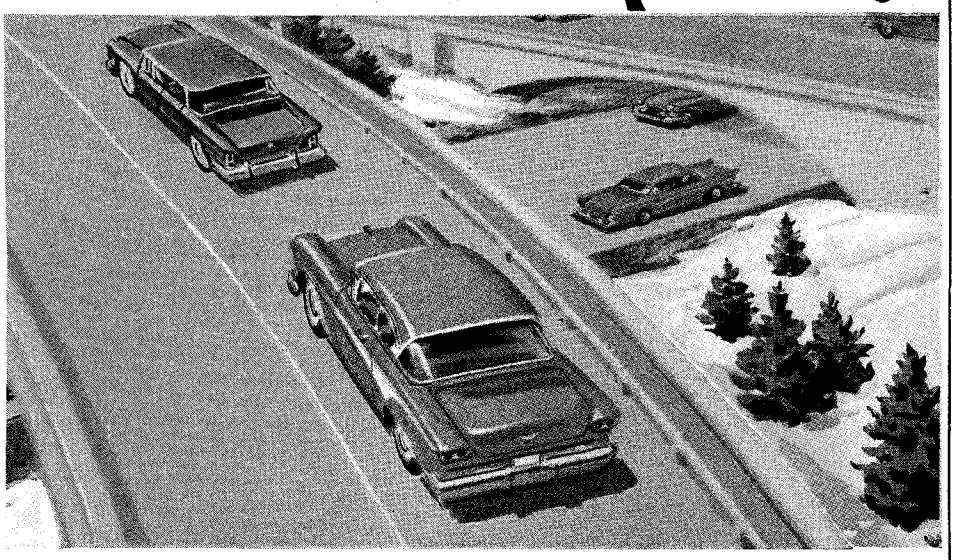

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(*Continued from Page 77*) us from America. Monsieur Souillat. . . . Mr. Johnson."

Sylvester's long body uncoiled from the car. "I declare," he said, "I feel a whole lot better for that little snooze. Mr. Souillat, it's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"But the pleasure is mine, sir," said Souillat, and if his keen blue eyes remarked anything unusual about the mud-and-leaf trash on Sylvester's clothes they did not reveal it.

"What I could use right now," said Sylvester with a wry grin, "is about thirty minutes' soaking in a tub of good hot water." He showed his scratched, dirty hands. "I stumbled and fell down in some woods a while back."

"Ah," said Souillat noncommittally, but Martin caught the faint lift of his eyebrow. He motioned to the porters to collect the baggage and escorted Martin and Sylvester to the reception desk.

"It was Belleau Wood," said Martin, annoyed with himself for feeling it necessary to provide Souillat with an explanation. "We spent the afternoon looking over the battlefields and memorials around there. Mr. Johnson was in the fighting at Belleau Wood."

The short Frenchman stopped in his tracks. He looked up at Sylvester, enormous respect dawning in his eyes. "You were at Belleau Wood, sir? You were of that gallant marine brigade?" He turned to Martin quickly with something like agitation working his smooth, rosy face. "But this is a great honor you bring to my house, Monsieur Kelley! Your father is a hero of France!"

Martin blinked.

Sylvester was startled. "Well, now, Mr. Souillat, that's a mighty kind statement, but you've got the wrong man. I wasn't any hero. Fact is, I don't remember seeing any heroes around where I was." He chuckled. "The bunch of boys I was with—why, we were all scared about half to death most of the time."

"A hero is always modest," said the hotel owner approvingly and made Sylvester a small, courtly bow. "I too was a soldier in the Great War, Monsieur Johnson, a shaggy, bad-smelling poilu of the front-line trenches, a defender of Verdun, and I know of what I speak. They were heroes who drove the Boche from Belleau Wood. Brave men all. It was a great turning point of the war."

A long look of thoughtful understanding passed between the lank, stooped American in muddy, rumpled clothes and the plump, dapper Frenchman. Watching them, Martin had a dismaying sensation that he was excluded from something.

"I thank you, sir," said Sylvester Johnson quietly and inclined his head. In its stiff, awkward way the nod was as courtly as Souillat's bow.

"Monsieur Kelley," said Souillat, and repressed excitement quickened in his voice, "you chose a happy time to visit Verdun. May I ask you to yield to me the pleasure of your father's company at dinner tonight? It is a very special occasion for a small group of us, and I would like him to join us."

Martin blinked again. "What sort of occasion, sir?"

"Twice a year," said Souillat, "the third Saturday of May and November, a few of us, old soldiers of France and defenders of Verdun, meet here to dine together. The presence of a comrade-in-arms from America, a veteran of Belleau Wood, would make tonight even more memorable. . . . Monsieur Johnson, would you honor us?"

Sylvester looked at Martin inquiringly.

"Why," said Martin, confused, "if you're not too tired, Mr. Johns——" He broke off lamely. To keep calling his father-in-law Mr. Johnson seemed suddenly ridiculous. "If you feel up to it—father."

Something twinkled in Sylvester's eyes. "I'd have to be a heap tireder than I've ever been yet to pass up something as fine as Mr. Souillat's invitation—son. . . . I thank you very much, sir, and I'd be proud to eat with you and your friends. Just give me time to wash up and put on my other suit and I'll be with you."

He followed the porter to the elevator. Some of the stoop had lifted from his shoulders. He walked almost jauntily, carrying his cane like a swagger stick. Martin stared after him wonderingly.

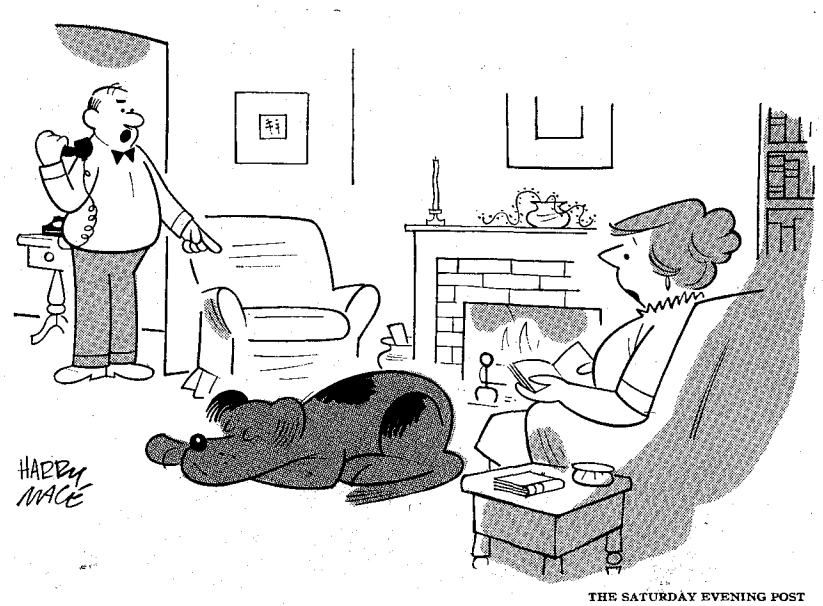
"Something is troubling you, Monsieur Kelley?" said Souillat politely.

Martin shook his head. "No." He grinned. "At least nothing I can explain."

"Have you time for an *apéritif* with me? I feel guilty for making you dine alone tonight."

"Please don't. Your invitation is the finest thing that's happened to Mr.—to father since he came to France But I'll be happy to have a drink with you."

At that hour the hotel bar was empty. Souillat poured himself a small glass of white wine and, remembering Martin's enthusiasm for it on an earlier trip, gave him a locally distilled *eau de vie* in a bell-shaped glass. Martin warmed it in his hands and sniffed the brandy fumes luxuriously. He looked at the painting over the bar of Souillat's grandfather as



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's got himself involved in a paternity suit!"

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a sashed, saber-carrying cavalryman in the Franco-Prussian War.

"Every generation," murmured Martin, "has its war, eh?"

Souillat followed his eyes to the picture and smiled sadly. "It seems so, in this turbulent world. My eldest grandson is in Algeria."

Martin nodded. He knew also that one of Souillat's sons had died in the French Resistance and the other had fought with Leclerc. "My children," he said with apparent irrelevance, "are all little girls."

The Frenchman understood. "Unfortunately in the next war there will be no noncombatants. But this is a cheerless subject, my friend. Let me tell you how delighted I am that your father will dine with us. My comrades will be equally delighted. Tell me, though. This fall of his in Belleau Wood. He did not injure himself?"

"I guess not. At least he insists he didn't." Martin frowned. "But I'm still puzzled about how it happened. We'd spent the afternoon exploring the Château-Thierry area; the cemetery, the monuments, the battlefields, and finally Belleau Wood because he wanted to save it for last. Nothing we saw, though, seemed to satisfy him. He kept saying he was disappointed. I don't know what he was expecting to find, but whatever it was it didn't seem to be there. As he put it, he got no feeling from anything."

"I see," said Souillat thoughtfully. "This was by daylight?"

"That's right. But it was getting quite dark when I left him in Belleau Wood and went for the car. When I returned he was—well, as you saw him. Scratched up, hat bashed in, mud on his coat. He said he fell down. He said he remembered too well and fell down."

"Ah. He was in the wood and alone, and it was dark?"

"Yes. But not long. I couldn't have been gone fifteen minutes."

"It need not take long."

"What doesn't take long?"

"I believe you told me once, Monsieur Kelley, that you were an *aviateur* in the American war with Japan?"

"That's right."

"I do not understand about flying," said Souillat reflectively. "The *aviateurs* from the American base come here often and I hear them talk, but I do not understand. They are always making with the hands like so." He pressed his palms together and imitated a pilot describing aerobatics. "They go zoom! and talk of Machs and flame-outs and I do not know what. It is confusing to an old foot soldier."

Martin grinned. "They talk with their hands, all right. It's the only way you can say some things about flying."

"And when they speak of the war, the few older ones who experienced it, it is not as men speak who have fought on the ground. Perhaps war is less personal in the air." Souillat shrugged. "A man who fights on the earth, who hugs the earth for precious life itself, the earth where he fought and saw his comrades die becomes a part of him. As if he had left something of himself there even though he escaped death. And what he leaves, it is best perhaps not to return to."

He looked at Martin gravely. "My friend, there are places near Verdun I will not visit after dark. We lived in the earth, we defenders of Verdun," said Souillat softly. "We lived as moles and badgers live, and four hundred thousand of us died in that fashion. You have seen what is left of the trenches of Verdun? You have seen the forts dug into the hills?"

"Some of them. The Trench of the Bayonets. Douaumont. The covered ditch where the bones are scattered. We plan to visit them tomorrow."

"Don't, I beg you. Or, if you must, go when the sun is high."

Martin stared at him.

"My friend," said Souillat, "I know what you are thinking. You are thinking, this is a foolish old man, a creature steeped in superstition. Let me assure you. I do not believe in ghosts, although perhaps no one my age has the right to say that. In time the past haunts all of us. But whatever I believe ——" He placed his hand lightly on Martin's wrist. "Whatever I believe or do not believe, nothing will induce me to return to certain spots. Not alone. Not in the dark. I have done it and I will not do it again."

"Because of—ghosts?" said Martin skeptically.

Souillat shrugged. "It is an inexact word. Besides, I do not believe in them. What else did your father tell you?"

"He said he'd been in a fight," said Martin uncomfortably. "He said he was in a fight that happened a long time ago."

"Ah. I should say, then, that that is exactly what occurred. And I would not press him for details. As I said, in time the past haunts us all. In certain places, under certain conditions, it can be intolerable." He rose. "Forgive me. My chef requires final instructions. The dinner we give your father tonight must in all respects be superlative. Again, Monsieur Kelley, my gratitude for giving us his company." Souillat bowed and departed.

Ghosts, thought Martin faintly. *Ghosts! After that I need another brandy.* In spite of his wary skepticism he had been disturbed by the Frenchman's earnest injunctions. He sat twirling his glass at the bar, pondering and speculating. Something strange had certainly happened to Sylvester Johnson in those woods. Something inexplicable. But ghosts! On the other hand, Souillat had said he didn't believe in ghosts. Martin sighed, gave it up.

It was past eight o'clock now and the bar was filling. Three American lieutenants with pilots' wings on their blue uniforms were drinking Alsatian beer next to him and wrangling amicably. Martin listened and grinned reminiscently.

"Now don't argue with me, Al," said one of them severely. He was maybe twenty-two with a straw-colored, immature mustache on a brick-red face and white squint lines radiating from blue, far-seeing flier's eyes. "Just don't argue with me. The best women are in Copenhagen. I've been there and I know."

"London," objected Al. He was a dark, scowling boy. "Listen, I was in London last month, and this redhead came into the Columbia Club with a captain and another girl. The other chick had her meat hooks into the captain, and the redhead kept looking at me until finally I ——"

"Barcelona," said the third pilot with weary superiority. "You guys wait till you've been in Europe long enough to know what you're talking about. Barcelona ——"

"I thought that was a Navy town," said Al. "Like Nice. I thought you had to be an ensign to make out in Barcelona. But listen, this redheaded English girl ——"

Martin laughed silently. The old topic. The old, imperishable topic of young soldiers and sailors and airmen everywhere. For an instant he was back again in the bamboo alert shack on the strip at Port Moresby, waiting to go out on a mission and killing time with his crew, arguing the comparative merits of Sydney and Hobart and Melbourne as leave towns. *The endless topic*, he reflected, *of worldly-wise, travel-seasoned young fighting men everywhere—whenever they aren't actually fighting. I'll bet Caesar's legions talked the same way. Around the campfires at night, drinking sour wine from their helmets and arguing about the girls of Greece and Galicia and Catalonia. The old, old topic.* Martin felt a warm sense of brotherhood with the three lieutenants.

He turned on his stool genially and offered to buy a round of drinks. They looked at him with cold astonishment. They looked through him, past him and returned to their talk. Martin gaped. His mouth closed foolishly and he tingled with angry embarrassment. He sighted himself in the bar mirror then, saw himself as he looked to the lieutenants, a solid-fleshed family man of thirty-eight, a corporation executive with thinning hair. They did not consider that they were being rude to him. He simply did not exist for them. He was not of their world. He was of an older time, ancient in their eyes as Methuselah. Martin calculated their ages swiftly. Why, when his war was going on they were little boys in short pants. It was a shocking realization. He grinned ruefully and, still embarrassed, pivoted the stool and looked into the hotel lobby.

Respectful porters were holding the big plate glass doors wide, and Souillat was welcoming his comrades. They were nine elderly Frenchmen dressed in black. They were white-haired or bald, they were round-bellied or shriveled, they walked with canes and in brittle hesitation, and they all wore ribbons on their coats. They were old men, full of years, but they were men who in youth had proved their valor and they bore themselves with dignity.

Martin looked at them and in spite of himself he was moved. *The Old Guard*, he thought. *And these kids at the bar with me*, he thought, *talking about English and Spanish and Danish girls, I suppose they're the Young Guard, not yet proved, but waiting to be called to the test. And what does that make you*, he thought ironically. *The Middle Guard?*

The old men were waiting in the lobby, chatting softly and courteously among themselves. Martin looked up at the painting of *Grand-père* Souillat in his dashing cavalry uniform of 1870. *Everybody to his own war, eh grandpa?* thought Martin. *To you, I suppose, they're a lot of upstart kids.* He toasted the picture and emptied his brandy glass.

Now the elevator door opened. Sylvester Johnson appeared. In his new blue suit and black string tie that had already come undone, towering in his lanky height, he looked ruggedly North American, almost Lincolnesque. Souillat spoke to his friends, and the nine old veterans of Verdun turned toward Sylvester expectantly. A warm rush of affection, of pride and comradeship for his father-in-law, surged through Martin.

He came off his stool quickly. He intercepted Sylvester halfway across the lobby and with deft hands adjusted his necktie. Then he stepped back and looked at him. "You look swell, dad," said Martin. "The boys in Deltatown would really be proud of you tonight."

Sylvester grinned. He touched Martin's shoulder lightly and winked at him. Then he turned to meet Monsieur Souillat and his friends. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Don made an exceptional academic record in teachers' college. In another respect, however, he caused grave concern. A confirmed atheist, he wrote letters to the newspapers asserting his disbelief in God. His professors asked if he intended to teach atheism to pupils. He replied that if the children asked questions, he could not lie about his beliefs. The college thereupon refused to graduate Don as a teacher. He sued.

"A college owes a duty to the public not to approve a new teacher who holds fanatical ideas about atheism," counsel for the college argued. "Such teachings, if imposed upon the impressionable minds of the young, might work to their detriment and injury."

"This is the United States," Don countered, "and you cannot discriminate against a person for his religious beliefs or lack of religious beliefs. Therefore the college should graduate me."

If you were the judge, would you award Don a teaching diploma?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Don lost. The court said that while he had a constitutional right to believe—or doubt—whatever he pleased, he had no constitutional right to teach his thinking to public-school pupils. As Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, a man's right to free speech does not extend to shouting "Fire!" in a crowded building.

Based upon a 1958 Florida decision.

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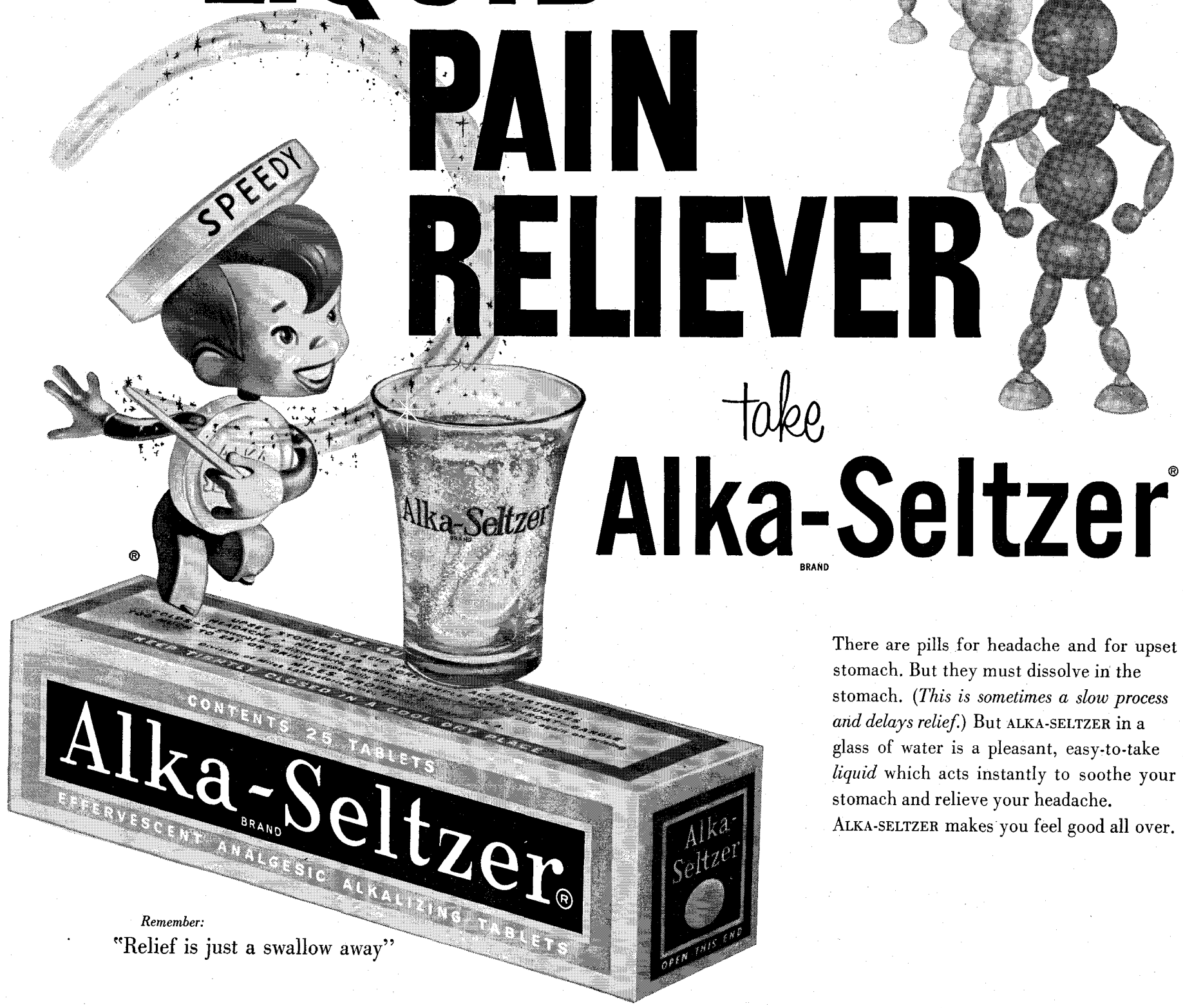

There are pills for headache and for upset stomach. But they must dissolve in the stomach. (*This is sometimes a slow process and delays relief.*) But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take *liquid* which acts instantly to soothe your stomach and relieve your headache. ALKA-SELTZER makes you feel good all over.

Remember:
"Relief is just a swallow away"

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For more than a century New England Life has helped its policyholders, from coast to coast, to enjoy "a better life."

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45 features of the "Better Life" policy can help your family enjoy carefree days

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NEW ENGLAND Mutual LIFE Insurance Company BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1835

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The Cop With the Criminal Brother

(Continued from Page 34)

night, and the older brother worried about that. It never did come to pass, but the odds against its happening dropped sharply early this year and stayed there for one tense month.

The stage was set for the drama by a circuit-court jury which in May of last year found Bobby Burns guilty of armed robbery and assault with intent to kill. Conviction for a felony was no new experience for Bobby, but the sentence imposed by the jury was. None of his previous sentences had exceeded five years. This one was for seventy-five. The state supreme court recently upheld the verdict and sentence, and Bobby Burns, in effect, stands condemned to spend the rest of his life in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City. By the time he has served his legal minimum, seven-twelfths of his sentence—and assuming good behavior, a dubious assumption in the light of his record—the year he gains his freedom will be 2002 and he will be seventy-one.

This tawdry prospect may have set the escape wheels turning in Bobby's head as he sat month after month in the maximum-security cellblock of the St. Louis city jail, awaiting the outcome of his appeal; none of the authorities knows for sure. At any rate a plot to help him shoot his way out was hatched, and it seems unlikely that he wasn't aware of it.

Word of the planned jailbreak reached Chief of Detectives Chapman last February from a trusted source. According to this informant, a criminal associate on the outside was, under cover of darkness, to sneak a loaded pistol through the bars of the commissary window on the first floor and place it on the sill between the bars and a stout steel screen. At some time before daylight a fellow inmate with access to the commissary was to slit open the screen from the inside, pick up the weapon and smuggle it to Burns.

Lieutenant Burns was thunderstruck when he got wind of it. He was to remark later, "It's a tremendously evil act to slip a loaded gun into a jail. The consequences could be terrible." There was no thin line of distinction in his mind about who was logically responsible for thwarting a plot that might well result in mass tragedy; the responsibility was plainly his. This time he simply had to prevent Bobby from, as he put it, "messing up again." He had to intercept that loaded weapon. And if the interception attempt failed, he might have to face the dread possibility of shooting, or being shot by, his own brother. This risk he was willing to take.

All of these things Lieutenant Burns poured out to Chief Chapman. But Chapman, having anticipated his request, had already appointed a detail of three detectives to stand by for stake-out duty. Burns pushed his plea so urgently that Chapman finally agreed to withdraw a member of the detail and made way for Burns to act as its head.

It was a dreary assignment at best, largely because of the edgy waiting involved. The site of the stake out was the basement of the Juvenile Building, whose north windows face the jail's south wall and the window of its commissary at a distance of about 150 feet. The intervening terrain is grassy.

A few feet from the jail's wall stands an irregular row of stunted fruit trees, which do little to hide the innate ugliness of the barred windows, the purpose for which they were originally intended. They seem, instead, to suggest the stunted lives of those within the walls. Both of the buildings lie at the back door of the downtown Municipal Plaza. Within a radius of several hundred yards stand the Kiel Auditorium, home of the symphony orchestra and focus of civic culture; the criminal and civil courts buildings, police headquarters and the city morgue, earthy symbols of a community's efforts to keep the peace, and the city hall, from which the peace is administered. Next to city hall stands a statue, green from oxidation, and dreaming God knows what dreams, of Pierre Laclede, the Frenchman who in 1764 founded St. Louis as a fur-trading post.

To avoid becoming familiar figures in the neighborhood of the stake out, Lieutenant Burns and his partners did most of their waiting at police headquarters. Twice in the course of three weeks they hurried to the Juvenile Building on word from Chapman's informant that the evening of the jailbreak attempt was at hand, only to spend the night in the pitchy blackness of the basement. For Burns especially, these vigils were agonizing. As the hours lumbered on he found himself the victim of a recurring wish which was difficult to dismiss; it was a wish that Bobby's solicitous pals on the outside had learned of the stake out and had abandoned their plans for liberating him. An alternative hope was that Chapman's invisible tipster was playing a practical joke on the police. This sometimes happens. Once, when Bobby was on the loose Chapman received an anonymous telephone message that Robert Burns was at that moment loitering at a certain corner in the West End. Chapman sped to the spot. He found Robert Burns all right—in the form of a sculptured likeness of the Scottish poet.

The lieutenant's wishful fantasies didn't have time to get started on the exciting evening of March eighteenth. Around seven o'clock Chapman's tipster telephoned his third alert. By 7:30 the special detail had re-established the stake out. Besides Lieutenant Burns it consisted of detectives Alfred Tucci and Robert Scheetz. The night was raw and clammy, but there was no wind. Thanks to a nearby street light, visibility was adequate.

The detectives checked their armament once more. Lieutenant Burns had a "whippet." So did Scheetz. A whippet is an awkward-looking shotgun with a stub barrel. Instead of a stock it has only a handgrip and it is fired as if it were a pistol. It holds a magazine of five twenty-gauge shells loaded with medium lead shot. At close range a whippet is shudderingly destructive.

Detective Tucci carried only his .38-caliber service revolver. Should something go awry and their target, or targets, dart out of the whippets' effective range, Tucci's revolver would help to bridge the gap. Burns and Scheetz had their service revolvers tucked away in belt holsters, to be drawn only in case more than one of Bobby's friends appeared and the stake out degenerated into an all-out shooting match. The tipster hadn't mentioned the size of the rescue party.

Once more the detectives went over their plan of operation. If the gun smuggler showed up, they were to wait in their basement until the contraband weapon had been shoved into place on the designated window sill. They were then, with guns at the ready, to charge up the seven steps to the outside and go to work fast, Scheetz was to run toward whichever corner of the jail—east or west—the smuggler approached from and cut off that avenue of retreat. He was also to watch closely for any confederates who might be lurking around his corner. Burns and Tucci were to run directly at the smuggler.

At 7:55—about ten or fifteen minutes after the detectives had settled down with expectations of another all-night watch—a man appeared from around the west corner of the jail. Casting a dim shadow, he sauntered slowly alongside the jail wall. He stopped on reaching the window of the commissary. The sill stands about seven feet from the ground, but it can be reached by a man of average height if he stands on the ledge of a cellar window directly beneath and makes a little jump, the way a basketball player plays a tip shot. The smuggler pulled it off easily on his first try, placing an incongruously shiny object where he wanted it.

For a moment he hesitated, shrugging his jacket shoulders back into place and looking first one way, then another. Apparently satisfied that he had not been observed, he began walking slowly west. The policemen had boiled out of their hiding place and up the steps the instant the man's feet had touched the ground. Burns and Tucci were halfway across the slippery, damp greensward. Tucci shouted, "Police officers! Halt!"

The man broke into a run. Detective Scheetz, who was now nearing his head-off station, yelled, "If you run, you're dead!" Burns fired a warning shot into the air from his whippet.

Confused, the man reversed his direction and ran east, dodging desperately for cover among the straggling fruit trees. Lieutenant Burns, not knowing whether the fugitive was armed or not (later it turned out that he wasn't), fired three times, aiming at his legs with the intention of stopping him. The man did stop. For several seconds he stood upright, swaying a little bit; then he collapsed into a shapeless heap.

The whippet had done a dreadful job on his legs. One charge had gone higher than Burns had intended. The man was sieved from abdomen to knees, and he died on the way to City Hospital No. 1. The contraband weapon, recovered from the window sill, proved to be something of a potential stopper itself. It was a nickel-plated, five-shot revolver of British manufacture and of .44-caliber. Its cylinder was packed with live cartridges.

The dead man was quickly identified as David E. Richardson, a twenty-two-year-old ex-convict. Richardson had made Bobby Burns' acquaintance at Jefferson City, where the policeman's brother was celebrated for his antagonistic attitude toward the guards. Because of his toughness, Bobby had become the center of an idolatrous coterie of young convicts, and Richardson joined it. Both in prison and after he got out, Richardson constantly extolled his hero's criminal exploits and hardness of behavior. As far as the police could learn, Richardson's attempt to spring Burns from the city jail was a solo performance. He paid a high price for his *beau geste*, and when his idol was questioned about Richardson the day after the ambush, he said that he didn't know the man.

The shabbiness of Richardson's hero worship was further underscored by the contents of his pockets—a billfold devoid of bills, a wrist watch, a partly consumed pack of cigarettes, a lighter, three keys and thirty-five cents in change. These terminal assets were turned over to his parents, a grief-stricken couple who had long been puzzled by their son's

NEXT WEEK

THE
JERRY GIESLER
STORY
Hollywood Is My Client

At last the man movie stars call when they get in trouble tells his own story

By Jerry Giesler as told to Pete Martin

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waywardness and been unable to cope with it.

Bobby Burns' family could have understood this kind of puzzlement. It, too, had been baffled—and still is baffled—by the inscrutable genetic process which now and then slips an incorrigible criminal into a respectable and law-abiding family group.

To the senior Frank Burnses were born five sons, of whom Lt. Frank Burns Jr. is the oldest. The second son is a junior partner in a local stockbrokerage house. Bobby, born in 1930, is the third. The fourth, a graduate of the University of Missouri, is now a salesman. The fifth is a junior at the same institution.

The family never suffered anything approaching poverty. The elder Frank Burns, a steam fitter, was and still is, a steady worker at good wages. In his closely knit household there was plenty of everything for all, including affection. None of the boys was ever whipped or even slapped—in fact, never punished at all, except by oral reprimand. Neither of the parents believed in corporal punishment. Bobby, as a small child, was of a pleasant, quiet disposition, but in grade school he turned into a chronic truant, resentful of all authority.

As the Burns family, which is Irish in background, is also Roman Catholic, Bobby got his first "talking to" outside the family from the parish priest. The pastor was the first of a long list of priests, school principals and family friends who tried to get Bobby to "straighten out" and apply himself to his studies. Bobby would take these well-meant lectures in silence, then nod his head to indicate that he understood and walk away.

He started to steal automobiles when eleven years old. He seemed to be fascinated by them and got an inordinate thrill out of fast driving. At first he limited his thefts to the cars of his relatives. The relatives were forgiving and no charges were pressed. But he ran into trouble when he widened the scope of his thieving and began taking the cars of total strangers. This brought the police into the picture. Bobby's family was able to stall off formal arrest for a while; but the thefts continued, and when he was thirteen the juvenile court sent him to a state reformatory.

A week or two later he escaped, but the family saw very little of him for a time. However, as the juvenile authorities hopefully relaxed their pressure on him, Bobby occasionally dropped in at home. Usually he did this when he felt the need of a leisurely bath and some fresh clothing. The rest of the time he associated with a group of older hoodlums in the tough Wellston section, whose approval he sought above all else.

"Bobby was never happy except when he was with those jerks," one of his brothers said recently. "There was nothing wrong with him mentally. He knew the difference between good and evil, and he chose evil because it was more exciting."

Bobby's rise in the esteem of the Wellston bums was slow but steady. They were congratulatory when, in ostensible gratitude for some free bowling lessons, he gave his instructor a gold watch which the police later confiscated as having been stolen. But no one was quite ready yet to trust him with a gun; he was much too young and too reckless for that. His specialty for some time continued to be stealing automobiles.

On the evening of May 17, 1945, at the age of fifteen, his recklessness took a dramatic, or self-dramatizing, turn which almost cost him his life. At the wheel of a car he had appropriated, with two cronies as passengers, Bobby was speeding through Ladue, a fashionable suburb of St. Louis, when the crew of a Ladue patrol car spotted him and took out in pursuit.

After a three-mile chase, in which the pace touched ninety miles per hour at times, the patrol car overtook him. His two passengers got out and meekly submitted to arrest. Bobby got out, too, but foolhardily tried to escape on foot. One of the policemen fired, and a .38-caliber slug holed his back and pierced a lung. His life was saved by good emergency surgery at St. Louis County Hospital, and when he recovered he was sent to another state reformatory. He broke out of this one, too, but was recaptured by state police and returned for a long stay.

The next time the family heard of Bobby he had served out his term and had turned to burglary. St. Louis police had surprised him in a filling station after closing time. He readily admitted breaking his way in and having earlier that night broken into two other filling stations. His total loot consisted of twenty dollars and 21,000 trading stamps.

For this he was sent to a third reformatory. When released he came home long enough to pick up an old revolver that had lain in the attic so long that no one remembered who owned it or how it got there. It was an old-fashioned .38 that broke in the center for reloading, and the barrel was so rusty that if fired the weapon might imperil the person who pulled the trigger as much as it did whoever was the target.

Flourishing this antique, Bobby went on a spree of five holdups and was caught. As he was still a minor, the judge, before passing sentence, privately offered to suspend it if Bobby would enlist in the Army. Bobby snapped, "I wouldn't go into the service for any price." The judge then gave him five years and sent him again to the reformatory. Two months later, on reaching the legal age of eighteen, Bobby was transferred into the big league—the penitentiary at Jefferson City. When a certain period had elapsed he was advised that he was eligible to apply for a parole. He waived this privilege, saying that he didn't want a parole officer breathing down his neck. Bobby was really getting tough.

When Frank Burns Jr. had returned in November, 1945, after more than three years of Navy service in the Pacific, he was brimming with confidence that Bobby could be set aright. It wasn't that Frank didn't know the score; he just had no idea how bad it would become. During his long absence relatives had kept him fully posted by mail. His mother, a sensitive woman, had died in 1943. Some of the relatives thought her death had been hastened by the repeated experience of having blue-coated men knock on the door at odd hours seeking information about her hoodlum son. After her death Bobby had been taken in by a succession of aunts, all of whom had had their optimism blunted by his continued misbehavior. One aunt had enrolled him in a private school for recalcitrant boys, with money sent home by Frank paying for his tuition. Bobby had proved too tough for the teachers. After one semester he had been expelled.

The homecoming veteran also had plans for a profitable postwar career of his own. In essence, they were a continuation of plans he had made for his future in 1938 after his graduation from a suburban high school, where he had starred as a halfback. Though endowed with good sense, Frank was not intellectually inclined and he knew it. When he left high school he wanted outdoor work—

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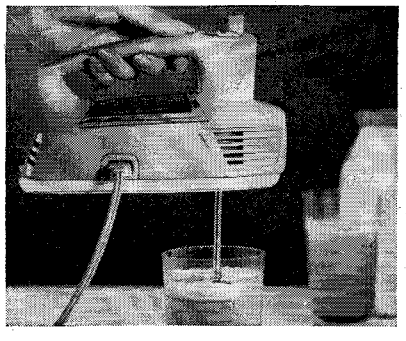
Beats...whips mixes drinks!

The new General Electric Portable Mixer weighs *less than 3 pounds,* yet has enough power to mix the heaviest cake batters or whip up mountains of whipped cream and light frostings!

So convenient too—just take it to the food to be mixed, on table, range or counter. After use, it sits on its heel like an iron. Ask your dealer to show you the General Electric M37 Portable Mixer. In turquoise, pink, yellow, white.



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FREE DRINK MIXER
Whips up delicious malteds, frozen juices, fancy party drinks by the glass or pitcher-full—in a jiffy!

EXTRA!
PUSHBUTTON EJECTOR
Releases both beaters at a touch for easy washing. Cord is removable—mixer hangs on your wall!

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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and he got it, through the intervention of a union friend, with the hoisting engineers, on a special permit. It was hard work and he enjoyed it. The pay was excellent—$128 a week.

His subsequent enlistment in the Seabees neatly combined patriotism with long-range practicality—the added construction experience would qualify him for full membership in the union when the war was over. From the Aleutians to Okinawa his Seabee unit converted uneven island terrain into airstrips. Frank was at his enthusiastic best when running a power shovel or a dragline. He felt sure that after a few more years in civilian life he would be able to make down payments on enough equipment to enable him to move out on his own as an earth-moving contractor. Then perhaps he could employ Bobby and keep an eye on him; and Frank Burns senior, who was hard hit by his wife's death and Bobby's dalliance with the hoodlums, could afford to take life a little easier.

Except possibly for the reformation of Bobby, the dream very likely would have come true had not Frank Burns made an impulsive and financially unfortunate decision shortly after receiving his honorable discharge from the Navy. The hoisting engineers in St. Louis were on strike, and the situation had *all* the earmarks of a long struggle. Swallowing his disappointment, Frank put in for another kind of outdoor work. He took the entrance examination for the police department, and in March, 1946, became a probationary patrolman attached to the Magnolia Avenue station house. His monthly salary wasn't much bigger than his weekly post-high-school wage as a greenhorn hoister's assistant.

But he liked police work and applied himself to it with fervor. Word of his industriousness got around, and after only three years in uniform he was promoted to detective. He was a detective in 1952 when Bobby returned from the penitentiary at Jefferson City. Fond plans for Bobby's future had already been figured out by his father and his detective brother and they were fantastically generous. Reasoning that perhaps Bobby stole cars because he had never owned one himself, his brother bought a car and put it in Bobby's name; that is, he made the down payment and registered as cosigner of Bobby's financing notes. Bobby was to meet the notes as they came due, out of the wages he earned on a steam-fitting job his father had wangled for him. The job paid $100 a week, considerably more than Frank was making on the police force, but Frank didn't mind that at the time. He even took Bobby downtown and bought him some new clothes, knowing that one of Bobby's passions was fancy attire.

To protect Bobby from the family atmosphere he found so stifling, the elder Burns rented a housekeeping apartment which only he and Bobby were to occupy. Father and son were to drive back and forth from work together. Bobby was to have his evenings free for movies and other forms of recreation. With all that settled, Frank breathed a sigh of relief and got married, something he had wanted to do for a long time.

The big plan began to come unglued when the father was informed by the steam-fitters' treasurer that Bobby wasn't keeping up with his union dues. They were insignificant in size, and Burns, with a wry amusement at Bobby's penny-pinching, paid them himself. The living arrangement was a little more than two months old when Bobby, without a word to anyone, flew the coop.

Within forty-eight hours he had been involved in the holdup of a suburban supermarket and had abandoned his car in getting away, presumably because of mechanical trouble. Deputy sheriffs, unable to locate Bobby, but finding the book of installment coupons in the glove compartment, discovered Frank's cosignature and came into the city looking for him. Frank, fortunately, had a perfect alibi. At the time of the holdup he had been working on a special investigation with three other detectives. The authorities were unable to pin the supermarket holdup on Bobby, but he kept on holding up people and in 1954 he was convicted and sent back to Jefferson City.

In a way each of these sojourns in the penitentiary represented progress toward a rather sour ideal Bobby had cooked up for himself years before—it was complete separation from his family. The older he got the less contact he had with his blood relatives. Where he slept most of the time the family never knew. And if, by chance, he met a member of the family on the street, he broke and fled.

But the family kept fighting his attempts to secede from it. In December, 1957, after the police had broken up a robbery ring, they were told by one of the mob: "Wait until Bobby gets out. Then things will really start jumping around here." Bobby confirmed this prediction when he was visited at the penitentiary by his father and the second-eldest brother. He said he was really going to "be bad." The visiting brother asked Bobby to reconsider, offering him shelter and a job somewhere in town. Bobby's surly answer was, "I don't want a job. I won't go back to the family. All I want is to be let alone so I can live like I want to live." Bobby's time was to be up sometime in January, 1958. To avoid being met at the prison gate by anyone—Frank and the father intended to be there—he mentioned a date that was four or five days later than the real date.

The day he got back to St. Louis on his own, he rejoined his former cronies and the robbery alarms began to bang in to police headquarters. Taverns, night clubs, supermarkets, bars—no establishment with money in the till was overlooked. Bobby was twice arrested, once for lifting $1000 from a suburban supermarket and once for an $8000 holdup of a tavern across the Mississippi River in Granite City, Illinois.

He got out on bail and resumed operations; however he met his Waterloo while trying to stick up a man widely known for his mildness of manner. This was one John J. Gazzoli, the proprietor of a Delmar Boulevard establishment known as the Star Novelty Company. It dealt, independently of any mob, in pinball and vending machines.

Gazzoli was at his desk reading his morning mail on March 21, 1958, when

To Any Questioner

By Myrtle Reynolds Adams

Legitimate is doubt.
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Turn facts inside out,

Doubt on which men feast,
Faith not quite accepted,
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The search for what shall be
Divines even as it questions
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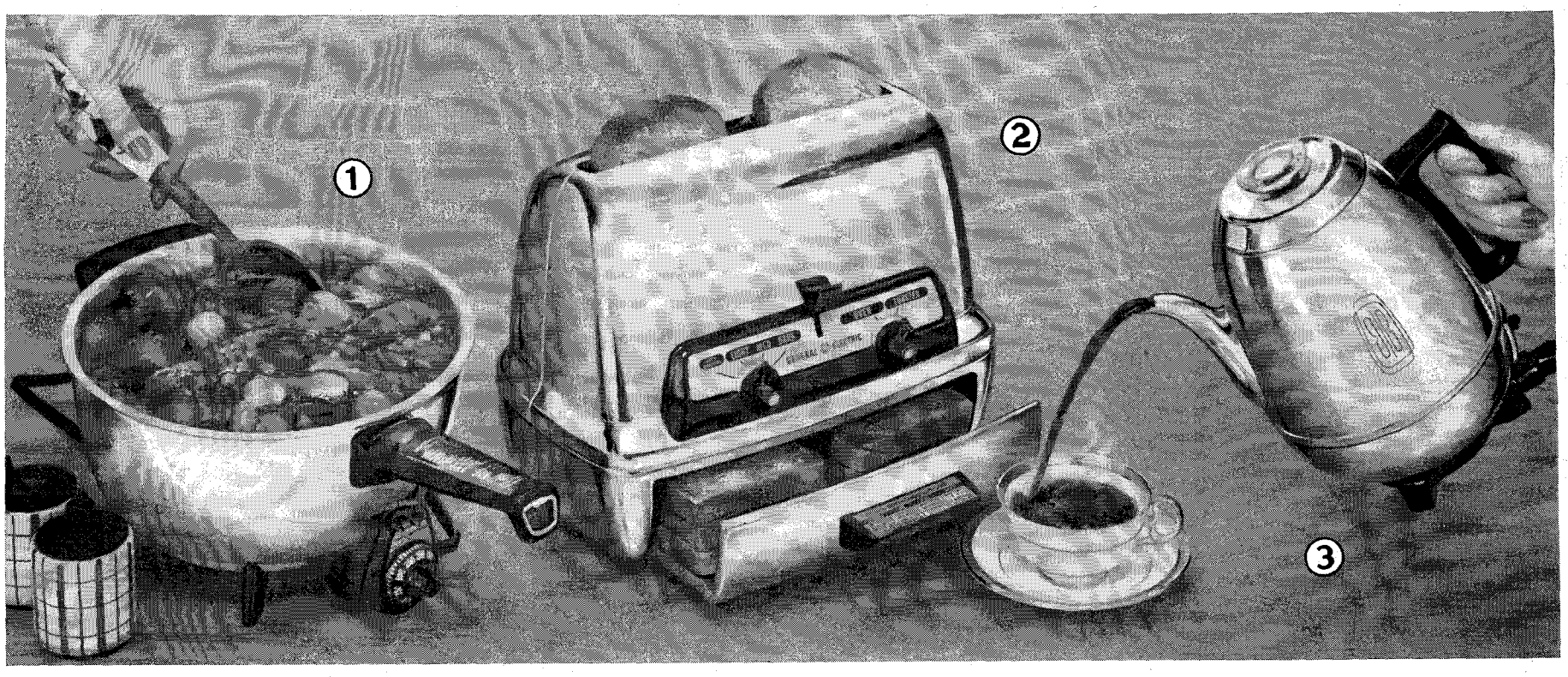

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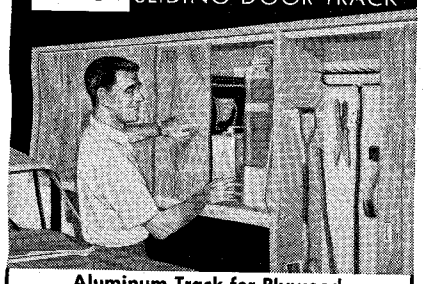

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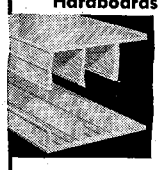

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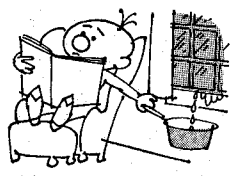

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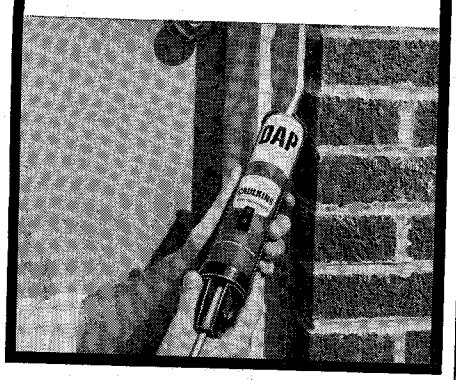

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three armed men wearing black rubber masks entered the place. Before they had time to say anything Gazzoli got his licensed revolver out of a drawer and began shooting. The trio returned his fire liberally. Gazzoli was hit six times, once in each arm and four times in the chest and abdomen. Leaking blood he chased two of the intruders out of his shop. The third, having been hit in the arm and spun around, lay on the floor trying to recover his pistol. Gazzoli, who still had plenty of fight left, beat the gunman into submission with his empty revolver. The gunman's worry when the police arrived was centered upon the bespattered condition of the two-tone sport shirt he was wearing. He was, of course, Bobby Burns.

Frank, by now a lieutenant, was present when Bobby was removed from the hospital to the city jail to await trial. But when his case came up in circuit court, Bobby was alone. He sat through the proceedings stoically, and it was apparent after Gazzoli—returned from the almost-dead—had testified, that there was no hope of an acquittal. While being led back to his cell after the seventy-five-year term had been imposed, he said in a chipper voice to one of his guards, "Boy, that was a honey, wasn't it?"

During his protracted wait for the outcome of his appeal, the family stood by him. Once a week one of his sisters-in-law called at the jail to deliver his fresh laundry and pick up his soiled clothing. She and her husband still have hopes for his redemption. So has Detective Lt. Frank Burns, who says, "We aren't trying to kid anybody by palming Bobby off as a good boy. He isn't, but lots of men after running up a criminal record see the foolishness of crime and give it up around middle age. Some people on the outside have thrown Bobby's record up to me in an insulting way, but nobody in the department has. Police deal in these tragedies every day and they are wonderful people.

"As for Bobby, if by some miracle he ever gets out of the pen legally and wants to work for an honest buck, the family will give him shelter and see that he gets a job. He's our brother, isn't he?"

Olympic for Thoroughbreds

(Continued from Page 31)

cracked that vast red curtain which hides Russian horses, like Russian rocket fuels, from the western world. The International is unique among races because it has brought horse racing face to face with modern times.

Each year John D. Schapiro, an affluent native of Baltimore who is president of Laurel Race Course, and Joe Cascarella, who once pitched for the Philadelphia Athletics and now is executive vice president of Laurel, search the civilized world for horses. Then, holding checkbooks aloft, they invite the fastest they can find to race at Laurel, a handsome track halfway between Baltimore and Washington.

"I was tempted to call our race the Baltimore International," Schapiro says, a little wistfully, "but I had to accept facts. Half the people we talk to overseas have never heard of Baltimore."

Between the invitations and the autumn day on which the International is run, Laurel shells out $100,000 for the expenses of its visitors, picking up their tabs for everything from transportation to hay. "That's a lot of hay," Cascarella concedes, "but then we think we've got a lot of horse race."

No one challenges this statement. In fact officials of Roosevelt Raceway, a huge harness track near New York City, recently flattered Laurel by putting on an imitation international race for trotters, and flat-racing executives in New York are even now considering another imitation International as a special feature for their new Aqueduct race track.

Why wasn't there a major international horse race in America before 1952, if there is such a rush to copy it now? The answer is that many obstacles existed, some of which once appeared unsurmountable.

To begin with, it just isn't practical to ship a horse halfway around the world by steamship for a single race. A horse generally can win major purses over a period no longer than four years, and to devote a chunk of that time to a boat ride is a risk. Horses, like human runners, have to stay in good shape, and a long layoff on a boat can disrupt a horse's training routine for months. Air travel has solved this problem. Not all horses are good plane passengers, but even so, a few hours aloft will not affect a horse seriously.

The cost was another stumbling block. Adding the $100,000 in prerace expenses to the current $100,000 purse, the International costs Laurel a flat $200,000 each year. Even in its first year, when the purse was $50,000, the total cost was still a staggering sum. It is now clear that the race is well worth its price—in prestige, in international interest and in the crowds it draws. But it was not clear seven years ago. Schapiro alone was willing to take a calculated gamble.

Then, too, the promoters must be willing to deal with the complications that invariably arise when a race track becomes a UN for horses. For instance, there was the aged English groom who studied the starting gate at Laurel as an English demolition man might have studied a quiescent blockbuster during World War II.

"What's that bloomin' thing?" the groom asked.

An official explained that in American racing the horses enter the starting stalls and that at the sound of a bell the gate to each stall opens and the horses flee down the track.

"You mean you puts 'orses in it?" the groom said. "I'd never trust a 'orse o' mine in that bloomin' thing."

It was explained further that the gate was not used for the International, where deference is paid to foreign customs. The horses simply walk up to a starting rope and then, as a flag drops, they run.

"Any man who puts a 'orse in that bloomin' contraption is balmy," the groom continued. Then, shaking his head and muttering, he walked away.

A fine French horse named Worden II, flying to Laurel in 1953, grew homesick over mid-Atlantic. Worden tried to get out of a DC-6 by kicking a hole in the fuselage, after which he presumably planned to dive 20,000 feet and swim back to Cherbourg. A trainer placated Worden, but before he did, both man and beast were ready for tranquilizers.

Soviet officials last year made a discreet claim that the Russian horse, Zaryad, was fouled at the start, when a steward who was supposed to let go of Zaryad's reins held onto them. "*Nye kulturni,*" complained a Russian, mouthing a phrase which literally means "not cultured," and figuratively seems to mean "fix!" In fairness to both sides it should be stressed that, good start or bad, nothing short of a motor could have made Zaryad the winner.

By and large, the International has made more friends than enemies, which, as the Olympic Games demonstrate every four years, is no small achievement in world sporting competition. "The International has made the Thoroughbred a four-legged citizen of the world," suggests Prince Aly Khan, who entered a horse that ran fifth in 1957. "Through this competition the horse is doing his part to promote understanding on at least one level between peoples of utterly different cultures and ideas."

"It is an excellent race," remarked Queen Elizabeth, whose colt, Landau, ran last in 1954, "and when we have a worthy horse, we shall certainly enter again."

"Good show," remarked Sir Winston Churchill, after a few grumblings of discontent, when his colt, Le Pretendant, ran last in 1956. Sometime later, at a government function in England, the queen cheerily told Sir Winston, "We share a common distinction. We both own horses that ran last at Laurel."

Sir Winston is, by nature, a competitor. His reply, if any, is lost to history.

The race has made its mark in untitled circles as well. "A helluva thing to win," says Eddie Arcaro, a knight of nothing but the jockey's trade. "When you ride with all those horses and all those jocks from all those countries, it really gives you a charge." Arcaro has gone through this experience five times, and his special charge came in 1954, when he won the third International aboard Fisherman.

In all, eleven countries have entered horses. France and the United States have won twice. England, Venezuela and Australia have each won once. The Soviet Union, which had been invited to send one horse last year, surprised the hosts by sending two. This small breach of etiquette proved harmless. Garnir, the pride of Moscow's Hippodrome race track, ran sixth and Zaryad was dead last in the ten-horse field.

This year's race will introduce a crack New Zealand horse named Up and Coming; Lea B, horse of the year in Mexico, and Midnight Sun, a powerful French entry. America's Round Table, the top money winner in racing history, was another big name in what looms as a twelve-horse field, complete with two more Russian entries.

"I suspect," says Joe Cascarella, who made a successful mission to Moscow in

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A Husband's Plight

By M. Johnson

Some hints torn from a
household page,
A lipstick (Flame), a knife,
A needle, thread, some diet
pills
For my weight-conscious
wife,
Appointment book, a
grocery list,
A lumpy ball of twine—
This is the drawer that, two
months back,
She said was strictly mine!

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1958, "that the Reds entered last year pretty much to see where they stood—or at least where their horses stood—against the rest of the world. They must think that they have better material this time."

Because the International is so solidly established now, it is easy to forget how recently it began and how the original scheme drew a chorus of scoffs. The skeptics failed, however, to dent the optimism of the new and unusual American racing firm of Schapiro and Cascarella, Inc.

John David Schapiro was born both to the manor and to money. His father, Morris Schapiro, is an immigrant who started with very little, but who built a vast and profitable ship-salvaging firm called Boston Metals. At the age of six John Schapiro was learning to ride at his father's Dorsey Hall estate in Howard County, near Baltimore.

At the age of six, Joseph Thomas Cascarella was scrapping in the streets of Philadelphia. Cascarella's parents were immigrants, like Schapiro's, but they enjoyed little financial success. "They always wanted me to be an opera singer," Cascarella says, "and I had this maniacal drive to be a ballplayer. So we compromised, and I became a ballplayer."

While Cascarella was losing ball games in the 1930's with the Athletics, the Boston Red Sox, the Washington Senators and the Cincinnati Reds—over-all he won twenty-seven and lost forty-eight—Schapiro was studying at Stanford and later learning his father's business. The two men came together in 1936, when Cascarella married Schapiro's sister, Jerry. In 1950 Morris Schapiro purchased a controlling interest in Laurel and turned the track over to his son and son-in-law.

Two less vital men might have chimed, "Thanks, dad," and spent the rest of their days counting receipts. But neither John Schapiro nor Joe Cascarella is happy sitting still.

Schapiro, a short, wiry man of forty-five, tells the story of the International easily, almost casually. "Our problem when we took over," he says, "was to find something to dramatize the track. It was doing all right, but we wanted it to do more than all right. After all, there was the population of two large cities to draw from. I thought Maryland racing could be more lively, so I began casting about for ideas."

"John called me up one morning," Cascarella says, "and asked what I thought about an international horse race. I thought the idea was great, and I told John what I thought. The possibilities were intriguing. We proceeded to work as rapidly as we could."

Cascarella's diction is careful and precise and largely free of the earthy dugout phrases to which he was exposed in baseball. He likes to flash polysyllables the way Lew Burdette likes to flash curve balls. At fifty-two he is still trim, and he dresses with infinite care. If necessary he could pass for a minor diplomat.

"The idea seemed natural since we were so close to Washington," Schapiro goes on. "The embassies are there, of course, and we knew any number of embassy people who were interested in horses. We broached our plans to some of them and were encouraged."

Checking things out with American horse-racing men, however, Schapiro and Cascarella encountered other lines of reaction. The chatter went about like this:

"You won't get good European horses over here. The owners won't risk flying them."

"American horses will win it every time. There's no contest."

"Hey, Joe, why don't you go back to pitching?"

"It'll never leave the ground."

If there was to be any race at all, Schapiro knew, it would have to be run on grass. The dirt tracks of America are unknown to most of the world. Further to emulate foreign conditions, the International adopted the walk-up start. Finally Schapiro decided that his invitations should cover all travel, feed and lodging for not only the horses but also their trainers, jockeys and grooms.

Armed with a clear conscience and a full bank account, he set off on a tour of Europe. Things went moderately well, and the first International was duly booked for October 18, 1952, with two horses from England, one from Germany, one from Canada and three from the United States.

Schapiro also secured the entry of Worden II, the powerful French colt, but here his luck didn't hold. A year later Worden was to act up above the Atlantic Ocean. This first time he acted up before he even got off French soil at Orly airport. As George Bridgland, Worden's trainer, gently nudged his colt up the ramp of an airliner, Worden nudged back, less gently. For the next few minutes Bridgland pushed and Worden balked, until at last the temperamental French Thoroughbred grew annoyed. He kicked up his heels in rage, and Bridgland muttered to himself in French, "Oh, the hell with it." Then he cabled Schapiro that Worden was out of the race.

It was a blow to Laurel's bid for prestige, but not, as events developed, a serious one. The crowd at the inaugural 1952 International, acting on habit, bet an American horse named Greek Ship down to almost even money. Eddie Arcaro was riding Greek Ship, and for most of the fans that in itself was enough.

Arcaro handled the strange start smoothly, and Greek Ship broke well and soon moved into the lead. But after a mile Greek Ship foundered. At the head of the homestretch Wilwyn, an English colt that had been overlooked, drove up from third. For the rest of the mile-and-a-half race he drew away with authority.

The race happened to take place around the time of St. Crispin's Day, a fact of little consequence in America. In England, however, St. Crispin's Day is remembered as the anniversary of a celebrated English victory, achieved over a French army at Agincourt. William Shakespeare immortalized the victory and the day in a great speech in King Henry the Fifth.

The night after that first International race seven years ago, Robert Boucher, the Englishman who owned Wilwyn, threw a small victory party at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Early in the evening Leslie Doubled, a friend and countryman of Boucher, rose to his feet for a toast, taken, with one small amendment, from the famous Shakespearean speech. In Doubled's ringing Oxonian tones, it went like this:

"*We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. . . .*
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That was at Laurel on Saint Crispin's Day."

When Doubled finished, there wasn't a dry British eye in the room, and the International was firmly fixed as something different. For as the boys in the racing trade point out, "It could never have happened at Hialeah."

A year later Worden finally made it to Laurel from France, along with a considerable retinue. The French grooms were clothes conscious. Americans dress sloppily, or perhaps carelessly, when they work in stables, on the reasonable theory that stable work gets a man dirty. But the French grooms wore custom-tailored,

"With that model you'll be able to laugh at old man winter!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Why has pipe smoking increased faster than any other form of smoking?

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Is there a difference in pipes?

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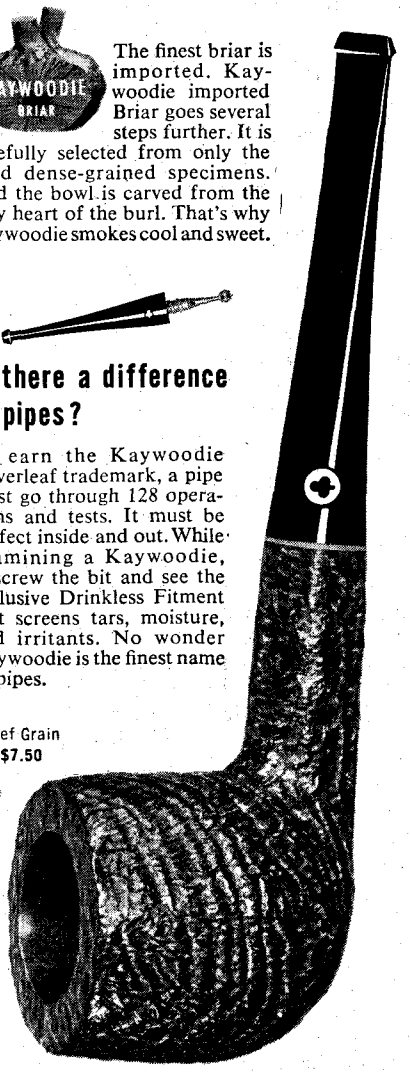

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light-buff leather tights, much like the costume of a bullfighter.

There was one other typically French touch at the stable. Where Americans serve race horses three meals a day, the last at 4:30 in the afternoon, the French fed Worden four times. Worden's dinner arrived at 7:30, which, as every Frenchman knows, is a far more fashionable hour.

On learning that the track chef was a Frenchman, Worden's handlers began gathering at the kitchen to exchange pleasantries in French. One morning the chef prepared waffles and then found, to his horror, that he had to spend a great deal more time preparing extra servings. The Frenchmen had never tasted waffles, and they reacted with wild enthusiasm.

After a few days the chef threw up his hands. "You men," he said contemptuously, "you don't eat like men. You eat like horses."

"More waffles, *s'il vous plaît*," said a groom.

No one quoted Shakespeare after that 1953 International. American betters insisted on making Crafty Admiral, a United States horse, the favorite, but France's Worden dropped his temperament at the starting rope. Held back early, he charged out front at the head of the stretch and won by six lengths going away. He paid his backers $33.80 for two dollars. Wilwyn, trying to repeat, ran ninth. It was no solace to the betters that the only horse he beat was Crafty Admiral.

In 1954 there were two ways of looking at the third running of the International. You could look at it from a social angle, as most newspapermen did, and consider the lines, manners, grace and breeding of Queen Elizabeth's black colt, Landau. Or you could look at it professionally, with your nose to the ground in the manner of Eddie Arcaro.

The queen's colt appeared to be an interesting story. For one thing, Landau had undergone treatment by a psychiatrist. "He was a nervous colt," explained Noel Murless, master of the queen's stables, "and we've a horse psychiatrist in England who knows a few secrets about calming a skittish colt. He worked with Landau for a long time, getting him used to noise and excitement, and now one could ride Landau down a highway and the horse wouldn't bat an eye."

It sounded good, and when High Gun, a powerful horse from Texas, was scratched two days before the race, prospects turned brighter for the Empire. The script obviously called for victory for the queen. But George Edward Arcaro, of Newport, Kentucky and Elmont, Long Island, was busy with a script of his own. Summoned to ride Fisherman, the last-minute replacement for High Gun, Arcaro looked briefly at Landau, nodded his respects and then headed straight for the turf course. Fisherman had never run on grass before, and Arcaro was taking no chances.

Head down, all by himself, the little man walked around the entire course. It had been raining, and whenever he saw soft spots, Arcaro made a mental note. No jockey in the world can concentrate more deeply than Arcaro, and as he tramped the soggy grass, he was plotting. When he walked back to the jockeys' room to don his light blue silks, he knew precisely the race he wanted to ride.

Landau, under Willie Snaith, broke hard, but Arcaro kept Fisherman right with him. Arcaro knew that up front he could ride his own race, over the firm strip he had etched in his mind. Back farther, he might have to twist and turn and fight to stay clear of other horses. After a half mile Fisherman passed Landau, and there was Arcaro, driving his horse through a cold, biting wind down the route he had planned in advance. At the finish he whipped his horse to fight off a brave challenge by the French filly Banassa. As Arcaro had head, so Fisherman had heart. The colt won by three quarters of a length, and America gained its first victory in the International. Landau, for all his psychiatric grooming, did no better than a well-adjusted last.

By this time Schapiro and Cascarella had reduced the organization of the International almost to a science. Subscribing to racing papers from all over the world, they kept posted on the most exciting horses. Then Schapiro scheduled two annual trips to Europe, one in the spring and one in the autumn, to talk business with owners and to scout the best horses personally.

He now had a seller's market. More people wanted to enter horses in the International than he could comfortably accommodate. "It was a pleasant feeling," he says, "to know that we'd arrived." Cascarella, meanwhile, made certain that the arrival was permanent by promoting the race hard in the United States.

In 1955 thirteen horses entered. A Venezuelan entry, El Chama, won by a head, beating another Venezuelan horse, Prendase, and paying forty-one dollars, the highest ever in the race.

That summer Aly Khan offered Schapiro a tip. "Your race lacks only one thing," the prince said, when the two men met at the yearling sales at Saratoga, New York.

"What's that?" Schapiro asked.

"A big enough purse," the prince said.

"We started at fifty thousand dollars and now it's up to sixty-five thousand," Schapiro said. "That's quite a bit in American money."

The prince grew silent and thoughtful. "I think one hundred thousand dollars would be better," he said finally.

"To understand the prince," Schapiro says now, "you have to understand his great charm." The men talked a little more, and the following year Schapiro set the International purse at a nice, round, impressive $100,000.

In 1956 France's Master Boing took the first $100,000 International—winner's share $70,000—and the United States' Mahan won in 1957. Then came an unexpected Russian invasion.

For years Schapiro and Cascarella had tried to attract Russian horsemen. They began by talking over matters with officials at the Soviet embassy. The reply was always, "An excellent idea." Just as regularly, nothing else happened. Letters would go unanswered, telephone pleas would be ignored. The only possible conclusion was that the Russians did not intend to send a horse to Laurel.

Early in 1958 there came a four-line letter from the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture, saying, "The Soviet Union will enter two horses in the Washington, D.C., International." There were no further details.

"We've got to get the names," Cascarella said to Schapiro. "We ought to get the names of the trainers and the jockeys. And pictures." But after the note the Russians returned to their secretive ways. As the race drew nearer, Schapiro decided that a visit to Moscow was the only solution. Cascarella was nominated for the trip and went, along with Red Smith, the syndicated sports columnist.

They picked up the Russian jet in Paris. After a smooth flight they dropped through thick overcast to an easy landing at Moscow airport, and then, accompanied by a few American foreign correspondents, set out for the Hotel Metropole. The next day the Ministry of Agriculture invited them to lunch at the Hippodrome race track.

The Hippodrome was built in Czarist days, and its exterior bespeaks opulence. Horses, wrought in marble, leap from pedestals at the entrance, and the façade combined Greek pillars with Victorian gaudiness.

Said an American correspondent, "They go in for façades here. There may be nothing on the other side."

But on the other side, it developed, were two pleasant-looking Russian horses, some Russian jockeys and, upstairs, a restaurant ready for a banquet. "I could see right away that the horses looked reasonable," Cascarella says, "and I felt better. At least they had animals who ought to be able to run. But I didn't feel better very long. The banquet took care of that."

Lunch began with full vodka glasses and a toast, proposed by Yevgeni Dolmatov, a swarthy man who was in charge of the Russian horses. Dolmatov spoke of peace and friendship and talked about Russian racing. Dolmatov spoke for a long time, while a correspondent translated for Cascarella. Then the Russian raised his glass and drained it with a great quaff. Cascarella sipped his vodka gingerly.

At once he heard the Russians talking among themselves. "You've insulted them," the correspondent said. "A little sip means you didn't like their toast. Drain the glass quick, Joe."

Cascarella did and stood up for another toast, feeling fire race up and down his tongue. "We are happy to be here and look for a good race in America," he said. Then he sat down to recover.

But as soon as his remarks had been translated, it was time to drain glasses again, and there was Dolmatov back on his feet.

This time the Russian was brief. With hardly any chance to steady himself, Cascarella drank his third glass of vodka. "The only thing that made me feel better," he says, "was looking at Red Smith. There were big beads of sweat standing up all over his forehead."

Cascarella had to deliver one final toast before lunch. As he arose, Smith looked at him beseechingly. "Please, Joe," he said hoarsely, "make it a long speech." Cascarella told racing stories for twenty minutes, by which time both he and Smith had recuperated. It was just as well. The Russians served brandy with the meal.

The Moscow stay was short. Cascarella worked out the details quickly, and the Russian contingent subsequently reached Laurel on schedule. When they did, Cascarella threw a luncheon for them and won a measure of revenge. There were toasts, of course, but the drink served was Scotch. "We did a little better," Cascarella says, "choosing our own weapons."

A record crowd of 40,276 turned out for last year's International, and bet almost $500,000 in forty minutes. Although the Russian horses were the great lure, the race, as always, was unpredictable. An American entry, Tudor Era, finished first by three and a half lengths, but was disqualified and placed second for bumping the Australian horse, Sailor's Guide, who was declared the winner. Despite the foul, it was a good race. Even the Russians seemed happy.

"There's no doubt that we're a fixture now," John Schapiro said recently, "and we've done a good deal of what we've set out to do. We've introduced something new into American racing."

Schapiro was seated in the study of his Baltimore home, where he has lived alone since being separated from his wife. It is a fine old town house with a tasteful collection of antiques. "I suppose it all goes together," he said. "Antiques, an old house and an old sport like horse racing."

"What do you do with your spare time?" I asked.

"Fox hunting," Schapiro said seriously. "There's quite a bit of it in Maryland. I've done it for years, and I love it. As I say, it all seems to go together."

By its economics horse racing must be a business of the wealthy, and by its nature it appeals to men fond of the past. However, when its high officials merely pine for what is gone, drabness and even decay may set in. People who frequent the tracks can then find nothing but a grim battle against the mutuel machines.

With his Russian horses, his French grooms and his English riding masters, John Schapiro, of the firm of Schapiro and Cascarella, has mixed the excitement of today with the deep traditions of horse racing in Maryland. It is a lesson other horsemen can mark well.

THE END

AVOID INSOMNIA

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Ordeal on Blood River

(Continued from Page 43)

panic's lash, Carracoe scrabbled to his knees and feet and dived into the afterhouse.

Cohill clicked the cylinder of his gun one chamber on from the misfire and stepped to the afterhouse. Adjusting his eyes to the darkness, he stepped cautiously into the empty passage with Ohms close behind him. Ohms pushed in sideways to him, his body hunched in the narrow space. There was a splintering crash and the leaping spectacle of Carracoe charging from the shadows, the swung ax biting full for them. Cohill's gun clicked to a second misfire, with the sound of the click lost in the crash of the ax haft on the revolver's fending upthrust barrel. The upper part of the ax handle crushed across Ohms' nose and forehead. The sergeant went down. Cohill, in the cramped space, kicked for the gypsy's crotch. But as he kicked, his braced shoulders gave against piled coffee sacks behind him, and the gun spun from his hand. There was dead silence for a long breath. Cohill got to his feet slowly. Sergeant Ohms lay on the deck, blood masking his crushed nose and lower face. Then from the shadows Carracoe screamed, "The hands!" He sprang again, with the ax swinging, and shouted, "Cut off the burned hands!"

Cohill came in close under the madman to get inside of the swing and took the swipe of the haft across his shoulder and elbow, his whole body exploding in the white light of agony. He spun frantically, tripping on coffee sacks, sprawling flat over them. The ax blade sliced down like a spill of molten silver and struck a hand's span from Cohill's right wrist. Coffee beans from the cut bag pelted into his face like gravel. He rolled fast, jackknifing his knees, and scrambled to his feet. His left arm was out to the bulkhead wall to brace over Ohms. The ax blade flashed, and he heard his own warning to himself as the blade bit deep into the wall where his hand had rested a second before.

Carracoe lurched off balance and, at that moment, Cohill tore the ax from him. He whipped it up and swung short and slantwise through Carracoe's shoulder at the base of the neck. The gypsy spiraled off and went down. Out of wind, Cohill stood stock-still, the dreadful feel of the ax blade on bone still grating in the haft to his hands. Then he flung the ax down the passageway.

He stooped over Ohms' limp body and dragged it backward to the deck door, getting him out in the sunlight, the wreck of his crushed nose bubbling with his labored breathing.

Moxley, the first mate, was slumped to the quarter-deck rail above them, his head down on his arms. The decks of the *Clan* were unbelievably empty of all life, and the echo of silence after the murderous tumult was like sound itself. One of *Clan's* small boats was beaching on the shore about a mile below Robinson's Landing. Two other boats from the *Clan*, half submerged, were moving slowly in after it with men in the water around them, clinging to the gunwales, propelling them by kicking their legs. From the tent camp the shoreline was dotted with a long straggle of Barras' legionnaires coming down toward them.

Ohms' smashed face was pain-slack under the dried blood and beard stubble. His nose was a swollen pouch of splintered bone, and his eyes were blackened deep to the undercheek, almost closed with the swelling. "You could have let Carracoe kill me. Why d'n' you? You had enough cause, sir."

"I don't know why I didn't. Somebody'll have to kill you someday."

"You'n me'll get along, lieutenant, until then." The man's broken face twisted into a painful grimace.

Satterlee and Corporal Fogas were peering up cautiously over the lip of the stall-deck hatch. "We got Dressler with a hole through the neck, and Oelrichs with a broken elbow, sir." Satterlee shook his head, still in a daze. "Where are all of them?" Then he saw the beaching boats, and his mouth stayed open in wonder.

"Get a guard on the quarter-deck," Cohill told him, "and one forward by the anchor capstan. . . . Make a ship search, Fogas, and haul everyone up on deck for a head count."

"We dropped into the hatch under them," Satterlee was like an old man trying to explain the thing to himself still, "and fired up on 'em."

The first mate, Moxley, was sitting on the top step of the quarter-deck port ladder, head in hands, his scalp laid open. Captain Houget lay under a blanket on the transom top forward of the companion, still alive but lost to consciousness under the full impact of his stroke.

"Moxley," Cohill nodded toward the helpless figure of Houget, "you're in command of this ship now, like it or not. I don't know what your responsibilities to your owners are—but I am going to transship my men and supplies to the river steamers as soon as possible and have done with the *Clan*. I will clear you on the legality of my position in writing—and I want certain transcripts from the ship's log. You'll take no further orders from anyone but me."

"I dunno," Moxley shook his head vaguely.

"You do know," Cohill said, "unless you want me to force you to the job. Put up a signal flag—or whatever you have to do to bring the river boats down here—to contact us and not the *Orr*." Cohill pointed upstream to the smoke of the two small steamers. They were feeling their way along, each towing an outsized barge. Coming around the point in single file, hugging to the west shore to avoid the treacherous outspread of silt that shelves over from the east, not fifty yards off the tent camp.

Moxley turned slowly around. "Them steamers are the *Gila* and the *Cacopah*," he said.

"Signal them down to us!"

Moxley stepped past Cohill and looked overside, studying the run of current and the outgoing tide. He pulled out a great silver turnip of a watch. "If the dropping tide will give 'em time," he said and he cupped his hands to shout forward, his Adam's apple quivering wildly.

Olafsen, the second mate, and his deck watch had been driven forward into the glory hole by the riot. They came out now doubtfully and straggled on deck. Olafsen bent two flags onto the mizzen signal halyards and swayed them up. Half a dozen minutes later there was a puff of white smoke from near the top of the tall funnel of the *Cacopah* and, a space after that, the distant bull roar of her whistle in acknowledgment.

In that moment Cohill saw Barras' boat from the *Amos Orr* come around the stern of the *Clan* on the current about fifty yards beyond her overhang. Senator Bentinck was standing with one hand to the tiller, the other thrust into his unbuttoned waistcoat. Moktir, his servant, was hunkered down beside him.

Then Cohill saw that 'Theena was in the stern sheets, sitting in Bentinck's shadow. A small figure, her white cloak and hood against the merciless sun making her look even smaller. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, looking

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straight at him, but with no recognition in her expression. All of Cohill's remembered tenderness toward her rose in a tide within him, an empty sense of despair cresting it. Then fury tore him at the reality of her in the boat with Bentinck.

He went down into the gangway, cupped his hands and shouted, "You're leaving this ship, Bentinck, without my leave ——"

"Your leave be damned, sir!" Bentinck shouted back. "Make no mistake that I am still the appointive governor of Western New Mexico Territory, with orders for Federal military co-operation, and I will not tolerate a junior officer telling me what to do—no matter how big a gun he carries. I am the constituted civil authority, and you will yet defer to me!"

"With four hundred armed renegades on shore—and your entire expedition out of hand?" Cohill lashed it at Bentinck. "Even an ex-brigadier of volunteers—let alone a captain of Garibaldi's—should know better than that!"

Bentinck said, "I am going up the Colorado River in any manner I deem expedient to the interests of my mission. I have co-operated fully so far with"—he made a gesture toward the Robinson Point camp—"the authorities here on foreign soil. Ultimately this will be a matter for the Department of State. Whatever happens—you will be caught between, wearing only a first lieutenant's silver bar!"

Then Cohill's laughter burst from him, for it is the eternal moral basis of all command that it entails full responsibility. If command is defied and deserted, its concomitant of responsibility loses all sharp definition. He was off the hook he had hung himself on. Deserted by the riotous panic of his men, Bentinck, in following them, had separated himself from all his supplies and equipment aboard the *Clan;* he had left them under Cohill's control, placed himself and his men completely in Cohill's hands. "You'll walk now," Cohill shouted, "if you want the Colorado! And when you get hungry enough—beg for food!"

He was slowly realizing that his legal position was far from comfortable. The riot had broken *after* Cohill invoked the Sixtieth Article of War, and any court sitting on the case would therefore question the urgent necessity of Cohill's action. But he had no choice now but to go on with it as he had laid it out.

As the boat drew off toward shore, Cohill turned away and stood for a moment looking at the door of 'Theena's cabin, knowing fully that the spleen that galled him was against her. The cabin was opened to the stripped disorder within and, on an impulse he could not define, Cohill stepped inside; he could almost hear her voice again, "*I have not one tatter of self-respect left to me to honor the good opinion of any man.*"

She came back to him then like the hand of conscience, and he stood stark with her presence full upon him. In that moment he could not tolerate her aloneness, nor his, for the abysmal knowledge of the fundamental incompleteness of all men without women echoed in his soul.

The two river steamers had rounded below the tent camp and were headed down toward the *Clan Cameron*, each with a flat barge in tow; and in a few more minutes on the tide, the tall funnel of the *Cacopah* was fanning acrid wood smoke across the *Clan* not a hundred yards off to port, reversing her stern wheel to warp in and tie up alongside. The *Gila*, astern of the *Cacopah*, was coming down on the current to run under the ship's starboard side. On the quarter-deck above, Moxley was talking the two steamers in on a voice trumpet. Then he shouted forward to Olafsen, and the anchor capstan began to clank out. The lengthening anchor chain eased the ship off on her hook, moving the *Clan* stern-to toward the tip of Montague Island. Both steamers had lines aboard now, coming in close below.

Overside as the tide raced out the swift flow of the blood-red current of the river bobbled the ship as if great hands massaged her sides, and a deep and distant thunder began to tremble in the still air from the direction of the open gulf, increasing in its intensity on a rising scale; it was like the turbulence of a vast fall of water from a clifftop as you move toward it. Each minute it became heavier in its beat, and when Cohill climbed up to the quarter-deck he could see the great Colorado bore, like a squadron at full gallop, returning from the gulf to overwhelm the lower river. Bentinck's boat, pulling toward the *Amos Orr*, turned sharply about and headed in toward shore.

The bore was a burnished roll of steel-colored water, in the flashing sunlight, dressed in a long, curving line extending from shore to shore below the two islands. It boiled bone-white along its majestic crest, the thickly plumed spray above it rainbowed brilliantly in the sunlight.

It happens only in two or three other parts of the world. The river's current, with momentum from half a continent north, channels swiftly in the lower reaches between narrow banks until it comes to the head of tidewater at Heintzelmann's. Then the falling tide drops under it to the gulf and sluices furiously with scant pause of slack water to meet the incoming tide. In effect, the river plows under the tide, boiling the tidal return upward and over it and curling the bore forward into a broad wall of water forcing back upriver in a roaring diapason that smothers all other sound.

Sergeant Ohms stood beside Cohill, watching with slow, animal fascination. Neither man spoke, for the brutal majesty of the sight took all words from them.

Moxley, by letting out scope, had dropped the *Clan* close off the northwest point of Montague Island for his protection—and the two small steamers with him. The onrushing bore divided itself into three parts when the breast of it was cut by the lower points of Montague and Goree Islands—like three separate troops at full gallop now, still holding line of front, but divided by the upthrust of the islands.

Then as the two easternmost waves spread wide to join again in drenching union across the upper flats of Goree, Olafsen, the second mate, shouted from the *Clan's* forecastlehead, where he had his men at the capstan. His words were lost in the roar of waters, but his rigidly pointing arm was plain.

The *Amos Orr*, beating back toward Unwin Point from the east shore, was broadside onto the murderous waters—caught there almost stationary by the light winds. As long as men lived who saw it, the picture of that moment would come back to them when the crash of heavy water echoed in their ears.

In desperation the *Orr's* crew tried to turn bow on into the bore—to head up to meet it. There was one dreadful moment of hesitation—a moment in which the ship seemed to shudder in all her limp canvas—then the underpush ahead of the wave thrust at her keel, and her port side rolled heavily down into it. The high bore wave cascaded over her, and the rending shriek of her breakup began to racket across to them. The twigs of her topmasts snapped and brought her weather-stained canvas down on her in a gray shroud. Her keel struck down into the upper finger of the Goree flats and ruptured as she rolled half under. Lost in the rainbow corona of the bore, the thick, matted shards of her shattered hulk burst up from her like debris from a magazine explosion.

It was done so quickly that one moment there was a sea-strong ship and the next a shattered wreck—with the bore in its relentless force joined again by the left portion of its divided wave that passed forty yards west of the *Clan* and the two steamers and roared on up toward Robinson's Point. Stern up in the insolently calm waters now, the *Amos Orr* was submerged forward to the stump of her fouled mainmast, with an acre of cargo floating free about her as she sank, dotted with the heads and arms of her screaming people.

Cohill went down the side ladder to the wide deck of the *Cacopah* and identified himself to Ormsby Godolphin, her skipper. "One platoon all you got, mister? Blazes—Arizona's on fire, man!"

"You tell me about that."

"Ain't never been like it in all my time on Government contract on the river. All the east-bank ranches between Yuma and Mojave are gutted. Never before the 'Pache this far west—in force. Marauding, yes; but this time all the tribes."

Captain Ott of the *Gila* came aboard. "Like-a-this," he said. "The Upper Gila tribes drifted to Superstition Mountain in late October—for sign. Pinaleños, Chiricahuas, Coyoteros and Arivaipas. Maybe three, five hundred head all told. Must've got sign, for they cut in and began to raid the Colorado early November. Word was some white man was smoking 'em up to it with wide-open promises. Whatever, the Second Cavalry column out of Tucson didn't have a chance. On the lower Gila three troops ran into the whole kit and boodle for a finish fight; and, you ask me, the tribes are moving on south from the Gila. We seen talking smoke to the east—all the way coming down from Yuma to about forty mile above here."

Godolphin shook his head. "It's a pesthouse at Yuma. You can smell flesh rot two miles downriver. They got some Second Cavalry wounded in there from the Gila River fight. No surgeon—and the Fort Yuma platoon lost half its strength in a running fight bringing them in. Like as not the 'Pache'll have Fort Yuma by the time we get back up."

Cohill nodded toward shore. "Have you been in that tent camp?"

"Hell, no," Godolphin spat. "We come straight down from Heintzelmann's this morning. That's Inigo Barras' old Southern Cross flag they're flying. This is Mexico, and for my contract everything but a U.S. ship down here is poison."

"What's your pleasure, lieutenant?" Ott squinted at him.

"I'll load you both," Cohill said, "until you tell me you've reached safety limits. Then I'll tell you when I want to start up."

With the platoon horses hauled up and lined out on picket ropes in the sunlight of the *Clan's* well deck, Cohill and Satterlee went over them carefully. The animals had weathered fairly well, and by noon they had been swung overside to the barges, canvas hoods to their heads, wet down against the heat.

Working on the supply transshipment, Moxley's crew had the platoon supplies pretty well started in loading the steamers by the time the last of the horses was swung off to the barges. In spite of fatigue both parties laid to on the work with the impetus to get quit of the job.

With his own ammunition and supplies in final process of transshipment, Cohill went down into the holds to make survey of Bentinck's equipment. Under no circumstances could he take more than a part of it with him; but that part he intended to load against his entailed responsibility for the expedition under the Sixtieth Article—and to obviate a possible charge of abandonment. He gave orders to the sling men to load food only—to leave all the expedition's tools, ordnance and hardware aboard the *Clan*, but to get the food started overside to the steamers as soon as the last of his own Government supplies were brought out. Then in the lantern light of the lower hold he saw the stacked cases of artillery ammunition about which Captain Oettinger had remarked on the dock in San Francisco—in the neighborhood of three hundred rounds marked, ADAPTABLE FOR THE MODIFIED WHITWORTH. KITTATINNY ARSENAL, 1865. (*Continued on Page 92*)

"Ask him about termites."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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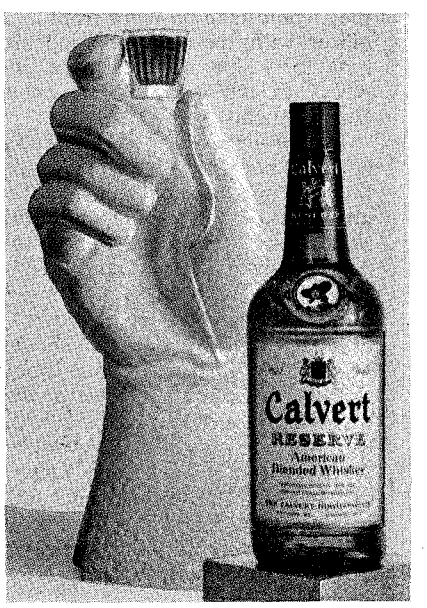

Calvert Reserve

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(*Continued from Page 90*) For a moment the criminal stupidity of the expedition's entire disorganization griped Cohill again. The hit-or-miss pack-rat impulse that had prompted them to load blindly any and all Army surplus made available to them by Bentinck's white card. Artillery ammunition—but no field guns! Then a cold prescience came upon him, and he stood stock-still under the impact before he climbed slowly to the quarter-deck and asked Moxley for the glasses. He walked aft and braced to the rail, adjusting the powerful glasses in the afternoon sun.

All day the men who had straggled down the west shore from the tent camp had been wading in and salvaging flotsam from the wreck of the *Orr*. They were broken into several dozen groups all along the foreshore, with brush fires going, cooking and eating; and the way they went at it indicated cut rations for a considerable time past.

The camp itself was almost deserted; and, from where the ship swung on her anchor now, Cohill had a partial view up several of the raggedly aligned company streets. There was no wheeled transport in park anywhere—and what was obviously the commissary depot adjacent to the pack-mule corral looked ridiculously scant for the number of men that had to be fed.

Then it was that he saw the four-gun battery of field pieces. Two of them emplaced on the foreshore of the narrows in front of the headquarters tent, by the flagpole with the limp blue bunting at its tip. The other two, under canvas breech covers, were in park at the south end of camp. He had never in all of his eighteen years of service been in artillery action, but from his technical reading he identified the guns as Whitworths with rifled tubes; and he knew that properly served they could be as accurate as carbine fire on a garrison qualifying range. With no counterbattery potential of any kind himself, he and the ship and the steamers were sitting ducks.

By rough triangulation he satisfied himself that where they lay now they were beyond extreme range of the guns, but any move upriver was impossible. To attempt to run the narrows opposite Robinson's through the fire of those guns would be suicide. Then through the glasses he saw crews moving toward the two guns at the south end of the camp. They took the covers off and began to manhandle the two Whitworths out of camp, rolling them away from the sludged foreshore to the high bank and hauling them south to bring them into range.

Godolphin and Ott watched the maneuver through their own glasses. Moxley shook his head. Cohill studied the three men closely in silence, for he knew that they would take no word from an Army officer with their ships in jeopardy. It took forty slow minutes to get the two pieces to the high ground above the beached boats.

In tight-lipped fury the river skippers cursed it out with Moxley. He could haul the *Clan* up and stand out into the open gulf out of range—but not with the shallow-draft steamers lashed to him. And neither Ott nor Godolphin would try to run for it now—up toward the other two guns at the narrows. "You blasted fool," Godolphin shouted at Moxley. "With the *Orr* gone they won't sink us—to lose all the rest of the supplies! Stand steady here, man, and see what they do! It's all we can do."

Ott spat overside. "You know what they'll do—with us on the anvil and them with the hammer. They'll talk turkey now. Why not?" he looked sideways at Cohill. "Looks like your pants are down, lieutenant."

Cohill turned to Moxley. "The *Clan Cameron* is American registry," he said quietly. "Run up the colors."

Moxley stared at him, "And ask for it?"

"You heard Captain Godolphin. They won't sink their own lunch basket. Run up the colors!" But as the colors broke out above there was a compact crimson flash in the blue afternoon shore shadows and, a split second after it, that sound of fast-rolling wagon wheels on snow that is a shell on its way. It screamed in high over the *Clan* and burst beyond her on the Montague mud flats. Before the burst echoed off across Goree and the far shore, the second gun flashed red, and the second shell arched in short. A high spindle of water shot upward from its burst between ship and shore. The ships were bracketed. A moment later there was a white flag on shore, and a small boat was pulling out, rowing toward the *Clan* and carrying the flag in its bow.

The four men went down from the *Clan* to the foredeck of the *Cacopah* to meet the boat. Through the glasses Cohill saw a man standing in the stern in a faded green tunic with ragged yellow epaulets. He let the boat come to within medium carbine range, then stopped it on Houget's voice trumpet. The man in the stern gave an order to his four oarsmen and turned the skiff broadside on to the current, cupping his hands. "Colonel O'Meara," he called through his cupped hands, "chief of the staff to General Barras—under a truce."

"I'll honor that status," Cohill shouted back.

"Permission to come aboard?"

"Come aboard," Cohill answered.

O'Meara was a tall, whiplash, blue-black Irishman, with golden flecks in his pale eyes. He smiled and held out his hand to Cohill. In spite of the remnants of his theatrical uniform, O'Meara had the look of a soldier and the eye of a good whist player. He said, "Cohill? That would be an Antrim name. Stubborn as the galloglasses—but not fools. Are you amenable to talk?"

"With Inigo Barras dead, whom do you speak for? Senator Bentinck?"

"The Bentinck expedition has asked protection of my country," O'Meara said gravely. "I speak for the people of Santa Cruz del Sur."

"If I don't parley with you, the next round from your guns will strike into our water line?"

"That would be the unfortunate way of it," O'Meara nodded pleasantly, "were we not to reach a friendly agreement."

"Talk, colonel."

"Aye." O'Meara drew a notebook from his tunic pocket. "We will not call these conditions the terms of a surrender," he said. "We will say rather that they are terms of agreement for a method of joint operation."

"Let me have them."

O'Meara nodded and commenced to read from his notes. "'One: the steamers as at present loaded will proceed up to Robinson's Point and unload at the camp. Two: they will then shuttle back and forth to the ship until the *Clan* is completely unloaded. Three: the United States Army contingent now aboard the *Clan* will remain on her and leave the coastal waters of Santa Cruz in compliance with the revocation of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Four: safe-conduct of the troops will be guaranteed by the Republic of Santa Cruz del Sur.'"

Cohill studied the golden-flecked eyes. "The conditions," he said, "eliminate all bargaining position on my side."

"That they do, sir, I'm afraid," O'Meara smiled. "For you have none," and he took a thin silver cigar case from the pocket of his jungle-beaten tunic and offered it. "Courtesy," he said blandly, "of the wreck of the *Amos Orr*."

"But I do have a bargaining position," Cohill said. "I have three hundred and fifty rounds of Whitworth ammunition aboard the *Clan Cameron* that I can net up from the holds and drop overside. Have you enough ammunition for your guns to stand that loss?"

Colonel O'Meara returned the cigar he had taken to the case and slipped the case slowly back into pocket, his eyes on Cohill while he did it. "That I would not care to have you do," he said, "and if you were constrained to do it anyway, I would have you shot."

"Then," Cohill asked him, "you admit a bargaining position? How much time, then, do I have to consider these terms? Steam is down in the boilers of both steamers and we are late in the day."

"That we are," O'Meara said. "What would reasonable time be to you?"

"You have fired on the colors of the United States, sir—an act of war. You have imposed the conditions. You state the time."

"Ah—you are a hard man, lieutenant." O'Meara's eyes twinkled. "But for a reasonable allocation of time to accept the full terms there must be a preliminary agreement. You are an *officier de carrière*—on the permanent list of your country's Army?"

"I am," Cohill nodded.

"Then you will not be guilty of an official lie. You will give me your word of honor as a commissioned gentleman that you will not jettison the Whitworth ammunition?"

"I will. Against"—Cohill looked Colonel O'Meara's shabby uniform up and down and glanced toward the ragged groups on shore—"your word, sir, that no attempt will be made to rush and board these ships come darkness."

A very faint and mocking smile shadowed O'Meara's lips. "That agreement you have, sir," he said, "on the honor of an officer late of the Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers—which, I take it, will be more acceptable to your sensibilities than the Legion of Liberation?"

"It was you," Cohill said, "who brought up the question of official honor."

O'Meara bowed. "You will make your decision by reveille tomorrow. Affirmative will be the International Code letter *A* at the *Clan Cameron's* yardarm. At first light, if we do not see it, we shall open fire. Good evening to you, gentlemen."

With Moxley and the two steamer captains, Cohill laid it out. Moonset would give them ten minutes of full light after the start of the morning tidal bore again. Ten minutes of moonlight after the bore started to return again from the *golfo*—and then the darkness would be full. Once it passed the anchorage of the *Clan* and the two steamers, the flood would be with them. With the engines at full speed, they should make the narrows' mouth in just under ten minutes. If the boats started right behind the bore wave, the water's roar should blanket out all engine sound—and by the time they entered the narrows it would be moon dark. On the chart Cohill measured and drew his line where the steamers would be out of range of the two Whitworths that had fired on them.

"Four minutes to pull out of here and reach the line," Godolphin said, and he accepted the margin of chance with a curt nod and a gambler's flaccid eye. Moxley said no. Once the gun crews heard the steamer engines ashore, they'd open fire. To get the *Clan Cameron* away, let him go now under sail and put Motague Island between him and the guns—and get away; leave the steamers.

"You've got the clean end of the shovel all the way," Godolphin told him sharply, "but if you go first and leave us in the moonlight to those two shore guns, we're done."

Ott shook his head. "Against the tide, it'll take close on an hour to row a skiff to the narrows to spike the guns up there. In moonlight."

"Hug the mountain shadows. They'll be long on the river at that hour."

"O'Meara's no fool," Ott said. "That man is a fighting man, if ever. And if you fail to spike the guns at the narrows, we're blown out of the water going through."

"If you stay here, Captain Ott, how do you see the alternative?" Cohill asked him.

"To lose both steamers to them," Godolphin broke in, "and our Government contracts."

"A little more definite than that," Cohill's voice was steady. "I have asked for your co-operation in this," he looked at Moxley and Godolphin, "and I believe I have it now—two to one. Had I not got it at all I would have forced it—under my platoon's carbines—or destroyed all three ships as they lie here. Are you with me now, Captain Ott?"

"When you put it that way, what choice have I got?"

"None," Cohill said.

After the burial services for Captain Houget and Trooper Dressler, Cohill called his noncommissioned officers in and laid it out for them. He had rigged the spiking gear in the galley of the stern cabin—two flour bags emptied of all but the last five pounds in each, with the necks of the bags twisted down tight to the flour. He said, "The spiking party will be three men. They will have an hour's start before the bore is due."

There was dead silence from the noncoms. Then Satterlee said, "Lieutenant's pardon—who gets this detail?"

"You decide. I want two good men with me."

"No, sir," Satterlee shook his head emphatically. "It ain't gonna be the chance of us losing the only officer! That can't be."

Cohill looked at the eyes that were on him.

"I don't take that as personal affection," he said quietly. "I take it as admission of doubt on your part, Satterlee, as second-in-command. What's the matter, can't you take over if you have to?"

Ohms spat. "I go, sir."

"With that nose?"

"With that nose, sir." Ohms looked sideways at Corporal Clegg, and Cohill recalled suddenly that Clegg had been at the winch when Boldoni was hanged. He nodded. "Ohms and Clegg it is. Bed down for sleep."

An hour and a quarter before tide turn, the three of them readied the *Cacopah's* skiff. With soot from the steamer's fireroom they blackened their faces and hands. On shore there were guttering fires at the gun positions opposite and a sentry leaning on his piece in the firelight. They unbuckled their spurs and left them. (*Continued on Page 95*)

The Fact Is

Logic merely distracts
My wife when we disagree;
It isn't the clear-cut facts
She's arguing with, but me!

Thomas Usk

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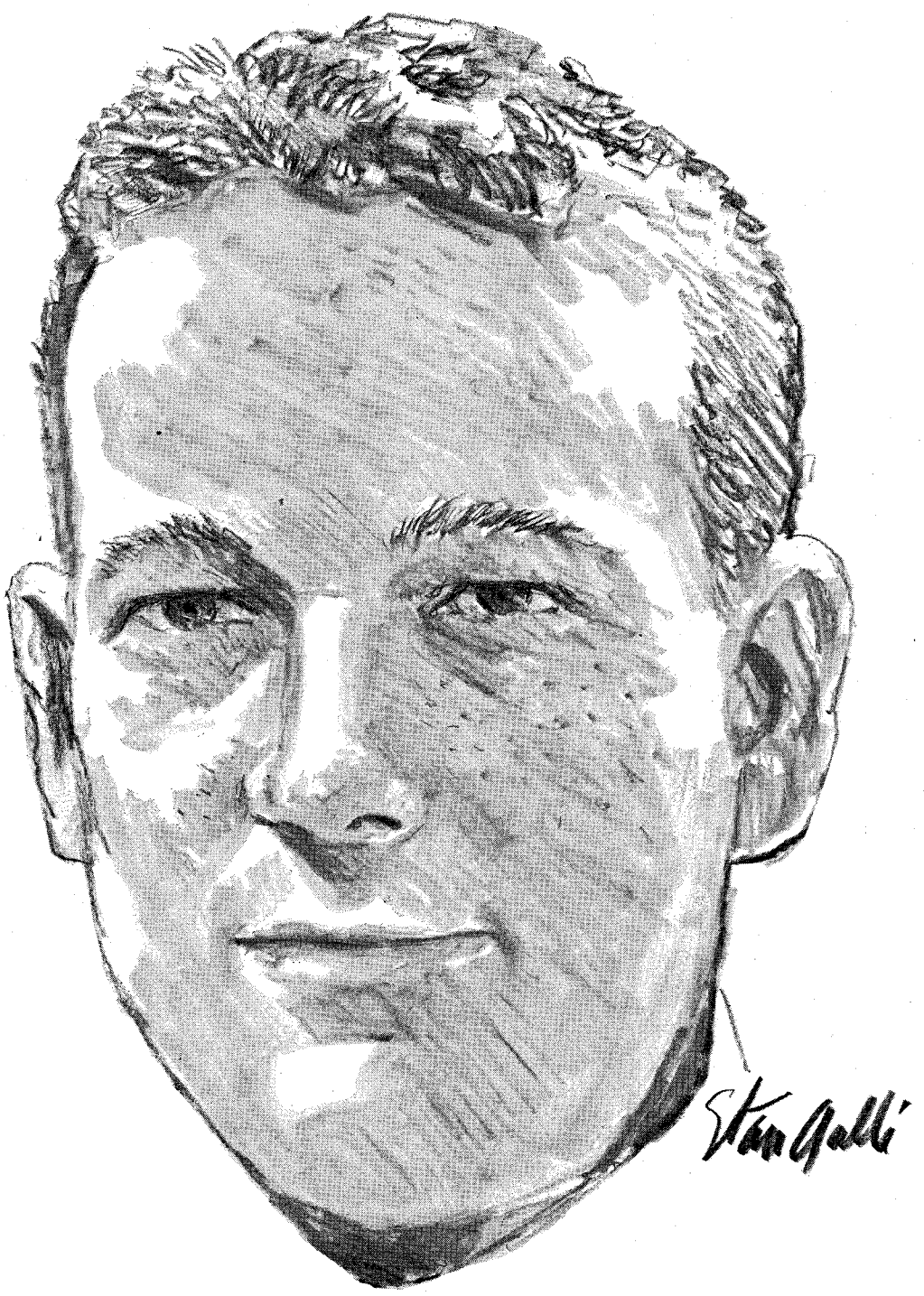

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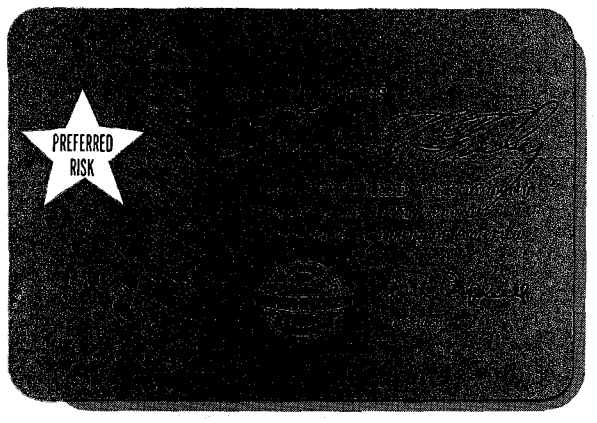

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(*Continued from Page 92*) They hooked up their hatbrims fore and aft and crushed the crowns for irregular silhouette. Then, with oars muffled in greased rags, they started the long pull to the narrows against tide and current.

Cohill counted time, for it was too dark to check it by watch. He counted steadily to the quarter hour and found the skiff much nearer the steamers than it should have been. At the half hour, he still seemed far from halfway. They bent their sweating backs to it, breathing broken sobs, with Ohms beating himself ragged under the pain of his nose. Then they began perceptibly to make in toward Robinson's and, at the three-quarter-hour count, they were in the last three hundred yards, pulling close in under the high bank at the narrows to get as close to the guns—by dead reckoning now—as they could, to beach the skiff.

The count for time had been way slow, for as they pushed onto shore the bleached moon was still ten minutes high to the mountains, and through the chill miasma of the river mists they could hear the great Colorado bore beginning to thunder distantly from the gulf. One other element dropped suddenly out of the bag. When the boat was beached, the bore wave, constricted in the narrows, would suck it up, splinter it and carry the wreck away in its rolling bowels. And it was impossible to pull it higher. For a moment Cohill was rigid with disgust because that had not entered his mind with all the rest of his detailed planning.

He dipped the two flour bags in the water and crawled to just under the lip of the bank, the black bull's-eye lantern in hand, its hot, tinny smell in his nostrils. He made his two winks back to tell Godolphin, Moxley and Ott that he was ashore. Then he smothered the candle inside.

With their heads close to his own, Cohill told Ohms and Clegg, "After we spike—get out along the shore on foot and push on north to Howard's, upriver. Separately or together. The steamers refuel there. With luck you can reach them overland."

Then they began to crawl toward the guns. There were scattered guard lanterns deep in the camp, and one at the headquarters tent. They heard a sentry's slow feet pacing his post in front and spotted him when the lantern light washed his head and shoulders. They counted his paces to twenty-five beyond the guns and, when he passed again, they inched slowly toward the two Whitworths. On the sentry's second passing of the guard lantern, Cohill crouched under the muzzle of the No. 1 gun and jammed the soggy flour sack down the bore, forcing it home toward the breech to the full length of his arm.

He could see the great bore wave now splitting around Montague Island, its majestic crest flaming with diamond dust. Then he lost its sight as the last of the moonwash died in the mists, but the roar of the wave was so heavy that it vibrated in the ground they hugged and they could no longer hear the sentry's feet. Then the guard relief broke in on the situation, and they were pinned to the ground. With the bore thundering up on the narrows, the steamers had started—if they had started—and were racketing along behind it with only one gun plugged. Helplessly they waited while the relieved sentry chanted his orders. Then the relief marched on. Cohill had been holding his breath to sharpen his ears, but there was no sound of steamer engines downstream above the thunder of the bore, no sound of firing from the other two guns on the shore opposite the anchorage.

He saw Ohms' shadow crouch slowly upward under No. 2 gun, saw him ram his flour sack home, and then they were crawling back to the bank.

The bore choked furiously into the narrows with the impact of a coal-mine blast shuddering the ground. Spindrift shot up in a ragged white sheet forty feet above the bank top. The two steamers were so close behind the wave that you could almost peg a stone from shore to the foredeck of the one in the lead.

One minute there was roaring empty darkness—and the next, the dark silhouettes of the *Cacopah* and the *Gila*, with their stern wheels lashing white water and their engines at maximum turn. Then with the wave thunder gone beyond, you could hear the racketing engines.

Time counted down and out as they watched the steamers enter the narrows. The men hugged tight to the bank. Then a sentry fired and bellowed in German for the corporal of the guard, and the whole river side of the camp came alive in shouts and running feet. Dark figures were racing toward No. 1 gun, and the first men to reach it sighted along the gun's barrel, point-blank at the nearest steamer, and yanked the lanyard. The projectile, with inches to go to hit the flour-sack plug, burst the gun in a splintered blaze of white light, with fragments lashing the emplacement, cutting men down and riddling the ground in front.

There was a moment of indecision broken only by the dreadful screaming of someone pollarded by the shattered gun. Both steamers were half through the narrows, almost hanging stationary there for a moment by the outwash of the tide from the flats and the bank. Then the legionnaires must have decided that it was gun fault with No. 1, for someone pulled the second lanyard, and the second gun blew white and lethal—both its carriage wheels scaling high and sideways from it like huge, spinning pie plates.

Just before the second gun blew, Cohill lashed his arm viciously at Ohms and Clegg. "Get out of here! Separate!" And he saw their faces in the blinding flame of the shattered gun. With the light full in his eyes, something struck broad across his shoulders; his lungs sucked in nothing, and the light went black. When he came to, he was twisted sideways in the wet sludge just under the lip of the bank, and it was still dark. The first thing he was conscious of was that the blow had been broad and heavy across him—not sharp. He drew in breath slowly and felt pain sear across his shoulders. He moved carefully to inventory; then his hand touched the shallow oaken cheek of the carriage with the trunnion plate on it. It had struck him coming down.

He rolled over and brought his eye level above the bank edge. In the light of guard lanterns he could see bodies lying adjacent to the blown-out gun emplacements. He could hear musketry fire at the north end of the camp—a detachment up there still firing at the distant steamers.

Coming back down the sentry's post with another lantern were Bentinck and O'Meara and two other men. Then he saw 'Theena's white face at a tent flap, two tents to the left of headquarters.

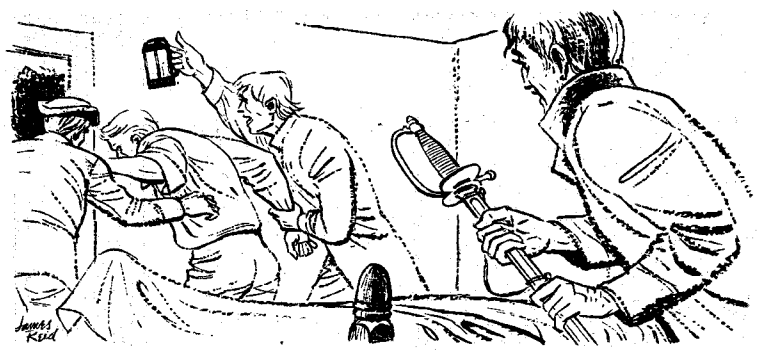
"They got through, blast them!" Bentinck said heavily. "How soon can we start the column after them?"

In the wash of two lanterns, the girl's face was quite plain to Cohill now. Bentinck passed her without speaking. He went into the headquarters tent, with O'Meara following him, and turned up a light inside. Then litter bearers came through between the tent rows toward the bodies, and a patrol halted at the bank top, dividing to search the foreshore in both directions. A voice said, "They've got to be along the bank somewhere."

Still unhooked in his whole muscle system by the impact of the carriage cheek, Cohill lay where he was, knowing that they would have him in another minute. That the patrol passed not six feet from his head and didn't spot him was unbelievable. Then he knew why. The nearest body lay just beyond. To them he was obviously a casualty of the burst guns. The litter bearers loaded one man who was still alive and trudged off. Cohill rolled again in the fringe of light, drawing himself in among the dead.

He raised his head carefully and saw the body of the sentry sprawled on the shore side of his post. Cohill crawled slowly again, flat to the ground, inching his way toward the tents. The litter bearers were coming back again. He lay inert for a moment; then, with the last of his strength, he rose and pushed through the flap of 'Theena's tent. "Cohill," he whispered softly. "For heaven's sake, don't scream."

TO BE CONCLUDED



What's Going On Here?

An officer named Washington is routed out of bed in the middle of the night by a raiding party and dragged off as a hostage. His fine sword, a gift of Frederick the Great of Prussia, is "appropriated" by one of his captors for his own use. After a night and day of violence and killings, Washington is freed unharmed. Who seized him and who freed him?

R. Lansing Ferrell

(*Answer on Page 97*)

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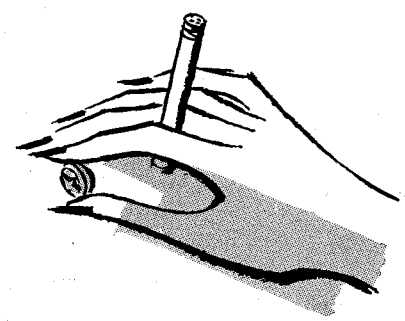

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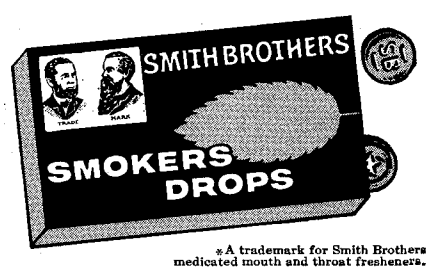

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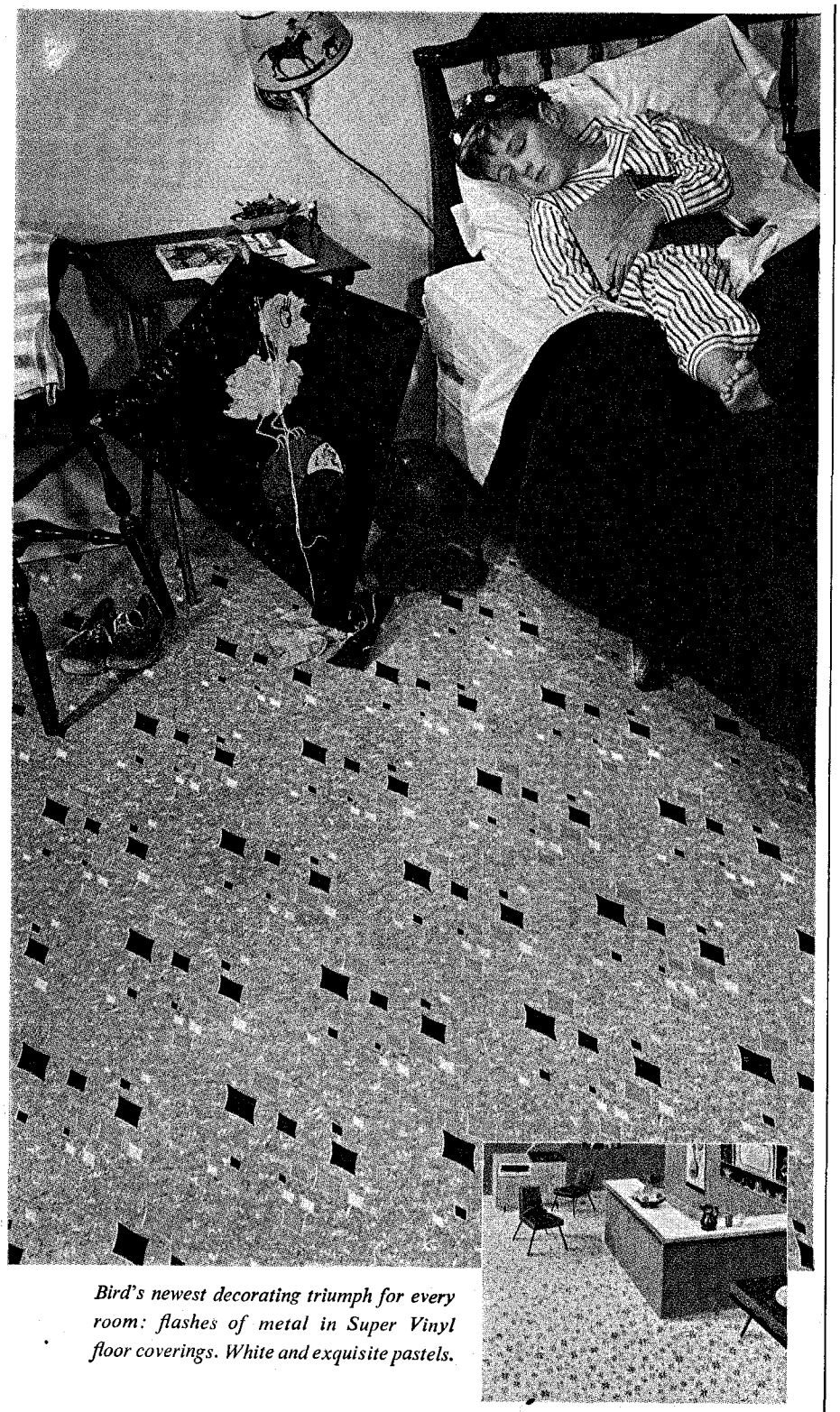

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Floors

THEY SING WITH BEAUTY

Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 39)

It was a conviction that he felt must be utterly ridiculous, and yet there it was. *Why*, he thought, *she doesn't care; but Isobel does. Isobel cares very much.*

Susan resorted to her handkerchief, blinked and wiped her tears, and even managed to smile a little. She was again self-possessed and in control. "I'm sorry I made a spectacle of myself," she said. "It all sort of seemed to hit me at once. This and—the other." And then she added, "But—but it is true, you know."

Hero asked, "Does anyone here know why someone would wish Miss Marshall to leave, and who might take this means of making the point?"

"Certainly not," snapped young Paradine angrily.

"I think you can safely forget that idea, Hero," Sir Richard said, and he was angry too.

"Or among the guests?" Hero continued imperturbably.

Lady Paradine suddenly spoke up. "But of course there are some quite dreadful people ——"

"They keep Paradine Hall going." The quiet, almost toneless remark came from Isobel.

"But I don't even know any of them—really," Susan said.

"I thought your specialty was ghosts!" said Cousin Freddie.

Hero said, "We'll dispose of the natural first. Plenty of time to get down to the supernatural thereafter."

"You forget," remarked the Hon. Isobel Paradine, inclining her regal head toward Hero, "that there have been occurrences in my room too."

"I have not forgotten," Hero replied.

To his surprise there came a sudden outburst from Beth. "The harp has played," she cried. "We all heard it, and the nun was seen. It's all part of the legend, isn't it? And there's some awful kind of rhyme—'When the harp strings quiver and you hear the ghostly air, let the Paradines beware! Let the Paradines beware!'" She burst into tears suddenly and cried, "Oh, Susan, dear, I don't want anything to happen to you!"

Mr. Hero looked at her. The third ear within him had heard a strange note, and he was asking himself, *Now that's odd—do you or don't you?*

Lady Paradine spoke up sharply. "Don't be ridiculous, child; Susan Marshall isn't a Paradine."

"Maybe the jolly old curse works for anybody on the premises," Cousin Freddie said. "Susan's room used to belong to my father, and he's dead."

Hero asked, "Is that true about the harp and the nun?"

Isobel replied in a voice that was hardly audible, "Yes, I'm afraid so. We all have heard it. It is a bad omen; it always has been." Then more loudly she said, "Susan, my dear, we'll change your room at once."

The American girl's dark, handsome head came up in a movement of pride. "Thank you," she said, "but it won't be necessary. I shall stay here. I'm not afraid."

"Good girl!" applauded Hero, filled with admiration. "I suggest that you call the maids and have this room tidied up and restored to order, and that, as she suggests, Miss Marshall remain here."

"After what has happened!" cried Mark. "Are you mad, sir?"

Hero said, "Appeasement doesn't work on any plane, you know. It doesn't do to give in either to mischievous ghosts or people. If you do, it is always followed by a next step." Then he added with finality, "But I think I can reassure you that there will be no further manifestations in this room from now on."

"Why?" asked Sir Richard, and drew a grateful look from Mark. "There already have been two; why not a third?"

Hero said, "Because I am here."

An hour later the room had been swept and tidied, the bed made up freshly and everything therein restored to its place. Susan was in the act of stowing away her underclothing, stockings, shoes and frocks, when Mark Paradine knocked at the open door and shouted, "Hoy! May I come in?" and did so.

"Oh, Mark, do go away," Susan cried.

He went over to her suddenly and laid his hand upon her arm. She had been about to hang away a Cheviot coat of electric blue, and the holding of it was enriching her own heightened coloring. He said, "Don't hang it away, Susan; you'll only have to take it down again. I'm not going to have you stay in this room any longer. I've told the maids, and they'll be along to move your things."

Susan said, "But, Mark, I'm not moving. I'm staying here."

Mark's face began to color to match his hair, and he set his jaw as he said, "And I said you're moving, and not into the Restoration room, either, which is down at the end of the hall, where no one would hear you if you screamed your head off. I'm having you put into North Wind, next to mine, where I can keep an eye on things."

Susan had gone quite deliberate again, and this time in silence, an icy silence that Mark did not recognize. But he should have been warned, for she was now folding the articles of silk underwear, about which she had previously been so shy, with great care and even some little ostentation, as she laid each piece away in the drawer. After a little, when the silence had become unbearably oppressive, he said, "Well?"

Susan bent her dark head for a moment so that he could not see her eyes, and picked at a bit of embroidery on a slip. "Mark," she said, "when I was a little girl we lived in a big old dark house in Virginia. There was an attic where things thumped, and it was full of dark rooms, and I used to have a Negro nurse who frightened me with stories about ghosts. My father found out and was very angry. He was angry, too, that I was frightened. He took me in hand and taught me not to be afraid, ever, of anything on two legs or four, or no legs at all. I don't mean to go back. Is that plain? I'm not letting anyone or anything frighten me out of this room. I'll leave here if you want me to—for good, and not come back—but as long as I'm here it will be in this room. Do you want me to go?"

The young man emitted a groan of exasperation. "For heaven's sake, Susan, be reasonable. Would I want you to leave when I'm so in love with you that I'd go out of my mind if something were to happen to you?"

"Then stop bullying me," Susan said, "and being so British. All you British bully your women, and they curtsy meekly and say, 'La, sir,' and do what you tell them. Well, I don't."

Mark's skin turned a shade closer to the red of his hair. "Oh, no, you don't," he said, "not you. I noticed you jumped fast enough when Hero cracked the whip."

A mischievous light came into Susan's eyes suddenly. She could not keep the little quirks from the corners of her mouth. "He is attractive, isn't he?" she said.

"Oh, yes, very. And I suppose you'd jump for Sir Richard too."

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Susan's eyes widened with astonishment, and she said, "For Sir Richard? Why should I?"

Mark's voice rose. "Oh, Susan, for heaven's sake, nobody could be that innocent. Don't you know that Sir Richard's in love with you? And I suppose now that chap Hero will come along and ——"

Susan then contrived to say the one thing calculated to make any man, but particularly one of young Paradine's flaming disposition, reach boiling point. "Mark," she admonished, "you're shouting."

He did then really, and loud enough to raise the roof. "Certainly I'm shouting," he shouted. "Why shouldn't I shout in my own house? You drive a man to shout. Heaven only knows why I love you. Once and for all, are you going to leave this room?"

Susan replied, "No," but her voice was just a little smaller as she said it.

Mark Paradine turned and slammed out of the room.

Susan stood holding her slip to her, and looking at the door in which the key was still shuddering. *Why*, she said to herself, *he really does love me. I wonder whether I could love him back*. She remained listening to the pounding of her own heart, but could not tell whether it was from the excitement of the quarrel, or whether the young man really had stirred it.

When Susan entered the library in response to a message brought by the butler, Hero was browsing the pages of a volume he had fingered down from the shelf. He looked up and said, "Hello! It was very good of you to come."

It was curious, Susan thought, how she could not tell if she liked him or not. He was undeniably attractive, physically and intellectually, but there was something almost unsteadying in his repose and command of himself. Her intuition told her that one might come to like him too much very quickly. The thought passed through her head, *Perhaps that is what he wants. Be careful, Susan.* Aloud she said, "Huggins said you wanted me to take you about the house. I'm sure one of the family could do it better."

Hero said, "I don't doubt it. What I really wanted was a chat with you. It was the best excuse I could think up on the spur of the moment. Not very clever, what?"

Susan watched him warily. His eyes were grave, but not unfriendly.

"Who are you?" asked Hero.

Susan's smile was sweetly ingenuous as she replied, "Susan Marshall, spinster, born May 25, 1935, at Roanoke, Virginia."

Hero took his black brier from his pocket and began stuffing it. "Do you know of any reason why someone here should hate you?" he asked.

Susan replied, "No. Since there is no one I could hate."

"That is intelligent, but it doesn't always hold. Now let me ask you something else. Do you know of anyone here who might be in love with you?"

Susan flushed. She said sharply, "That is a cruel question and unfair!"

The young man opposite her reacted not at all, but merely contemplated her gravely. She felt challenged and angry and thought, *I could break that composure; I wager I could.* She then looked him directly and unflinchingly in the eye and said, "Sorry. I suppose it is not your business to be either fair or unfair. The answer to your question is—several."

Hero returned her gaze with just the faintest of smiles and said, "Well, that is understandable. Now then, what about that little funny business in your room that night?"

"It wasn't very funny, I assure you."

"I shouldn't think so. One thing that seems to be standard in ghosts of all types is lack of sense of humor."

Susan looked troubled. "Could it have been a ghost then?"

Hero busied himself with his black brier without replying, and then said, "Let's hear about it."

Susan began. "It was a hot night, I had the windows open and the curtains not quite drawn to let air in. I dreamed I was suddenly cold, and woke up; and I was."

"Where?" Hero asked.

"About my head. It seemed as though there was a cold wind. I was still half asleep—and then I felt that icy hand at my throat. It was worse than cold. 'Clammy' is the word one would want to use, even though ——"

"It is probably the right word," Hero commented. "What did you do then?"

"I grabbed for it, but there wasn't anything or anyone there. I sat up in bed—you know, not quite certain whether I was quite awake or still dreaming. My door was open. In the half-light that came through my window I saw the figure of the nun disappearing through the door. Then the wind seemed to blow the door shut after her."

Hero asked, "Then what did you do?"

"I tried to turn on the light. The switch clicked; the light wouldn't go on; but I knew there were matches and a candlestick on the mantel. I got up and lighted the candle and then went to the door. It was locked, or at least I couldn't open it. I took the candle and went and looked at my throat to see if there were any marks. There were none."

"Nothing at all?"

"Yes, something—moisture where I thought the fingers had been, little damp spots. But it might have been me perspiring. The candle threw awful shadows in the room. I felt as if the presence were still there. And then suddenly the light that I had switched by the bedside came on, and the shadows disappeared. I went and tried the door, and it opened. I looked out into the hall, but there was no one there." For a moment Susan looked bewildered and asked, "Could it have been a dream, after all?"

Hero said, "I don't think so. What did you do then?"

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 95)

Colonel Lewis Washington, grand-nephew of George Washington, was seized in John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859. Brown also took the sword that Frederick the Great had given to George Washington. Brown and his band of abolitionists held Lewis Washington and lesser hostages until ninety United States marines, led by Col. Robert E. Lee and Lieut. J.E.B. Stuart, overpowered the raiders. Fifteen persons in all were killed. Brown, who insisted his only aim was to free the slaves, was hanged for treason.

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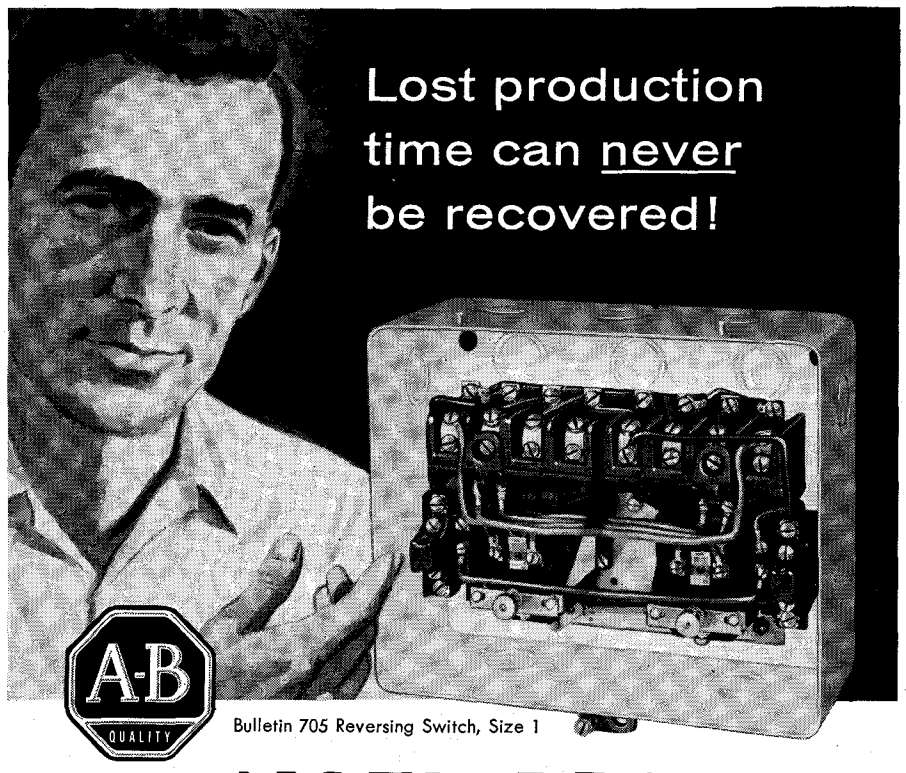

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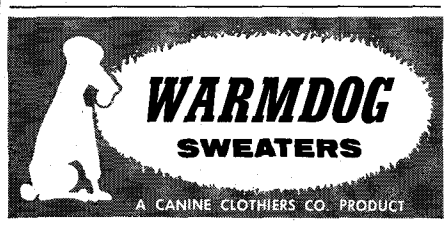

"I went back to bed and sat up for a while thinking about it step by step. Then I went back to sleep."

Hero went to her and took her two hands and held them tightly, saying, "My Susan, but you're a girl of wonderful courage." For an instant as they looked into each other's eyes, something trembled between them and could have been born, but for her odd feeling that there was more behind his sudden show of emotion. And the next thing he said seemed to substantiate what she had felt. "If you had to," he asked, "would you be able to go through the whole thing once more—I mean, have it happen to you again?"

She shuddered slightly and said, "Would that be necessary?"

He said, "If I said so, it would be necessary." And again she felt his single-mindedness, inflexibility and power of his personality.

"I don't know—yes, I suppose if I had to."

"Good girl," he said. "Look here, would it interest you to come about the house with me a bit and see what there is to be seen?"

"Yes," Susan replied, "definitely it would, if it won't disturb you."

"Right," Hero said. "And we'll have a look at the pantry and kitchens first."

On the way, they passed through the empty card room used by the guests in the country-club wing. On one of the green baize tables there was a pack of cards with rather curiously flamboyant backs. Hero caught sight of them, stopped and said, "Hello, now that's odd." He turned them over and ruffled through them. They seemed to Susan to be foreign, for the pips and the court cards were of design she had never seen before. It was also a larger pack than the normal fifty-two, and contained cards with queer, highly colored scenes and grotesqueries.

Hero said, "Interesting, to say the least." He looked up at Susan. "Do you know what these are?"

The American girl shook her head until the dark, heavy hair swung, "No, I've never seen any like them before."

Hero nodded absent-mindedly, dropped them into his pocket and went on. Susan thought, *If he is trying to make me ask him what they are, I shan't.*

In the pantry Hero opened the large double-doored electric refrigerator and eyed the ample ice-cube compartments. "That is a proper one, isn't it?" he said. Thereafter he examined other articles in the pantry, the cupboards where glasses and dishes were stored and all the paraphernalia of washing up; soap and soap dishes, washing powder, wire-and-cotton dishwashers, rubber gloves, bristle scrubbing brushes; after that, more astonishingly, he began to open pantry drawers, in which were the usual utensils—knives, forks, spoons, peelers, scrapers. In one of them was a nice arrangement of pointed metal skewers of various lengths. Hero stood looking down at these with concentration, and then, selecting one, he examined it more closely. He chose two of them and placed them in an envelope he produced from his pocket, for safekeeping. He turned to Susan and said, "Would you know where the fuse box is?"

She nodded, "Isobel showed me once." She led him to a small chamber next door where the master switches, fuses and electric safety devices were affixed to a board close to the ceiling. Hero dragged over an old kitchen chair, stood on it and for a few moments regarded the panel keenly. Just reaching up, he touched various fuses with a gentleness and sensitivity of finger tip almost like a safe-cracker manipulating knobs. Next, back to the master switch, which came in for scrupulous attention.

Susan could not contain herself and her curiosity any longer. "What are you looking for?" she asked. "What on earth have you been looking for all this time?"

"The stuff of ghosts," he replied curtly.

He climbed down from the chair and dusted his hands. "And what is more," he said, "it is all there—I think. At any rate, we shall know later."

That night at dinner in the great hall, a habitually formal affair, Hero began to get them all sorted out. Lord and Lady Paradine were separated walkie-talkie distance at the two ends of the twenty-foot-long oak refectory table, but it did not seem to matter, since it was the Honorable Isobel, seated centrally next to himself, to whom the butler and other servants made their way for instructions or whispered exchanges.

Roly-poly Mr. Jellicot, the retired draper from Manchester was holding forth. He was apparently himself—an enthusiastic amateur dabbler in spiritism. "Poltergeists sometimes infest houses for months," he gabbled. "I shall report on this at the next meeting of our spiritist society in Manchester. Mr. Spendley-Carter has been so kind as to give me some of the apports which have fallen in his room. Genuinely authentic. The next manifestation will be fires, no doubt. In all of the poltergeist cases I have read about, the unseen, mischievous entity eventually gets around to setting fires."

Hero groaned inwardly. *Oh, you fat little fool,* he thought. *That's asking for it.*

Horace Spendley-Carter, the M.P., clad in an inexcusable puce-colored dinner jacket, could not bear to see anyone else occupying the rostrum. He had moist eyes and a booming voice, and with it he elbowed Jellicot off. "Fascinating fellows these magical wallahs," he shouted. "Saw one in Cairo once. Set a live chicken onto a sheet of paper with some Arabic lettering on it. Incense going. Muttered some kind of mumbo-jumbo. Fowl fell over dead. Explain that, eh?"

Sylvia Spendley-Carter, his pale washed-out wife opposite, said, "Oh, Horace, must you? My nerves!"

The burly politician said, "Oh, bother your nerves, Sylvia."

In the ensuing, embarrassed silence, Hero said, "The bird was poisoned."

Spendley-Carter said, "Eh, what's that you said?"

"I said," Hero repeated succinctly, "the bird was poisoned. Either before it was brought in or during the incense and incantation. A pellet, probably cyanide, was introduced into its beak. I can do it for you if you like. It is one of the oldest of bazaar tricks."

Major Wilson snarled, "Of course. It's all poppycock, hysteria, imagination."

Prof. Evrard Paulson, the atomic scientist, spoke testily. He had a wizened kind of monkey face, sandy hair and a voice as dry and spare as himself. "At all times I prefer to accept the testimony of my own eyes and ears. I will swear this house is haunted after what I have seen."

Hero felt the warm, damp hand of the ugly child Noreen stealing into his. He let it remain there; a moment later the other hand arrived, and with it a soft cheek laid against his fist.

Spendley-Carter said, "What about the poltergeist frightening my wife half out of her wits? And Lord Paradine struggling with the chair, sir?"

"Twaddle," brayed the major. "Imaginings!"

His insistence irritated and rattled Lord Paradine, who had undergone an alarming and unsettling experience and, since the major was a guest, he therefore turned upon Hero. "What about it, Hero?" he

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said. "You are supposed to be able to explain all this. I know you fellows have a lot of newfangled theories and notions and hold meetings in the dark and wave trumpets about, but I don't hold with any such tarradiddle. I am a plain man, we are a plain family, and this is a plain house. There has never been any flim-flammery or magic at Paradine Hall. Well, what have you to say?"

All eyes were turned upon Hero to see how he would take a dressing down, but at the moment he seemed to be engaged chiefly in disentangling his left hand from Noreen. He was saying, "May I have it back, pet? It's going to sleep."

Susan Marshall felt that if only Hero would show the slighest hurt at this aristocratically rude and unfair attack, he would touch her heart. Instead he impulsively put his arm about the child's shoulders, gave her a cuddle and then said, without any show of rancor, "I am afraid, sir, I must take issue with you as to that last; Paradine Hall is riddled with magic, you know. Would you, for instance, seat thirteen at table?" He noted that the engineer, Dean Ellison, was grinning to himself, and the lips of the horsy-looking widow, Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, were moving. "You are all counting," he continued, "aren't you? Just in case. Also, sir, when you spilled salt at dinner, you flipped a bit over your left shoulder."

Paradine began to turn red in the face, and Cousin Freddie guffawed loudly. "I say, he has got you there, unkie! Knock wood every time, eh?"

Hero addressed himself to Major Wilson. "Before dinner, when you lighted cigarettes for Sir Richard, Professor Paulson and yourself, you snapped out your lighter and then kindled it again before lighting yours. What unseen, malevolent spirits were you propitiating with that don't-light-three-on-a-match superstition? There are no snipers here, you know."

Mrs. Wilson laughed deliciously, and the major loosed an arrow of a glance at his wife that fairly seemed to buzz across the table.

Hero continued, "There is a horseshoe nailed over the kitchen door, and another over the entrance to the stables. Furthermore, there is a witch's cross on the door of every room in the Hall. Oh, and then there are these," Hero concluded. He produced a pack of cards, fanned them with conjurer's smoothness and held them up. Susan Marshall recognized them as those Hero had found that afternoon.

"Tarot cards," Hero said. "The key to the locked doors of the future. I'd like to know what a pack of middle-European gypsy fortune-telling cards, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, is doing in a respectable, plain, nonmagical, English country home. Would anyone here care to claim them?"

Lord Paradine turned turkey red. He hated to be faced with things he did not understand. He said, "What are you driving at, sir? I thought you were supposed to do away with ghosts. Are you trying to tell us you believe in them?"

Hero glanced briefly at the fan of cards in his hand, closed them and dropped them into his pocket with a movement so swift the eye could hardly follow their disappearance. "Yes! Up to now," he replied, "I have been compelled to believe in them, or rather take them on faith, since I have not yet had the good fortune to encounter one."

Cousin Freddie said to Lord Paradine, "Getting a bit of your own back, eh, unkie?" This unsettled the baron still further, causing him to shout at Hero, "Speak plainly, sir! Is there or is there not a ghost?"

Hero looked at his host coolly, and then replied, "Ghost? I should say ghosts—far, far too many of them."

In his room the next morning, Mr. Hero briefly reviewed the famous legend of the ghostly nun of Paradine Hall as recounted in Bruton's *Ghosts and Ghostly Legends of Old Norfolk* and repeated by those at the Hall. The story, Hero noted, ran true to form and was typical of those ascribed to its era, the sixteenth century, when an incumbent Paradine had exercised his so-called seignorial rights upon a peasant girl betrothed to a local bumpkin. When the distressed maiden entered a convent, St. Relinda's at Wytrim Priory, neighboring the Hall, the wicked Lord Paradine had been unable to forget her. The upshot was that he kidnaped her from the convent and detained her forcibly at the Hall. To acquaint her former lover with her whereabouts, the unhappy woman played their favorite air when they had been lovers, *My Bonnie Dear*, on the harp at the window. Rescue, however, came too late; she and her unborn child were murdered. Nor was any trace of her remains ever found afterward. Thereafter, when the strains of harp music resounded through the Hall at night, and the ghostly figure of the nun was seen slipping through darkened corridors, it invariably presaged ill for some member of the family or foretold some coming disaster.

It was typical, Mr. Hero thought as he set off, and so were the holes in it, of the credulity of human beings. The poltergeist manifestations, however, were something else, and Mr. Hero thought he would have a look at the scene of these in the country-club apartment located in the east wing.

On the way he found himself suddenly face to face in a corridor with the major's wife, Mrs. Wilson. He had the feeling that she seemed to have been lurking and had stepped out to encounter him.

"Mr. Hero," she said, "I'm Vivian Wilson. Of course you won't have remembered ——"

Hero said, "But I have!"

"Oh," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed, with a kind of breathlessness, "I am glad." Hero noticed that she was trim and dainty and that her head was beautifully groomed. She continued, "I just wanted to say if there is anything I can do to help—I am a terrible night owl, you see, and hear all sorts of things. Howard—that's my husband, Major Wilson—scoffs at everything; but, of course, he sleeps through anything at night. He never wakes up."

Hero thought, *Oh, doesn't he, and is that what you want me to know, my girl?* He was conscious of an excitement from within him as he regarded her. He said, "Yes, if you see or hear anything unusual, let me know."

There was a cat's smile at the corners of Mrs. Wilson's mouth, and her pale gray-green eyes were shining. She exhaled in a long, contented sigh and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hero. You may count on me."

As Hero continued on alone through the writing room of the country-club east wing, he came upon Mrs. Geraldine Taylor laying out a game of patience with a pack of red-backed cards. He could not resist the temptation to pause to see whether there was any chance of its going out.

"Come over if you want to, but don't stand there in the middle of the room, young man," Mrs. Taylor ordered. "I don't mind being watched."

He went over and stood by her as she manipulated the cards with stubby but nimble fingers. On one pudgy hand was a diamond of ten carats, and on the other a sizable square-cut emerald. He saw that she had three cards left face down. She said, "I want the three of spades; but if it's under the queen of hearts, I'm done."

Hero asked, "What do you think it will be?"

She turned to look at him out of half-amused eyes. Her face, like the rest of her, was broad and strong, nose inclined to flatness, the eyes greenish. The general aspect was one of strength and common sense. She said, "The three of spades, of course." She turned up the card; it was the three of spades. "Ha," she cried, "I'm out—am I? Yes, I am, I'm to have my wish."

Hero asked, "Might one ask what the wish was?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Taylor cheerfully. "A husband. Haven't you been told yet that I've been down here husband hunting?" When surprise at her frankness showed on his face, she said, "Oh, come, young man—what is your name?—Mr. Hero, isn't it? Do you think that just because a woman is fat and fifty she is no longer a woman?"

Hero gathered that she was a bawdy old girl and liked her for it. He produced his brier and gestured a plea for permission. Mrs. Taylor watched him in silence for a moment, and then said, "When you have finished (*Continued on Page 101*)

"You're the biggest bore I ever worked with—all you ever say is sh'h'h'h'h'h."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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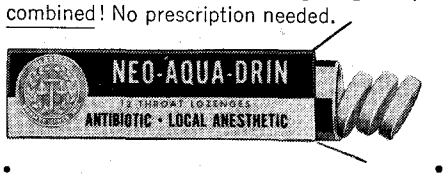

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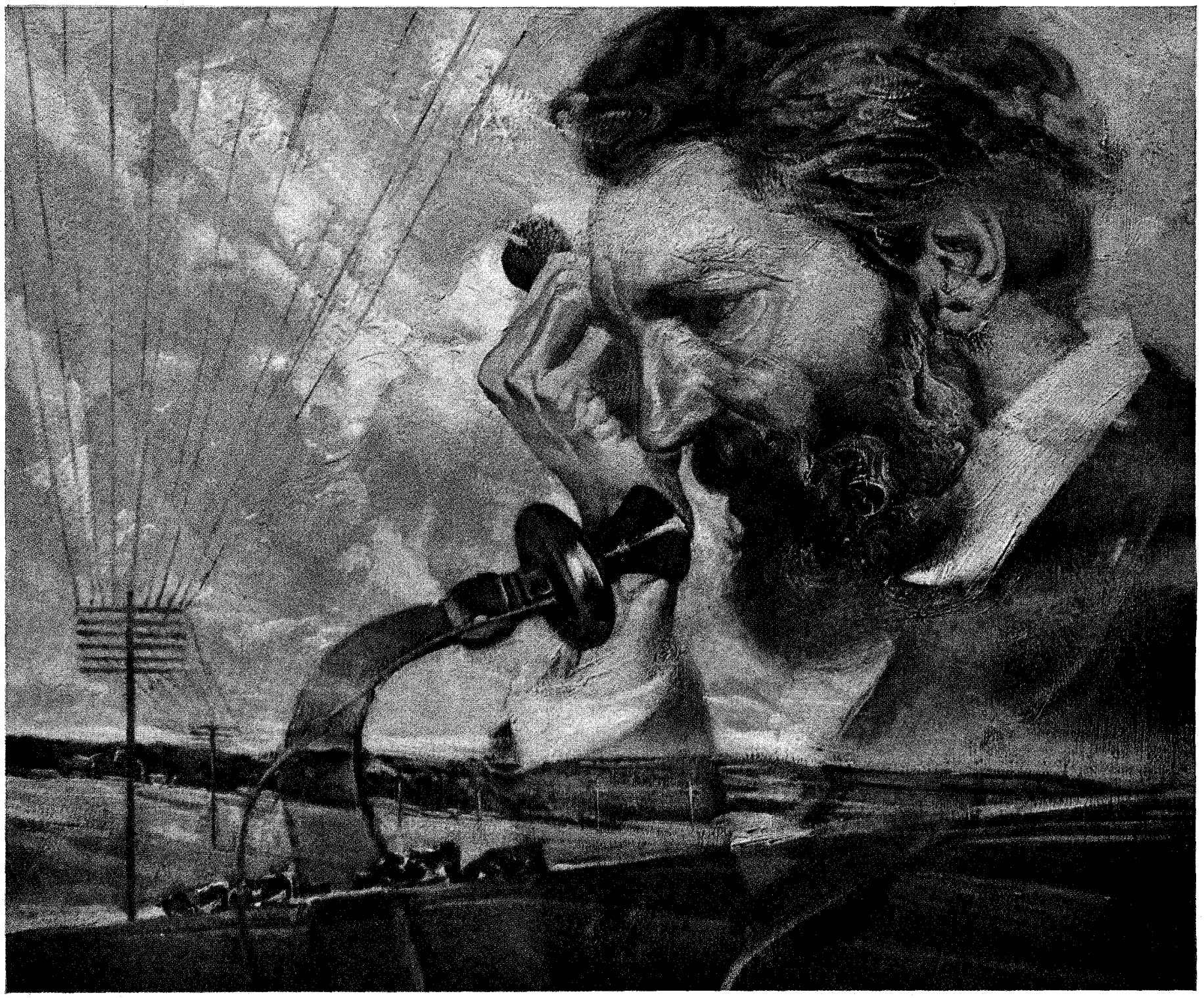

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(*Continued from Page 99*) loading that loathsome object I'll thank you to return that pack of tarot cards to me, or any time at your convenience."

Hero did not even bother to disguise his astonishment. "Good heavens!" he cried, "they're yours? You are the last person I would have thought they belonged to." He drew them from his pocket and fanned them with that extraordinarily graceful movement of his hands, returned them to a stack and handed them to her. "What do you use them for?" he asked ingenuously.

"Reading the past and looking into the future," Mrs. Taylor replied evenly. "Would you like me to look into yours sometime?"

For all of her even tone and quiet glance, there was a challenge in what she said, and Hero did not smile as he replied, "Perhaps some other time I shall ask you to; but now, if you don't mind, I'd rather talk about that dinner party. You are an intelligent and observant woman. I'd like you to tell me exactly what it was you saw and what happened."

Mrs. Taylor was pleased at the flattery. She said, "The chair did move by itself, you know." Then swiftly and tersely she gave him an accurate account of the eerie and unpleasant events, and which chiefly coincided with the account given by Sir Richard.

When she had finished, he asked, "Just exactly how did the candles go out—did they waver, flicker or sputter?"

"No, they died. There was one just in front of me, and the flame simply shrank in upon itself and disappeared."

Hero nodded with satisfaction. He said, "Yes, yes; that's the way they ought to have gone."

Mrs. Taylor looked at him sharply. "What's that, young man?"

Hero replied, "Nothing. It is the way a ghost candle ought to die, isn't it?" He leaned forward. "Look here, did you by any chance look up into the minstrel's gallery before nearly all of the lights went out?"

"Yes," Mrs. Taylor said, "I did."

"And did you see anything in the gallery at that time?"

"No, I did not."

Mr. Hero sighed and then asked of Mrs. Taylor, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

After a moment's reflection Mrs. Taylor replied, "I suppose so. One hardly dares disbelieve, does one? If pictures can pass through the air without being seen until they come out of a machine, why not whatever it is that animates people?"

"Or thoughts," added Mr. Hero.

The stout woman threw another swift glance, and then said, "There was something at that dinner, you know, something that worked unseen—a ghost or a disembodied wickedness, call it what you like."

Mr. Hero sighed again. "Plural," he said; "ghosts—not one, I am afraid, but several. It always seems to come down to there being one too many about." He arose, picked up the tarot cards from the table, spread them and glanced through them once automatically. He said, "Thank you, Mrs. Taylor, you've been most kind and helpful, and someday I think I shall want to see you work with these." He put them down and went out of the room, filled with a determination. The poltergeist could wait. He very much wanted his stepsister Meg on the scene.

Upon inquiry from the butler as to her whereabouts, Mr. Hero came upon the Honorable Isobel emerging from the cellar with a bag of tools slung over one shoulder. Her silvery hair was pulled back tightly and fastened in a great bush at the back, with a piece of broad, black ribbon. There was a smudge on her face. She was wearing an old pair of jodhpurs, a blue linen blouse open at the throat and flat-heeled shoes. From a hook at her belt dangled an enormous bunch of keys.

"Sorry," she said, "I am a mess. I've been working in my shop."

Hero looked surprised, and Isobel smiled engagingly. "Spinster hobby," she said. "I like carpentry. And besides, it gets things done about the house."

Hero smiled and said, "Jolly good. I only wanted to ask, might it be possible to invite my stepsister, the Lady Margaret Callandar, here? She sometimes assists me in my work."

It was Isobel's turn to look surprised. "Meg? Oh, but of course, she is your stepsister. I had forgotten. She came here once with the earl when my father was still alive. Certainly, I'll ask my brother to write to her immediately."

Hero made a mental note that any question of consulting Lady Paradine had not even come up. He said, "And might I have a look at the music room, where the harp is? It is locked, you know."

Isobel led the way murmuring, "We don't like visitors using it."

Hero said, "I should prefer it left unlocked for the present."

Isobel did not reply to this, but turned the key she had inserted in the door, and they went in.

The golden harp stood over by the window that looked out over the river. It was a large concert model and had belonged to Lord Paradine's mother, who had died some ten years before. The room also contained a grand piano, and in one corner there was a cello propped up in a brown canvas case. Hero stood, pulling at his lower lip, looking about him and saying nothing. It was in this room the harp had played, and no one had been there to play it. Could unincorporate ghostly fingers animate those ghostly strings? He went over to it and ran a chromatic scale. He tapped the solid frame of the harp.

Isobel watched him with a mysterious kind of half-smile upon her face. She said, "I can see we have two different points of view—yours, that the harp was played by human hands; and mine, that it wasn't."

"You might be wrong there, Miss Paradine," Hero said. "When I am engaged upon an investigation I have no point of view whatsoever." His fingers were still roving over the harp, even to the tuning keys. He said, "Might I see your room where, I understand, all this began?"

In Isobel's apartment Mr. Hero did her the courtesy of not prying about her room and possessions, but was satisfied to take it all in at a glance; he perceived that Adam had had a hand in the mantelpiece and the ceiling, and that every break-front bookcase, desk, tallboy, chest, table and chair had been there ever since it had come from the hands of the master joiners in the days of Chippendale and Hepplewhite.

One portrait was missing from its place upon the wall and now rested upon the polished oak floor, beneath the spot where it had hung. A corner of the gold frame was damaged. It was a painting of the late Lord Thomas Paradine in his uniform as a colonel in World War I.

As if she had read his thoughts, Isobel said, "This was once my father's room," and then, as though answering another unspoken question, she said, "There was light enough from the window for me to see my father's portrait thrown from the wall to the floor. I had been awakened by my bed being violently shaken and someone or something pulling at the bedclothes, and this was followed by a great crash. When I turned on the light, the Queen Anne tallboy had overturned. I had an Adam mirror, and it was split and broken in two."

"And this was ——?"

"The night of July sixth."

Mr. Hero remembered now what it was that had struck him about that particular date, when first Sir Richard had mentioned it.

"It was the nun!" Isobel intoned. A dramatic and Norn-like quality had suddenly displaced the gentle, matter-of-fact housekeeper, and she appeared to Hero suddenly like an ancient prophetess. "It was an omen of evil! The harp has played! The nun has appeared! There will be a death in this house! Someone will die!"

"Who do you think?" said Mr. Hero with such a matter-of-fact simplicity that it startled Isobel out of her drama, and she became herself again.

She said, "I—I don't know, I am sure; one doesn't ——"

Hero nodded perfunctorily. "Let's hope perhaps this time it may be avoided." He then went swiftly about the room, examining every corner and cranny, sounding the walls and floors. Isobel watched him wordlessly.

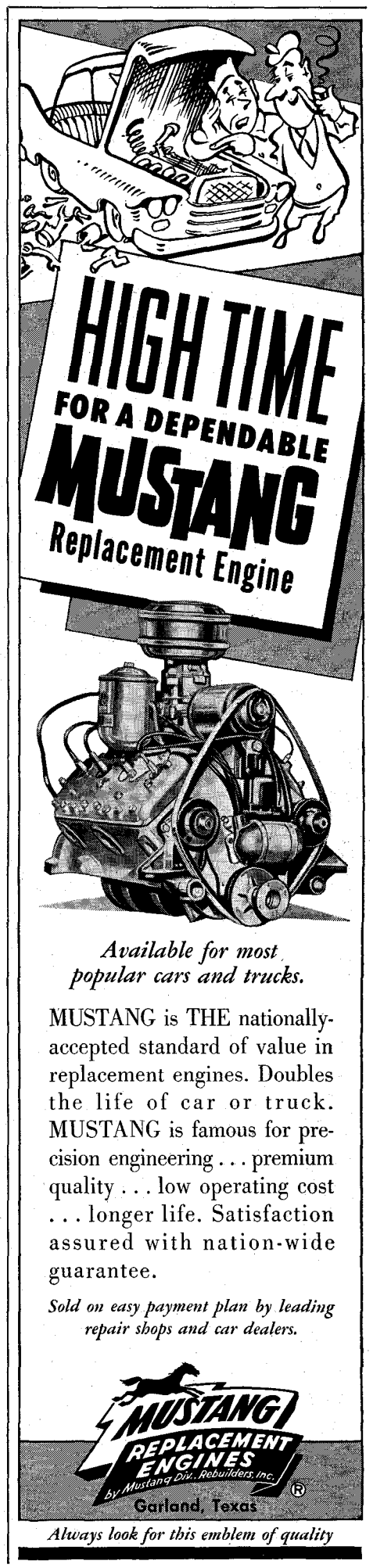
When he had finished, Hero said, "Thank you. You have been more than kind and generous with your time," and went out. But halfway through the door, he turned and said, "By the way, I have been meaning to ask, is there a tide table in the house?"

"Yes, I think there is one in the telephone closet by the entrance hall. We keep it for those who go sailing."

Mr. Hero said, "Thank you," again and went off, wondering how long it would be before all hell broke loose again and whether he would be able to get his sister Meg down before it happened. TO BE CONTINUED

"Who gets the Sauerbraten?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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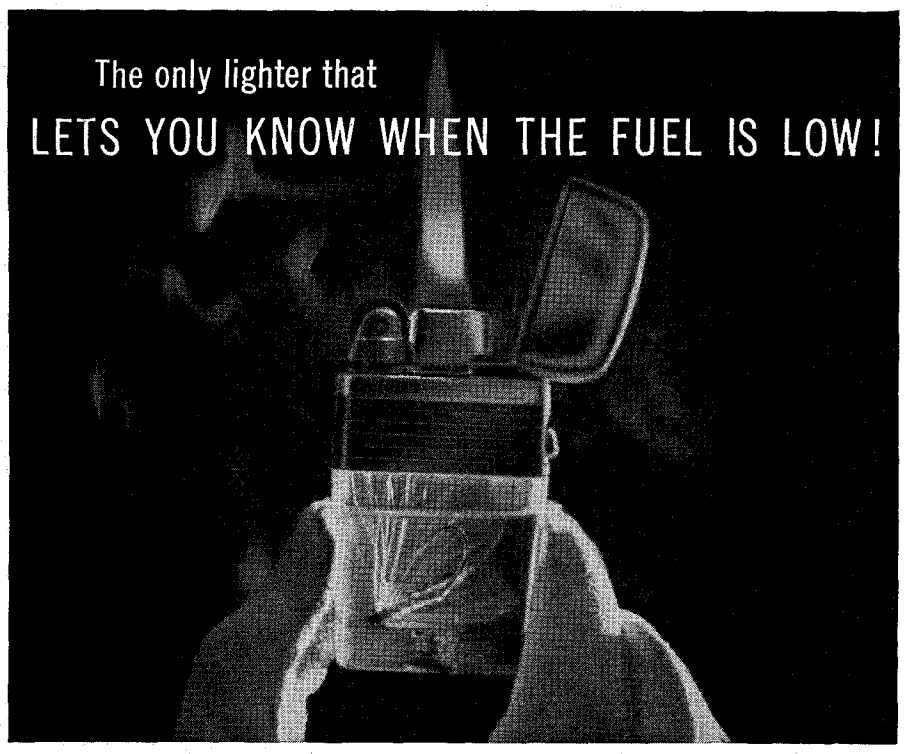

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The Anguish of Modern Art

(Continued from Page 24)

art but understands it, he feels superior. If, on the other hand, he dislikes a work of art but does not understand it, he is humiliated and angry. Through an act of incomprehensibility the work of art has compelled the average citizen to realize that he is incapable of receiving the sacrament of art and is blind and deaf to pure beauty. The mass of man, accustomed to ruling supreme, feels that an art for the privileged aristocracy of the finer senses endangers their rights as men."

The modern artist, driven by a search for individuality in a mass society, has revolted with such violence that he is in danger of losing contact altogether with that society. To achieve self-expression, as every artist must, he contrives a set of rules rooted in technique and couched in a private language. Obviously, every work of art involves technique. But what we now see emerging is a pattern of creative motivation derived from the technological rather than the communicative characteristics of art. Communication requires a subjective effort on the part of the beholder. But art has become an aesthetic Rorschach experience.

To a degree all the arts reflect a shift in motivation and emphasis. In an earlier period of music, for example, the composer was paramount. His communicative power was the fulcrum of musical enjoyment. The musical heroes were Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms. Later came the era of the virtuoso, with interpretation the high point of musical experience. From content the emphasis had shifted to performance. Connoisseurs traded memories of Elman, Heifetz, Hofmann and Toscanini.

Though the supremacy of interpretation has not yet declined, a new set of values is arising—the electronic transmissions of sound. Countless thousands huddle over the oscilloscopes of their hi-fi sets, or listen intently to the balance of stereo sound flowing from their twin batteries of tweeters and woofers. Inexorably technique pervades and alters every realm of the spirit.

The problem of communication is, of course, the timeless problem of art. The poet Horace advised the artist, "If you want me to weep, you must first grieve." Horace touched the essence of communication. It is self-evident that to evoke response to his grief or joy or anger, the artist must convey his emotion in an understandable language. That language may be complex and varied; understanding may require an experience shared with the artist, or a subconscious identification. But whatever the mode of expression, it cannot be isolated from the past. Art, like literature and music, reflects changing mores, subject matter and techniques. Each generation, in its need to establish itself as the ultimate flowering of civilization, may attempt to bury the immediate past. But the past is a restless ghost. History is not discontinuous; the frontiers of change remain blurred.

Thus, no stage of aesthetic development occurs in a vacuum. A painter cannot approach his canvas as though nothing had gone before, and accept a new doctrine without consciousness of the old. The past insistently intrudes upon the present, offering a standard of comparison to the observer and a challenge to the artist.

The drive for self-expression has been central and continuous throughout the history of art. We see it, despite the rigid formalism, in the Egyptian wall paintings, with their exacting laws of proportion and composition. We see it in the swirling arabesques of the baroque. And we see it in the intellectualized painting of today. The artist's basic drive remains constant; only the emphasis changes, and it is the contemporary phase of this change which imperils communication.

Among the major means of communication through painting have been what we may call naturalism, formalism and symbolism. Naturalism, the most direct means, embraces all those representative paintings of recognizable objects—trees, clouds, the beauty of women, ships and shoes and sealing wax—which provide the onlooker with instantaneous recognition and conscious experience. These are the simple mechanics of naturalism. More importantly, however, in this kind of painting the artist communicates his individual vision of nature. Sometimes our visible world is remade in his vision. It is difficult to look up a narrow Paris street toward the dome of Sacré Coeur, without subconsciously composing it as Utrillo did. There is a delightful story of Whistler and his passion for painting the Thames. At a gallery a woman came up to Whistler and said that she had come to the show on a bus along the Thames. "It was a whole series of Whistler paintings!" she exclaimed. "Yes, madame," Whistler replied, "nature is creeping up."

Formalism, in simplified terms, is a visual narrative method by which the artist conveys an image of something perhaps never seen, but which strikes chords of response in man's heritage of history, allegory, literature. The quality of the response to this kind of painting depends upon the knowledge and experience of the perceiver. In one who feels intensely about the Crucifixion, a painting of the Crucifixion which parallels or increases his emotion has enormous communicative impact.

A third major element of communication calls into play a symbolical or intuitive range of perception. Here comprehension requires identification of a symbol, such as the dove representing the Holy Ghost, or a halo indicating saintliness.

Symbolic painting also includes that area of human understanding in which the symbols stimulate an analogous though not directly recognizable experience. The sensual, emotional and intellectual capacities combine to evoke a subjective response through association, color or form. Such a response stems either from a primitive, instinctive surrender to the emotion inherent in the symbol, or from an extreme of sensibility to or knowledge of the implications of the symbols and how the artist has used them.

Although the elements of communication should be subdivided for accurate definition, during the last fifty years the mainstream of artistic creativity has been concentrated in symbolism. The modern artist, oppressed on the one hand by the weight of a magnificent tradition and on the other by the unnerving representational precision of a new technology—photography, gradually retreated into symbolism as an unchallengeable area of expression, and there developed an intensely personal iconography.

The great change in the kind of emotion and thought to be communicated began with the liberation from the idea that art was a mirror of nature or even an aesthetic comment upon it. The freedom thus gained gave rise to a yeasty period of exploration in theory, form and technique. In this revolutionary atmosphere two important movements arose, one in France, the other in Germany. While

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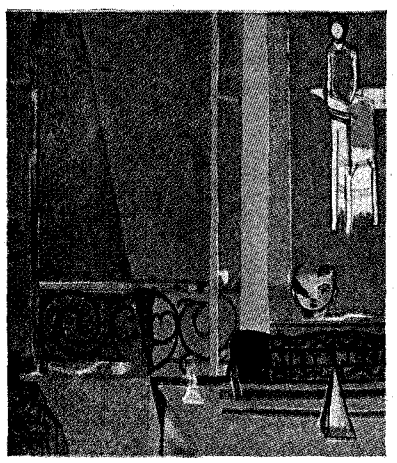


HENRI MATISSE. *PIANO LESSON*. 1916.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.
(MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND.)

both broke incisively with the past, they took quite separate directions.

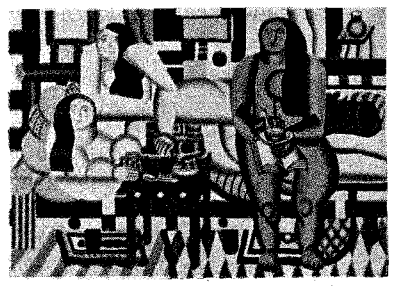
In France Cézanne, Seurat, Matisse, Van Gogh and Gauguin, among many others, explored a multiplicity of new methods and theories. There was no cohesive school. The artists were rampantly individual. While the period was pervaded by strong, bright colors, many painters used shadowy coloration. Ambroise Vollard, the art historian, tells of a man who sought to punish his wife, presumably for infidelity, by making her look at a Cézanne nude as proof of the inherent repulsiveness of the flesh. A phlegmatic Englishman, confronted by a particularly tenebrous painting by Rouault hanging among the brighter examples of his contemporaries, lighted a match, peered at the picture, blew out the match and murmured, "Good night."

Despite their rejection of traditional representation, the artists of the period actually heightened and intensified communication by their liberated treatment of color, form and selection of detail. The French painters, however, concerned themselves with aesthetic rather than human problems, a trend which persists in modern French painting today.

VASILY KANDINSKY. *COMPOSITION (4)*. 1914.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.
(MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND.)

In Germany, the new spirit was manifested by a group called the Blue Riders, after a painting by Vasily Kandinsky, one of its leaders. From this group evolved a movement known as Die Brücke (the bridge), which influenced most of the important pre-World War I German and Scandinavian painters. With their search for a new form of artistic expression they reflected a deep concern for human problems. They denounced man's reliance on a technological civilization as spiritually lazy and self-indulgent. About 1910 German modern painting began to be called expressionism. Again, unlike the later developments in French painting, German expressionism grappled with human rather than aesthetic problems. Its goals were concisely defined by the Norwegian, Edvard Munch, who wrote, "I want to show men who breathe, feel, love and suffer." In his own work Munch observed this credo with embarrassing candor. There is the portrait of his friend, the writer Przybyszewski, for example, entitled *Jealousy*. The writer, painted a bilious green, glares out of the foreground. Behind him his wife, quite naked, painted in red, stands beside her lover, clad in black. Munch and the playwright Strindberg, we now know, both loved Przybyszewski's wife. Strindberg won her favor. The painting is Munch's cry of anguish.

The French artists, meanwhile, concentrated more and more on technical problems. Though they acknowledged the importance of human emotions in art, they at first stressed their individual aesthetic emotions. Eventually they concluded that aesthetics should not be involved with emotion at all, but motivated and disciplined by pure intellectuality. At this point art proliferated into cubism and numerous other theoretical deviations—all of them intellectual explorations.



FERNAND LÉGER. *THREE WOMEN*. 1921.
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.
(MRS. SIMON GUGGENHEIM FUND.)

Cubism, the most radical break with the past, had its roots in Cézanne's last explorations into the geometry of nature. There was no single kind of cubism, but there was one paramount rule underlying all kinds: a picture was to be constructed with known elements of reality, though without sensual or psychological expression; communication was to be achieved solely by the play of plane, color and line.

The founders of cubism were Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque. These two, while employing somewhat similar means, brought to the art quite dissimilar personalities and purposes. Picasso approached his problems with a vibrant truculence. It was his avowed purpose to destroy what had gone before and start afresh. Two statements of his are revealing. As an illustration of his affirmative intuition, he said, "I do not seek, I find." Asked to explain his painting, he replied, "Do you ask a bird to explain its song?"

Braque was a more lyrical, sensitive artist, seeking to build up from the past. Yet he said, "I like the rule, the discipline, which controls and corrects emotion." It was almost a definition of the motivation of cubism. Again, "The subject is not the object of painting, but a new unity, the lyricism that results from method."

In terms of communication cubist pictures consisted of dimly recognizable subject matter arranged in planes that preserved the validity of the two-dimensional surface while obeying a restriction later set down by Jean Cocteau, "A picture is not a window."

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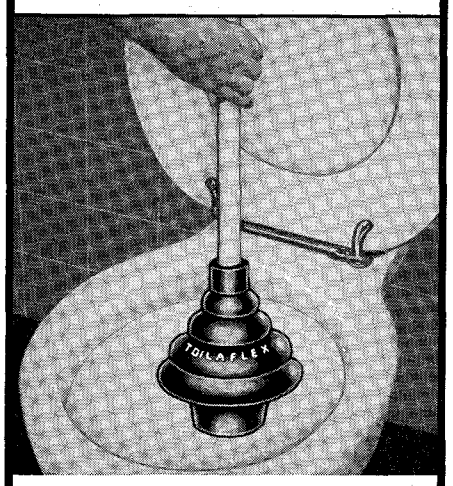

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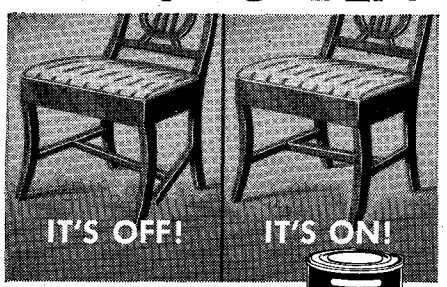

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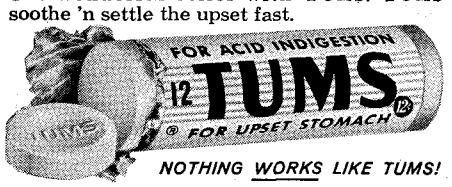

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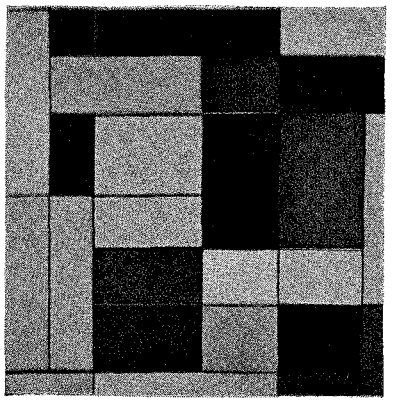
Gradually, with freedom of expression, all recognition of the object was abandoned. New schools sprang up on all sides. In Italy, futurism; in Switzerland and New York, Dada; in Holland, *De Stijl* (The Style). This last was the most coldly intellectual of them all. To Piet Mondrian, one of its leading exponents, external reality and chance disturbed the "true reality." He reduced form to areas delimited by right angles made up of verticals and horizontals, and reduced his paints to white, black, red, yellow and blue. Mondrian's art has left an indelible imprint on modern architecture.



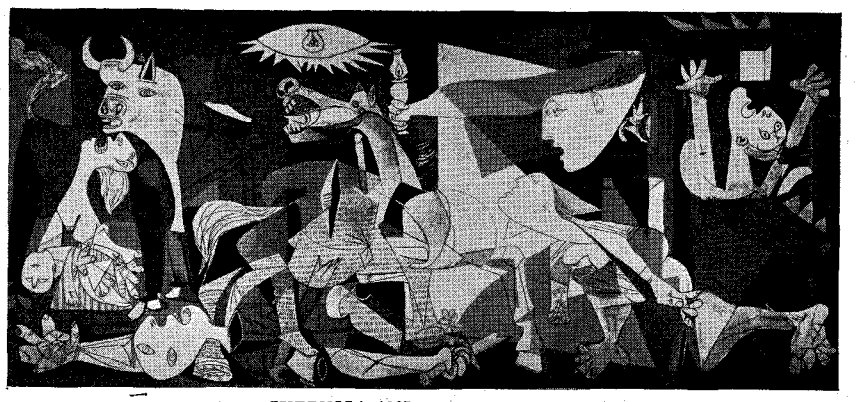
PIET MONDRIAN. *COMPOSITION IN GRAY, RED, YELLOW AND BLUE.* 1920. HARRY HOLTZMAN COLLECTION.

But under the stylistic restraints imposed by such cold intellectuality, artists grew restless. Their need for self-expression drove them to seek something more personal, and within their own psyche they discovered a new wellspring of vitality. Painting became the product of liberated personality. Its source was the artist's inner being.

Now the floodgates stood wide open, and there poured forth a torrent of personal expression, much of it originating at a psychological level. Significant in this era was the work of the surrealists, Salvador Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Max Ernst. With impeccable technique they portrayed a vision of a subconscious world which impressed some people by its power, but left the bulk of mankind wondering if it was art or nightmare. Painting has since diverged from this direct exploration of the artist's neuroses, but to a great degree it is still motivated by the artist's inner self rather than by the problems of humanity.

SALVADOR DALI. *THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY.* 1931. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

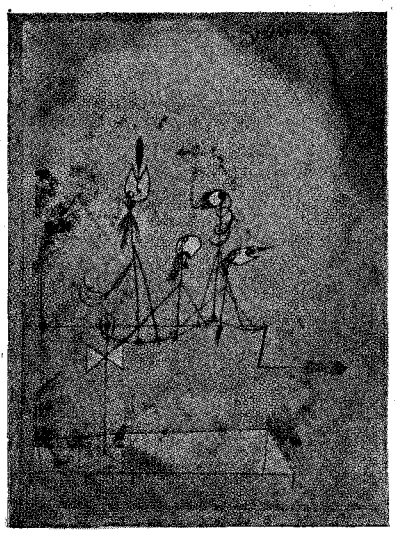
Communication, then, is no longer the primary interest of the modern artist. What he strives for is to induce a subjective response in the onlooker. Yet this loss of communication does not arise primarily from the technical complexities of the new aesthetic. In the relatively rare instances when the modern artist desires to communicate, a strange aesthetic imposes no unscalable barrier to understanding and feeling. Rather, by identification with a human emotion, he effects a heightened response. A masterly example is the large oil painting by Picasso titled *Guernica.* Painted in 1937 for the Spanish Loyalist Government as an exhibit in its pavilion at the Paris World's Fair, it combines contemporary aesthetics with political comment. Picasso was emotionally committed to the Loyalist cause. The painting is his reaction to the bombing of the small town of Guernica by German planes flying for Franco. Yet the painting is in no sense reportorial.



PABLO PICASSO. *GUERNICA.* 1937. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. (ON LOAN FROM THE ARTIST.)

The multiplicity of stations for the eye in its perspective, or rather lack of perspective, eliminates the sensation of reality. The distortion of familiar objects, the unexpected use of symbols such as a light bulb and a bull, does not facilitate communication. But it is this very distortion, in the dying horse, the screaming mother, the dead child, that heightens the sense of agony, the horror of sudden death from the sky. In the extreme delineation of muscular and emotional tension, conveyed by deliberate dehumanization of the mother, we can almost hear her screams.

To many, this picture communicates more emotion about Guernica than all the words and photographs ever published, such is the artist's great compassion and dreadful anger. To be sure, the picture does not communicate emotion to everybody in the same degree, but it powerfully affects a large number of people. That many can be made to feel intense emotion through an aesthetic medium indicates that artist and layman can again be brought together in common humanity.



PAUL KLEE. *TWITTERING MACHINE.* 1922. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

Another modern painter able to communicate within the framework of the new aesthetic was the late Paul Klee. In a mood quite apart from the thunder of Picasso, gentle, poetic, almost childlike, he infused his canvases with a sense of magic and wonder.

In his *Twittering Machine,* he depicted a preposterous contraption, consisting of spidery lines in a seemingly logical mechanical order. From one side projects a crank, a birdlike device perches on the top, and we know at once that when the crank turns, the whole foolish machine will come joyously to life, and the bird will twitter away. Indeed, the spidery delicacy of the drawing seems to be atwitter already. We begin to hear it.

I have chosen these two examples because, though diverse in style and subject, both evoke a universal human response. Despite strangeness of language and symbol, they move us. As long as the artist strives for communication, he has the right to demand that we try to understand him. For art is a language, expressing feelings impossible to express in any other way, and language is a communication by mutually understood symbols. While one may respond to a painting without being able to explain the response, if these symbols become too remote, the language places an excessive burden on the auditor, and may lead him to a subjective re-creation distinct from the original intent.

The dilemma is not readily resolved. It is an age-old artistic problem. Its chief source arises from the artist's need to express individuality. Today he no longer subscribes to Da Vinci's doctrine: "A good painter is to paint two main things, namely man and the working of man's mind."

In his search for self-identity the artist has ranged far from an exclusive concern with man. His ever-present imperative has been the search for personal style. Nothing is as tyrannical as a reigning style. It is a juggernaut destroying everything in its path. It brushes aside former styles which were equally imperative. This is not a new phenomenon. It is difficult to remember that a public eager for the new deserted Cimabue for Giotto. A reigning style gains great support from those who fearfully withhold criticism because they remember the fate of the critics who scoffed at Cézanne and the impressionists.

The drive for originality is inherent in the search for style. The German painter Arnold Böcklin said: "True art consists of nothing more than an eternal fight against the existing." Inevitably, in the assessment of a man's work, originality receives higher praise than any other aspect. Art is haunted by its originators. To the ordinary man the trail blazers remain a source of personal inspiration. But to the artist, with his creative ego drives, they are a challenge to blaze new trails.

Originality as a value cannot be underestimated. Without it there would be a conformity so stultifying as to strangle art to death. But the drive for originality creates problems in communication. When the artist wholly disassociates himself from the past, he leaves man bereft of any consciousness of his artistic heritage. Amid the profusion of modern art, too many painters bid for attention by piling sensation on sensation. Excessive value is placed on surface characteristics, on sheer technique. Stridency and cleverness increase to the detriment of potential beauty, serenity and profundity.

The ordinary man, confronted with so much originality, feels bewildered and excluded. He is struggling hard as it is for comprehension and control over the daily pressures of life. Art's self-conscious

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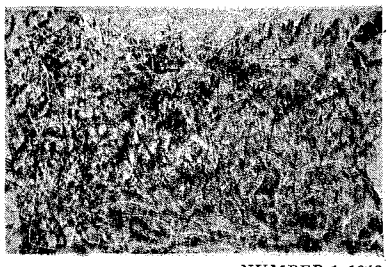
obscurity further frustrates his craving for stability. Here, then, is a tragic polarization—the artist passionately striving to express himself in a strange tongue, the average man unable, if not unwilling, to understand him.

We have witnessed a violent exchange between the supporters and detractors of the canvases chosen to represent American art in the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair. These entries were chosen from the school of abstract expressionism, originally an American



JACKSON POLLOCK. *NUMBER 1.* 1948. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.

phenomenon, typified by the late Jackson Pollock, Willem DeKooning, Franz Kline, and Robert Motherwell. The painters of this school describe their work as an act of self-discovery. Their method closely approximates automatism. Though recognition is totally absent, considerable visual impact is achieved through bold form, strong color contrast and a rugose, tactile quality. Strong and violent, the effect offers limitless scope for subjective response.

At least two of the painters, Pollock and Kline, developed highly personal, easily identifiable styles. Pollock constructed his paintings from a semi-controlled fall of paint, dripping and throwing it on the canvas with a physical vigor quite evident in the final result.

Kline creates an impenetrable ideography by slashing at huge, white canvases with crude black strokes. This simplified organization in these big areas produces a feeling of great strength. The size of the canvas is in itself important, because the simple idea gains power by enlargement. The effect is inescapable. The sheer violence compels subconscious response. But it communicates nothing whatever of humanity. Undeniably original, forceful and spontaneous to the point of improvisation, it remains incomprehensible to all but a small audience. It is a private art. Moreover, no sooner stated than it has been stated once for all. To keep repeating it, as the abstract expressionists do, must be an act of considerable will, since each time they must re-energize the spontaneity.

In his recent book, Conversations with Artists, Selden Rodman quotes Adolph Gottlieb, an abstract expressionist, as follows: ". . . the abstract expressionist says to the public, 'You're stupid. We despise you. We don't want you to like us—or our art.'" And again, "'I'd like more status than I have now, but not at the cost of closing the gap between artist and public. I'd like to widen it!'" It is probably unfair to tar all abstract expressionists with Mr. Gottlieb's brush. Nevertheless, his remarks reflect the withdrawal of many a contemporary artist.

At the same time such capacity of the new aesthetic to evoke response, however indefinable, cannot be dismissed. It holds the promise that if artists re-establish communication, they will have the means to do so with an energy and directness never before possible. For the moment the prevailing isms seem to record a private anguish—the travail of artists trying to rid themselves of everything they know in the attempt to find a new beginning.

Unfortunately the economics of art hamper the serious artist so seeking. Cults arise whenever a painter seems to have achieved some daring new position. It may be merely a transitory stage en route to real discovery, but the museums and private collectors clamor for a picture just like the one which created the stir in the first place, thereby freezing the artist in the middle of his quest. To free himself from this kind of acceptance takes enormous will and profound conviction, to say nothing of a sustaining vision of the future.

As for the ordinary onlooker who sincerely wants to understand, it is difficult to view this torment in paint dispassionately. He must be very wise indeed not to take a more or less fixed position. But by taking an inflexible position, by rejecting all but one kind of understanding, he lends support to what is essentially arbitrary and antiartistic.

With his infinite variety of experience, man cannot be limited to a single standard of understanding. Bias in favor of one language should not be allowed to impose judgment upon another. But perhaps art, after all, has run its course as the universal communicator, and is to remain a ritual practiced by the few. Perhaps another medium will replace it as man's solace and inspiration. I cannot believe it. I do not want to believe it.

If painting is once more to speak to and for mankind, the desire for communication must be re-established. Somehow a measure of comprehension must be added to today's total reliance on subjective emotional response.

The highest order of artistic experience is participation in the creation of art. Since this lies beyond the capacities of most men, the next highest experience is that which comes from understanding the origins, rationale and emotions of creation. Without that understanding, experience belongs to the artist alone in his study. It is my hope and my faith that we have not lost forever the sublime joy of what Bernard Berenson describes as "that flitting instant so brief as to be almost timeless when the spectator is at one with the art."

For readers who may wish to pursue this topic further, the following books are recommended:

Baudelaire, Charles
The Mirror of Art
Doubleday-Anchor
$1.45

Berenson, Bernard
Aesthetics and History
Doubleday-Anchor
85c

Fry, Roger
Vision and Design
Meridian Books
$1.35

Ortega y Gasset, José
The Dehumanization of Art
Doubleday-Anchor
85c

Read, Herbert
The Philosophy of Modern Art
Meridian Books
$1.35

Panofsky, Erwin
Meaning in the Visual Arts
Doubleday-Anchor
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Rodman, Selden
Conversations With Artists
Devin
$4.00

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Thief in the Cathedral (Continued from Page 23)

realized that he was being treated as a puppy. After that the two passed each other politely but without remark. In our closed world of the cathedral such coolness between servants of dean and servants of bishop was familiar.

MacGillivray considered that he should be on permanent duty with his master. Since he was black, small and ingenious, it was difficult to prevent him. So devoted a friend could not be cruelly chained—and in summer the French windows of the bishop's palace were always open.

He first endeared himself to choir and clergy at the ceremony of the bishop's installation. Magnificent in miter and full robes, the bishop, at the head of his procession, knocked with his crosier upon the cathedral door to demand admission. MacGillivray, observing that his master was shut out and in need of help, hurtled across the close, bounced at the door and added his excited barks to the formal solemnity of the bishop's order.

Led away in disapproving silence, he took the enormity of his crime more seriously than we did. On his next appearance he behaved with humility, following the unsuspecting bishop down the chancel and into the pulpit with bowed head and tail well below the horizontal.

Such anxious piety was even more embarrassing than bounce. It became my duty, laid upon me by the bishop in person, to ensure on all formal occasions that MacGillivray had not evaded the butler and was safely confined. I was even empowered to tie him up to the railings on the north side of the close in cases of emergency.

I do not think the bishop ever realized what was troubling his friend and erring brother, MacGillivray—normally a dog of sense that could mind his own business however great his affection for his master. When he accompanied the bishop around the diocese he never committed the solecism of entering a parish church and never used the vicar's cat as an objective for assault practice.

His indiscipline at home was, we were all sure, due to jealousy of Abner. He resented with Scottish obstinacy the fact that he was ejected in disgrace from the cathedral, whereas Abner was not. He could not be expected to understand that Abner's discreet movements were beyond human control.

The dean could and did quite honestly declare that he had never seen that cat in the cathedral. Younger eyes, however, which knew where to look, had often distinguished Abner curled up on the ornate stone canopy over the tomb of a seventeenth-century admiral. In winter he would sometimes sleep upon the left arm of a stone crusader in the cavity between shield and mailed shirt—a dank spot, I thought, until I discovered that it captured a current of warm air from the grating beside the effigy. In both his resting places he was, if he chose to be, invisible. He was half Persian, tiger-striped with brownish gray on lighter gray, and he matched the stone of the cathedral.

As the summer went by, the feud between Abner and MacGillivray became more subtle. Both scored points. MacGillivray, if he woke up feeling youthful, used to chase the pigeons in the close. One morning, to the surprise of both dog and bird, a pigeon failed to get out of the way in time and broke a wing. MacGillivray was embarrassed. He sniffed the pigeon, wagged his tail to show that there was no ill feeling and sat down to think.

Abner strolled from the porch and held down the pigeon with a firm, gentle paw. He picked it up in his mouth and presented it with liquid and appealing eyes to an elegant American tourist who was musing sentimentally in the close. She swore that the cat had asked her to heal the bird—which, by remaining a whole week in our town in and out of the vet's consulting room, she did. Personally I think that Abner was attracted by the feline grace of her walk and was suggesting that, as the pigeon could be of no more use to the cathedral, she might as well eat it. But whatever his motives, he had again made MacGillivray look a clumsy and impulsive fool.

MacGillivray's revenge was a little primitive. He deposited bones and offal in dark corners of the porch and pretended that Abner had put them there. That was the second-worst crime he knew—to leave on a human floor the inedible portions of his meals.

The verger was deceived and submitted a grave complaint in writing to the dean. The dean, however, knew very well that Abner had no interest in mutton bones, old or new. He was familiar with the cat's tastes. Indeed it was rumored from the deanery that he secreted a little box in his pocket at meals, into which he would drop such delicacies as the head of a trout or the liver of a roast duck.

I cannot remember all the incidents of the cold war. And, anyway, I could not swear to their truth. My father and the dean read into the animals' behavior motives which were highly unlikely and then shamelessly embroidered them, creating a whole miscellany of private legend for the canons and the choir. So I will only repeat the triumph of MacGillivray and its sequel, both of which I saw myself.

That fulfillment of every dog's dream appeared at first final and overwhelming victory. It was September first, the feast of St. Giles, our patron saint. Evensong was a full choral and instrumental service, traditional, exquisite, and attracting a congregation whose interest was in music rather than religion. The bishop was to preach. Perhaps the effort of composition, of appealing to well-read intellectuals without offending the simpler clergy, had created an atmosphere of hard work and anxiety in the bishop's study. At any rate, MacGillivray was nervous and mischievous.

While I was ensuring his comfort before shutting him up, he twitched the leash out of my hand and was off on his quarter-mile course round the cathedral looking for a private entrance. When at last I caught him, the changes of the bells had stopped. I had only five minutes before the processional entry of the choir. There wasn't even time to race across the close and tie him up to the railings.

I rushed into the north transept with MacGillivray under my arm, pushed him down the stairs into the crypt and shut the door behind him. I knew that he could not get out. Our Norman crypt was closed to visitors during service, and no one on a summer evening would have reason to go down to the masons' and carpenters' stores, the strong room or the boilers. All I feared was that MacGillivray's yaps might be heard through the gratings in the cathedral floor.

I dived into my ruffled surplice and took my place in the procession, earning the blackest possible looks from the choirmaster. I just had time to explain to him that it was the fault of MacGillivray. I was not forgiven, but the grin exchanged between choirmaster and precentor suggested that I probably would be—if I wasn't still panting by the time that the alto had to praise all famous men and our fathers that begat us.

St. Giles, if he still had any taste for earthly music, must have approved his servants that evening. The bishop, always an effective preacher, surpassed himself. His sinewy arguments were of course beyond me, but I had my eye—vain little beast that I was—on the music critics from the London papers, and I could see that several of them were so interested that they were bursting to take over the pulpit and reply.

Only once did he falter, when the barking of MacGillivray, hardly perceptible to anyone but his master and me, caught the episcopal ear. Even then his momentary hesitation was put down to a search for the right word.

I felt that my desperate disposal of MacGillivray might not be appreciated. So I shot down to release him immediately after the recessional. The noise was startling as soon as I opened the door. MacGillivray was holding the stairs against a stranger in the crypt.

The man was good-dogging him and trying to make him shut up. He had a small suitcase by his side. When two sturdy vergers, attracted by the noise, appeared hot on my heels, the intruder tried to bolt, dragging behind him MacGillivray with teeth closed on the turn-ups of his trousers. We detained him and opened the suitcase. It contained twenty pounds' weight of the cathedral silver. During the long service our massive but primitive strong-room door had been expertly opened.

The congregation was dispersing, but bishop, dean, archdeacon and innumerable canons were still in the cathedral. They attended the excitement just as any other crowd. Under the circumstances, MacGillivray was the center of the most complimentary fuss. The canons would have genially petted any dog. But this was the bishop's dog. The wings of gowns and surplices flowed over him like those of exclamatory sea gulls descending upon a stranded fish.

Dignity was represented only by our local superintendent of police and MacGillivray himself. When the thief had been led away, the dog reverently followed his master out of the cathedral; his attitude reproached us for ever dreaming that he might take advantage of his popularity.

At the porch, however, he turned round and loosed one short, triumphant bark into the empty nave. The bishop's chaplain unctuously suggested that it was a little voice of thanksgiving. So it was—but far from pious. I noticed where MacGillivray's muzzle was pointing. That bark was for a softness of outline, a shadow, a striping of small pinnacles upon the canopy of the admiral's tomb.

For several days—all of ten, I should say—Abner deserted both the cathedral and its porch. He then returned to his first friend, helping my father to make the last autumn cut of the grass and offering his catch of small game for approval. The dean suggested that he was in need of sunshine. My father shook his head and said nothing. It was obvious to both of us that for Abner the cathedral had been momentarily defiled. He reminded me of an old verger who gave in his resignation—it was long overdue anyway—after discovering a family party eating lunch from paper bags in the lady chapel.

He went back to the porch a little before the harvest festival, for he always enjoyed that. During a whole week while the decorations were in place he could find a number of discreet lairs where it was impossible to detect his presence. There may also have been a little hunting in the night. We did not attempt to fill the vastness of the cathedral with all the garden produce dear to a parish church, but the dean was fond of fat sheaves of wheat, oats and barley, bound round the middle like sheaves on a heraldic shield.

It was his own festival in his own cathedral, so that he, not the bishop, conducted it. He had made the ritual as enjoyable as that of Christmas, reviving ancient customs for which he was always ready to quote authority. I suspect that medieval deans would have denied his interpretation of their scanty records, but they would have recognized a master of stage management.

His most effective revival was a procession of cathedral tenants and benefactors, each bearing some offering in kind which the dean received on the altar steps. Fruit, honey and cakes were common, always with some touch of magnificence in the quality, quantity or container. On one occasion the landlord of the Pilgrim's Inn presented a roasted peacock set in jelly with tail feathers erect. There was some argument about this, on the ground that it ran close to an advertisement. But the dean would not be dissuaded. He insisted that any craftsman had the right to present a unique specimen of his skill.

That year the gifts were more humble. My father, as always, led the procession with a basket tray upon which was a two-foot bunch of black grapes from the vinery in the canons' garden. A most original participant was a dear old nursery gardener who presented a plant of his new dwarf camellia which had been the botanical sensation of the year and could not yet be bought for money. There was also a noble milkpan of Alpine strawberries and cream—which, we hoped, the cathedral school would share next day with the almshouses.

While the file of some twenty persons advanced into the chancel, the choir full-bloodedly sang the Sixty-fifth Psalm to the joyous score of our own organist. The dean's sense of theater was as faultless as ever. Lavish in ritual and his own vestments, he then played his part with the utmost simplicity. He thanked and blessed each giver almost conversationally.

Last in the procession were four boys of the cathedral school bearing a great silver bowl of nuts gathered in the hedgerows. The gift and their movements were traditional. As they separated, two to the right and two to the left, leaving the dean alone upon the altar steps, a shadow appeared at his feet and vanished so swiftly that by the time our eyes had registered its true, soft shape it was no longer there.

The dean bent down and picked up a dead field mouse. He was not put out of countenance for a moment. He laid it reverently with the other gifts. No one was present to be thanked; but when the dean left the cathedral after service and stopped in the porch to talk to Abner he was, to the surprise of the general public, still wearing his full vestments, stiff, gorgeous and suggesting the power of the church to protect and armor with its blessing the most humble of its servants.

THE END

... ...

Three Phases of a Small Boy Helping With the Chores

1. Dynamo!
2. Getting slow—
3. Where'd he go?

Sheldon White

... ...

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Why Does Europe Have Less Delinquency?

(Continued from Page 19)

Our literature, our movies and our television frequently dramatize the hostility of police and adults toward the deviating, nonconforming adolescent, and many Americans actually bristle at the sight of leather jackets, tattooed arms and ducktail haircuts, extending their hostility even to what they consider symbols of delinquency.

To oversimplify, juvenile delinquency is deviant behavior committed by a child, and legislation has arbitrarily determined when childhood ends. In the majority of the states a child becomes an adult at seventeen, although in California, for example, he may be adjudged juvenile until he is twenty-one, and in New York State he is legally an adult at sixteen.

Now "deviant behavior" can run all the way from murder down through a street brawl to a loudmouthed adolescent disturbing the peace as he shouts his way home after a late movie. It can include the offenses committed by a mentally disturbed child acting out his aggressions, or the disobedience of a youngster who refuses to obey the "reasonable command of his parents." Any of these can bring a child to court. Often we do not differentiate.

In some large cities, for example, a child gets an arrest record simply because he is arrested, even though his "offense" is hardly more than sassing a policeman, defiance or bad manners. This means that he can have difficulty entering the professions, qualifying for a surety bond in a job where he handles money, and even in getting into the Army or Navy. This is not the intention of the juvenile court, nor is it the way the law planned it, but too often it works this way. The result stems either from stupidity or hostility, and I choose to call it hostility.

In comparison the European attitude seems much more relaxed and realistic. Pierre Morelli, the French Deputy Minister of Justice, told me, "What can you expect? Of course youth will get into trouble. It's a part of growing up. We know that youth is romantic and passionate, and this is what gets him into trouble. We must anticipate his emotions and do what we can to keep him from being unduly aroused. And we must always be prepared to help him."

Europeans recognize the adolescent for the half-man, half-child that he is, understanding that the process of growing from childhood to manhood is not an easy one, and that under even the most favorable circumstances it may give rise to serious problems which will call for patience and special handling on the part of the whole community.

American parents seem to be resigned to struggling through the adolescence of their children. We say, "It's going to get worse before it gets better. Just wait until they're teen-agers!" Or as the mother of three adolescents said, "You ought to bury them at twelve and dig them up at eighteen."

Our teen-agers use a phrase that is really quite perceptive about our hostility. When we get steamed up about quite minor infractions, they say, "Aw, don't make a Federal case out of it." Not long ago we certainly made a "Federal case" out of a joy-riding prank by some young soldiers. More than a dozen of them piled into an empty bus; one drove the vehicle for a few blocks. When police arrived the soldiers fled—all except two who did not get out in time. These young men were charged with grand larceny.

In contrast the British and French attitude is indeed casual. In both countries car stealing, unless with a clear intent to sell or keep the car, is usually treated as a conduct problem rather than a criminal incident, and disposed of with a warning. And although the British are strict—the eleven-year-old son of a friend of mine was hauled before a London juvenile judge and lectured for lying to transit authorities to get a free subway ride—they recognize that few juveniles ever take a car with larcenous intent. Like his American counterpart, the European adolescent borrows a car to joy-ride. The British and French distinguish between theft and "taking a car without the owner's permission"; the result is that the young offender is not branded as either a criminal or a juvenile delinquent and he is much less likely to become one.

We are impatient with our adolescent and we must confuse him terribly. While we reject him and punish him because he does not act like an adult, we seem to go to great lengths to prolong his childhood. We demand that he act as a man—and a man *works*—even while we approve child-labor laws so restrictive that millions of American youth lie idle.

In addition our schools frequently force him into a form of compulsory childhood, insisting that he sit in a classroom until he reaches a sort of legal discharge age—usually sixteen—even though he may be unwilling to learn or be incapable of learning, and actually might be holding back his classmates. We may be a people with little respect for learning, but we have great regard for educational degrees and certificates, and all our young people, by George, are going to get that high-school diploma regardless of their capabilities or their needs. The result is that often these children move from boredom to mischief to real trouble.

In Austria, West Germany and France any fourteen-year-old boy—in England a fifteen-year-old—with no college plans may leave school to become an apprentice in plumbing, baking, carpentry, electronics or one of a dozen other trades. He trains both on the job under a master craftsman and periodically at a trade school. If his home is adequate, he lives with his family.

But in Austria and Germany a large number of youngsters with inadequate home supervision—orphans or boys with working mothers—live in apprentice homes or "working boys' villages." Here, after working hours, they are under the direction of trained educators or social workers, who provide the supervision so necessary during adolescence, particularly for boys in broken homes.

Many of the apprentice homes are government-operated, but other groups also admit their responsibility to youth. The European trade-union frequently is as interested in child welfare as in union welfare, and many of the homes are sponsored by unions which are not only insuring a high quality of craftsmanship but are helping to prevent delinquency. This is also true of management, and six of the most successful Viennese homes are subsidized by the Society of Manufacturers of Austria, an organization similar to our National Association of Manufacturers.

Room and board for the apprentice is paid partly by the boy's family (if he has one), partly by the boy himself from his earnings, and if this is not enough, then by the sponsoring agency.

The Austrian homes were started shortly after the last war when parents recognized the crime potential in the thousands of fatherless children in the country. Although there was not yet a rise in delinquency, the Austrians feared it was inevitable if steps were not taken. The apprentice home, with its work and discipline and self-respect, was the answer.

In essence this system is preventive medicine. It leaps past our compulsory childhood phase where thousands of American boys sit out several grades of schooling, building up habits of idleness, disrespect for authority and ultimately real delinquency. It permits the young European to associate with men in productive enterprise. Thus at an early age he is accepted as a responsible member of society, with all the respect and recognition this entails. Fortified psychologically, he does not need to reinforce his self-esteem through gang activity.

A Viennese home director summed up the Austrian attitude on child rearing when he told me, "In Austria the state considers it essential that youth be brought up with some responsibility. We have never been able to figure out what you do in the United States without a large-scale apprenticeship system and apprentice homes. What does the United States do with a boy who won't go to school, doesn't want to work and who is lazy?" What do we do? Frequently we let him become a delinquent.

A French official told me, "The most important factor in the prevention of delinquency is a job." And in my own experience with delinquents, a job has solved an extraordinary number of problems. It gives a delinquent something that he had known before only through gang membership. Yet recently—on the basis that it would encourage child labor—the New York State legislature defeated a bill that would have allowed a thirteen-year-old boy to pick berries four hours a day during the school vacation period.

Europe is preventing delinquency the way we prevent epidemics. We use authority to protect us against disease, false weights and measures, or impure foods, but we seem reluctant to take preventive measures in delinquency. It is recognized that early spotting and treatment of potential juvenile offenders is essential, and for such treatment we are almost completely dependent on the professional social worker. But our social workers are so convinced that they must not interfere—"the client must come to us; we must not go to the client"—that they are ineffective. And the teen-ager will go to no one. The American respect for individual independence has resulted in our social workers being desperately determined to mind their own business.

Compare this attitude to that of the Youth Authority officer in Austria and West Germany. Take the case of fourteen-year-old Willi, who lived in a suburb of Vienna. A Youth Authority officer saw him loafing on street corners late at night with older boys, felt this was bad influence and visited Willi's mother. He discovered that Willi's father was dead and that he lived alone with his working mother, who was having difficulty with him.

Checking at school, the Youth Authority officer learned Willi had become an uninterested student, an obnoxious show-off who was disturbing his class. His teachers could not control him. For several months the mother and the social worker attempted to help the boy, but got no response. Finally, with his mother's consent, he was withdrawn from school and sent to an apprentice home where he began training under a master electrician who understands and helps him.

In addition Willi is guided and counseled by skilled psychologists at the home. I met him during a Thursday-night gripe session—"We play America," a counselor explained—

(*Continued on Page 111*)

"You must have taken a wrong turn in there somewhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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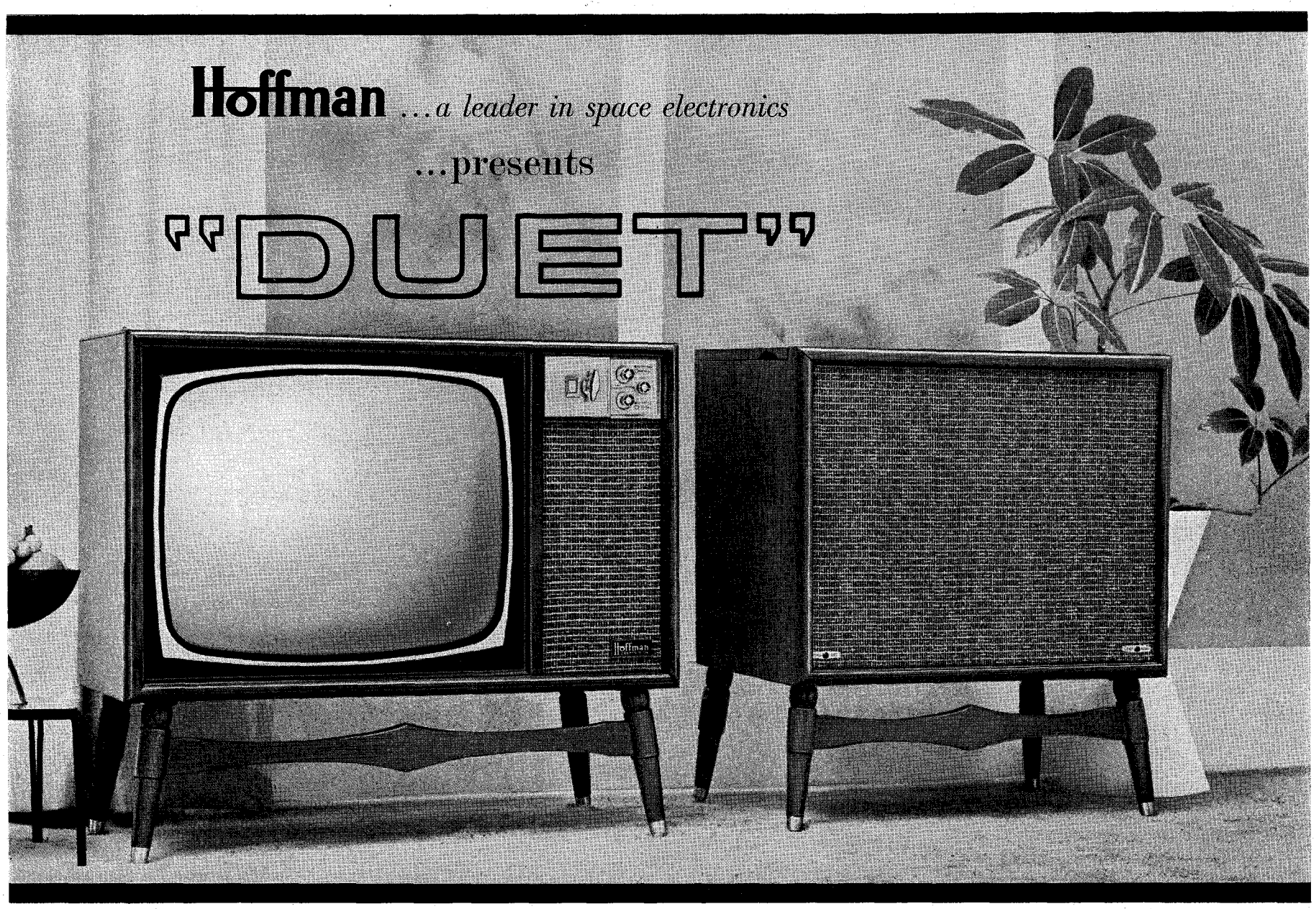

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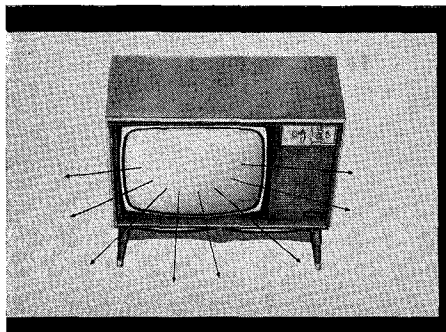

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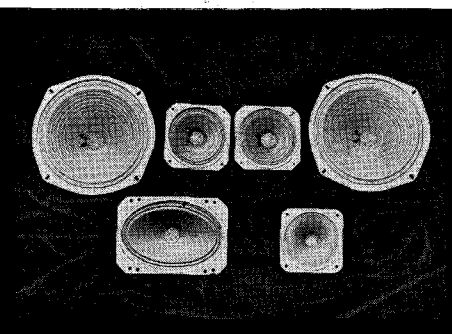

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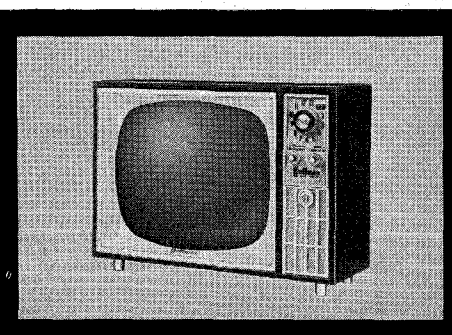

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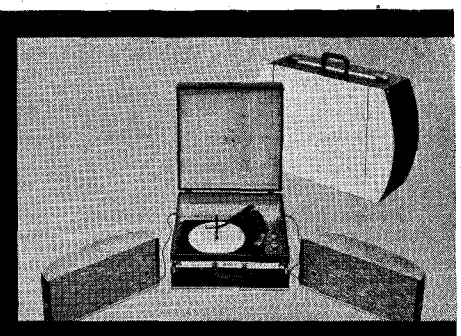

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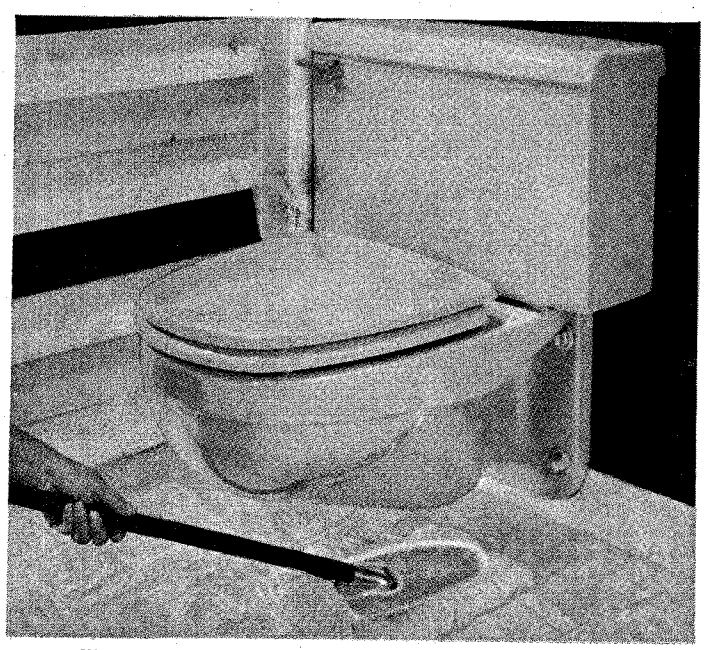

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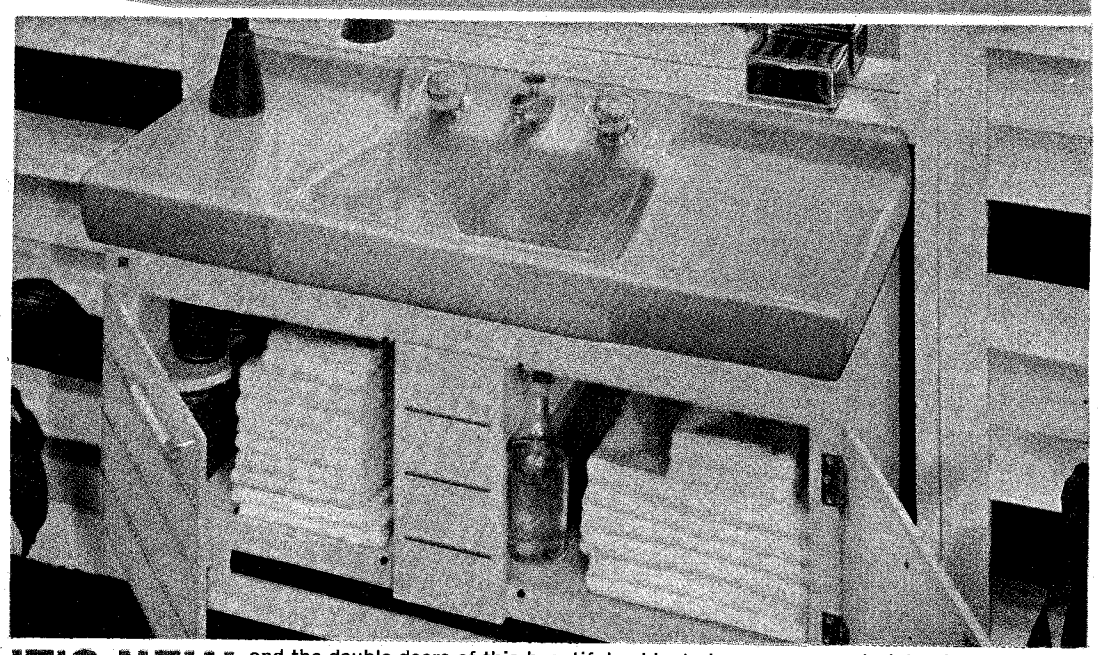

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(*Continued from Page 108*) and I watched Willi holding the floor, ranting at the world, and becoming more calm as he expelled his aggressions.

Each Youth Authority officer is assigned permanently to a district of several hundred families. He learns to know all the children in his neighborhood and serves as a sort of all-purpose social worker when needed—as guardian of illegitimate children, supervisor of children in foster homes, truant officer, probation officer, and even as a counselor to perplexed parents. Many of them serve for as long as thirty years in one district, "acting as the wise father to all the children." They have tremendous prestige, and to walk with one on the streets is like walking with the mayor.

Unlike the American social worker who rarely takes action until a child is in trouble, these men and women are catching trouble before it begins. One officer told me, "We go into situations where the client might prefer that we let him alone. We feel obligated to correct a situation which might lead to character damage of a child. Usually we find that parents bring the problems to us or co-operate with us when they understand the difficulty. If they do not co-operate, we present the matter to the court for appropriate action."

An indication of the effectiveness of the whole Austrian system is that during the Hungarian revolt of 1956, when 3000 youngsters between fourteen and eighteen fled into Austria without parents or guardians, there was practically no recorded delinquency among them at the end of the first year of their new residence. They had been absorbed into the apprentice homes and the child-welfare system of Austria.

I think it is fair to point out that the best in the United States is better than the best in Europe, but somewhere between the best and the average we fall down. For example, we want our people who work with delinquents to be social workers who have a college education plus two years' training in social-work school. But, failing to get these, we settle for anything. It is not uncommon for a delinquent child who has failed under the most expert care of a battery of trained workers in a guidance clinic to be turned over to a court officer who has no training of any kind, or to house parents in a correctional school who lack the most basic understanding of the needs of a child.

The British are more practical. They do not depend on college degrees; they do not feel that a certificate is *the* qualifying characteristic for a social worker. They look for what one educator called "a man with heart intelligence"—a person who is bright and genuinely concerned with the problems of youth—and then they train him. "We don't fancy them up with too much psychiatric technique. We try to teach them things they can use," the dean of one British social-work school told me. Usually this training consists of a few months of study plus a year or so of training on the job under a skilled supervisor.

I talked with a number of probation officers so trained; one had started life as a carpet designer, others as army or navy officers. They had all gravitated to the work because of a genuine interest in young people.

Often we Americans diagnose very early and then lose our patients for want of professional services. In England this is not so likely to happen because of the British use of volunteer workers. I saw one case in London where the headmistress of a school used volunteers swiftly and efficiently and got results. The problem was an unemployable father, nervous and neurotic since the war, and so unstable that he was frightening his six children, aged six to fourteen. The mother worked to support the family, and the children were wandering the streets after school, delaying as long as possible the time when they would see their father.

The headmistress immediately brought the case before the school's Child Care Committee, which quickly found a mother who volunteered to transport the children to a play center right after school, eliminating the daily three or four hours of street wandering.

In London these volunteer Child Care Committees, composed of businessmen, doctors, lawyers, teachers, craftsmen and housewives—all officially appointed by the government—spend many hours helping children and preventing delinquency.

Such volunteer work is criticized by the professional social workers in both England and the United States, but it obviously supplies services not otherwise available. And the English volunteer system is extended even to the juvenile bench, where judges are unpaid laymen who serve out of civic duty.

Austrian volunteer work has also been quite effective. When a young Viennese psychologist, Dr. Sepp Schindler, found that Austria had no system of parole officers, he organized a group of volunteer "guardians" to fill the gap. These were teachers or psychologists or social workers, persons with some experience with children, but novices as parole officers.

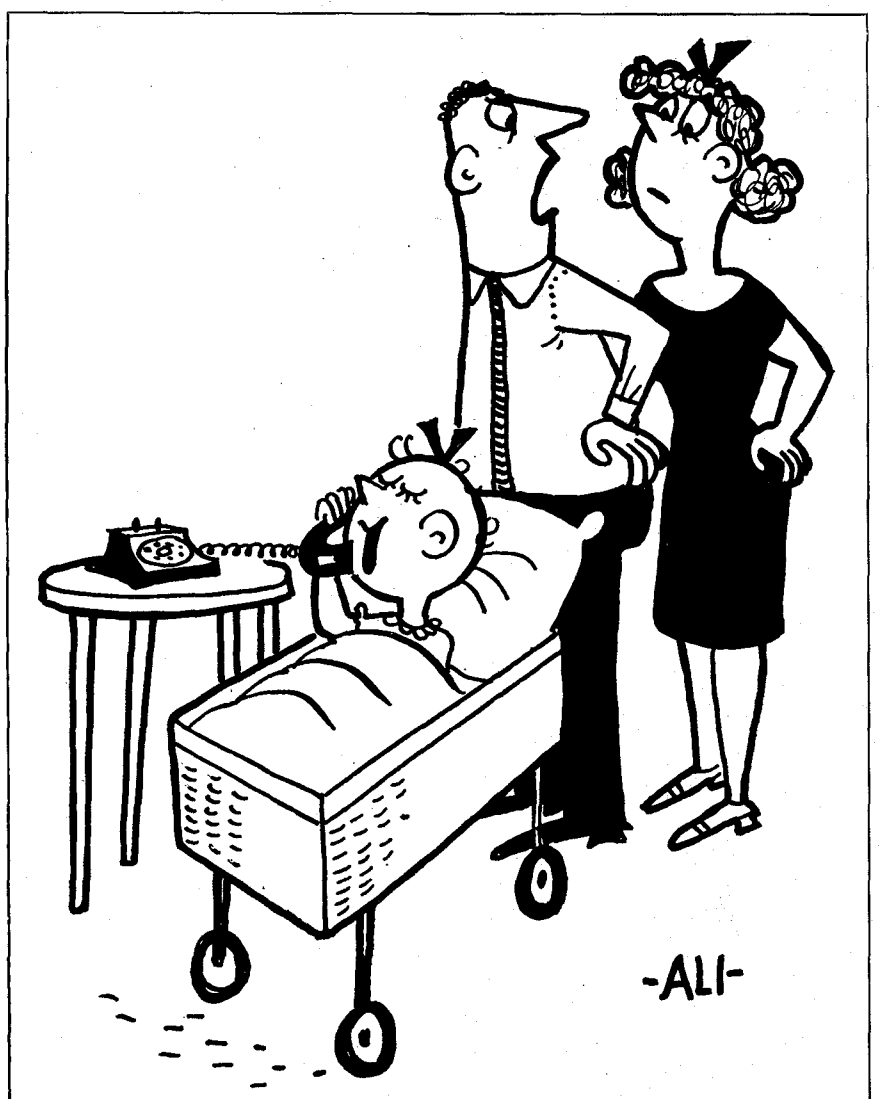
Supervising no more than five, usually three, juvenile parolees, the "guardians" have been remarkably successful, with only 8 per cent failures in a year, although many of the delinquents had been involved in serious crimes and some had served long terms in the reformatory. Doctor Schindler's system might be valuable to us here in the United States where we need 400,000 additional parole and probation officers immediately.

Austria's only reformatory, the Kaiser Ebersdorf, is a huge, dilapidated, poorly equipped building erected in the fourteenth century. American authorities would say this building is impossible as a correctional institution; they would insist on many separate institutions, each costly to build and maintain, and if they could not get them, they would postpone action until funds were available.

But the Austrians, by improvising, have divided the boys into groups of twenty and segregated them into self-sustaining apartments with a young educator living with them around the clock. Thus the Kaiser Ebersdorf gives personal treatment to many kinds of boys; those who may be trusted to go home occasionally, those who are allowed to attend the opera or concerts with their leader, and those who are such poor risks that they are maximum-security prisoners.

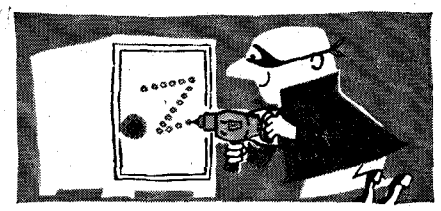
The British are equally flexible. An outstanding example is their Family Service Unit, which has been called by one expert the "most important development in social work in a century." These units work in slum areas with families already abandoned as hopeless by other agencies. They concentrate on the multiproblem family—a household plagued with bad health, belligerent parents, low intelligence, immaturity—not one problem, but a handful. These people are unhappy and frightened, and they are fed up with good advice and official threats.

Yet they respond to the Family Service Unit because it wins their confidence with practical help and sympathetic understanding. It doesn't lecture; it does something. In one of these problem



"Starting kind of young, isn't she?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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homes I saw a Family Service Unit worker pumping an antique sewing machine, helping the mother make eight little dresses for girls who never before had owned a new one.

In another home a unit worker was helping the father of a large family install electricity in his house. The man was a most pugnacious person, yet he meekly accepted the advice of the social worker, along with his practical aid.

The services of this group are available around the clock, and they range from helping a mother faced with a drunken husband in the middle of the night, through community sewing lessons, to highly skilled psychiatric work with individuals. The results of these units have been spectacularly successful.

While we in America are most vocal when our young people fail on probation or parole, we do little to forestall it. Too often we return our delinquents to the environment which produced their delinquency. However, both Britain and France have made effective use of probation homes and "halfway houses." In the English probation hostel youths live for about a year under strict regulation, but go out to work or school during the day. The youth pays for his care from his earnings, but the government or his parents subsidize him if necessary.

The French halfway house is a bridge between the strict detention of the reformatory and complete freedom. From this semiliberty institution the discharged prisoner finds employment and makes his transition back to normal living.

In 1950 the British program for treating juvenile offenders was evaluated, and it was decided that a taste of old-fashioned punishment might be effective. As a result Britain now has thirty-seven attendance centers and four detention centers.

The attendance center is for the unruly boy who can profit by firm discipline; in it he is deprived of his leisure time for two or three hours on four to six Saturday afternoons, and police constables supervise him in physical exercise or craft work under strict military discipline. Provo, Utah, is now experimenting with this type of program with an emphasis on remedial treatment, and seems to be getting even better results than I saw in England.

The British detention center is a short-term institution where the British delinquent can look forward to the most rigorous three months of his life. Staff members are sticklers for personal cleanliness, obedience and good manners; it was the answer to the British Home Secretary's request to "de-Teddyfy the Teddy Boys."

After early morning calisthenics and housekeeping, there is school or work, depending on age. Before lunch each boy showers and changes clothes, even though he must return to his work clothing after the meal. There are evening classes and gymnastics, but little recreation. The boys are marched at double time wherever they go. British authorities attest to the success of these two programs. And they are certainly less costly than the long-term reformatory treatment common to the United States. One boy told me, "I don't want any more of this. I'm not going to do anything that will get me back in here."

The British seem to have an advantage over us in seeking answers from all professions, in a constant evaluation of their methods, and a practice of acting on their findings. Too frequently we Americans relegate the responsibility for the delinquent to social work alone. We assume that our methods will benefit the delinquent, but we rarely take stock of ourselves.

Obviously a problem as complex as juvenile delinquency has no one solution. Our American problem is more diversified—and therefore more difficult to solve—than in any of the foreign countries I visited.

I have no suggestion for curing what I feel is our hostility to our young people other than what we should have learned at our mother's knee—brotherly love. But I would hope that by examining European methods our labor unions and our management organizations might find it possible to join in a concerted effort to end juvenile idleness. And perhaps our professional educators might reexamine laws that compel many children to remain in school long after it makes sense.

We must recognize that some of the answers may be in experimental new approaches that will take courage to sell the community. And we must have the courage to admit our failures when they occur.

There is hope to be found in the new acceptance by many serious-minded people that there is no easy or overnight solution to this problem, but that the answer must be sought from many sources; that a wide-scale lockup of young people will not keep them from lashing out at society or give them the strength they need.

The recent interest of such an agency as the Ford Foundation in establishing youth-development centers (for experimentation and training) as one of its projects in the juvenile delinquency field offers hope for new solutions. The fact that Congress has asked the National Institutes of Health and the Children's Bureau to outline a program suggesting how the Federal Government can best contribute to a solution of the problem is a most promising sign.

If the same concentration of effort that has built the nation's business or has promoted the physical sciences were brought to bear on juvenile delinquency, there is every reason to believe that we could virtually eliminate the problem here as it has been partially eliminated elsewhere.

His Lonely Last Days (Continued from Page 33)

desperately in his last years to reviving old friendships and to seeking out new companions. Almost as he did on the houseboat *Larooco* when he was recovering from polio, he wanted lighthearted, attractive persons around him—particularly in the few off hours he could squeeze for himself during the war years—who would not burden him with heavy, intellectual talk. He needed a little touch of frivolity and sparkling, occasionally aimless, conversation in his life; that was one of the few things that mother, who gave him so much, could not give him.

How much he missed his family as we all scattered for the war is indicated in his March, 1944, note to an old friend, Leighton McCarthy, who had congratulated father and mother on their thirty-ninth—and next-to-last—anniversary. "That a war is on," father wrote, "is shown by the fact that my Missus is in Recife, Brazil; Anna is in Boston; Jimmy is in Hawaii, Elliott is in a camp near London, Franklin Jr. is at the Miami camp and Johnny is on an aircraft carrier headed out."

During the last seventeen months of his life, my sister, Anna, whose husband, the late John Boettiger, was overseas, came to live at the White House. She served as father's unofficial and unsalaried secretary, and did much to help him and to ease the loneliness of his last months.

After my resignation as one of father's secretaries, I went to work for Samuel Goldwyn in Hollywood. Later as an independent producer, I even made a picture called *Pot o' Gold*, which, if not the worst movie ever made, certainly was close.

There never was any real rift between father and me, despite his unhappiness over my impending divorce from Betsey Cushing. When I went to England in 1939 on motion-picture business, father made me his emissary to Windsor Castle to arrange details of the forthcoming visit of the late King George VI and the present Queen Mother Elizabeth to the United States. I was at Hyde Park for the famous hot-dog picnic at which father and mother entertained their majesties.

I never shall forget the more formal Hyde Park dinner for the king and queen—preceded, of course, by a pitcher of father's famous martinis. Granny, who disapproved of cocktails, scarcely could conceal her displeasure when the drink tray was brought into the drawing room.

Pa, enjoying the byplay hugely, turned to the king and artlessly observed, "My mother thinks you should have a cup of tea—she doesn't approve of cocktails."

The king—not a garrulous man—pondered this a moment, then said, "Neither does my mother."

Then the President and the king raised their glasses to each other and downed their martinis.

Pa did get a little annoyed with me in 1940 when I was too persistent in trying to argue him out of running for a third term. He explained to me patiently and carefully why, with our threatened engulfment in the European war, he felt it was his duty to run again. I based my argument on opposition to breaking the two-term tradition—and on purely selfish grounds. Mother and all of us felt father had done his job and deserved a rest; we did not want to lose him. Pa finally told me I'd had my say and would I please now shut up and let him make up his own mind.

In April, 1941, I was married to Romelle Schneider, who had been my nurse after my serious operation in 1938. Though father did not approve of the marriage, he took the position that it was my business. He made a special point of asking mother to attend the wedding, and he sent me by mother the warmest letter a son possibly could ask from a father under such circumstances. The original is not in my possession, and there was no carbon, as father wrote it by hand. My reply, however, has been saved, and in it I noted: "*Dear Pa:* That was the swellest letter and I'm so very, very grateful for it. And I guess you know how much it meant to have it in my pocket as we were married. . . ."

However they may have felt about my second marriage, father and mother welcomed Romelle into the family. During the war years she often was a guest at the White House. At the time of our divorce in 1955, there was much unfavorable publicity, centering around the fact that I had signed a letter making certain admissions. As I stated then, I signed this letter under rather desperate circumstances, hoping to avert a marital breakup. I knew at the time the letter was written that father was ill and I wanted to spare him the shock of any scandal. At least he was not alive when the unfortunate charges were publicly aired. I now am married—and happily—to the former Irene Owens and am serving my third consecutive term in Congress, doing my best, I hope, to work for some of the ideals in which father believed.

Shortly after my second marriage I was on my way around the world on a military-diplomatic mission for father. In 1939 I had voluntarily reverted from lieutenant colonel to captain in the Marine Corps Reserve. On April 19, 1941, in company with Maj. Gerald C. Thomas—since retired as a four-star general—I took off for the Philippines, China, Burma, India, Iraq, Egypt, Crete, Palestine (now Israel) and various beleaguered (*Continued on Page 114*)

"They seem to be very clean animals."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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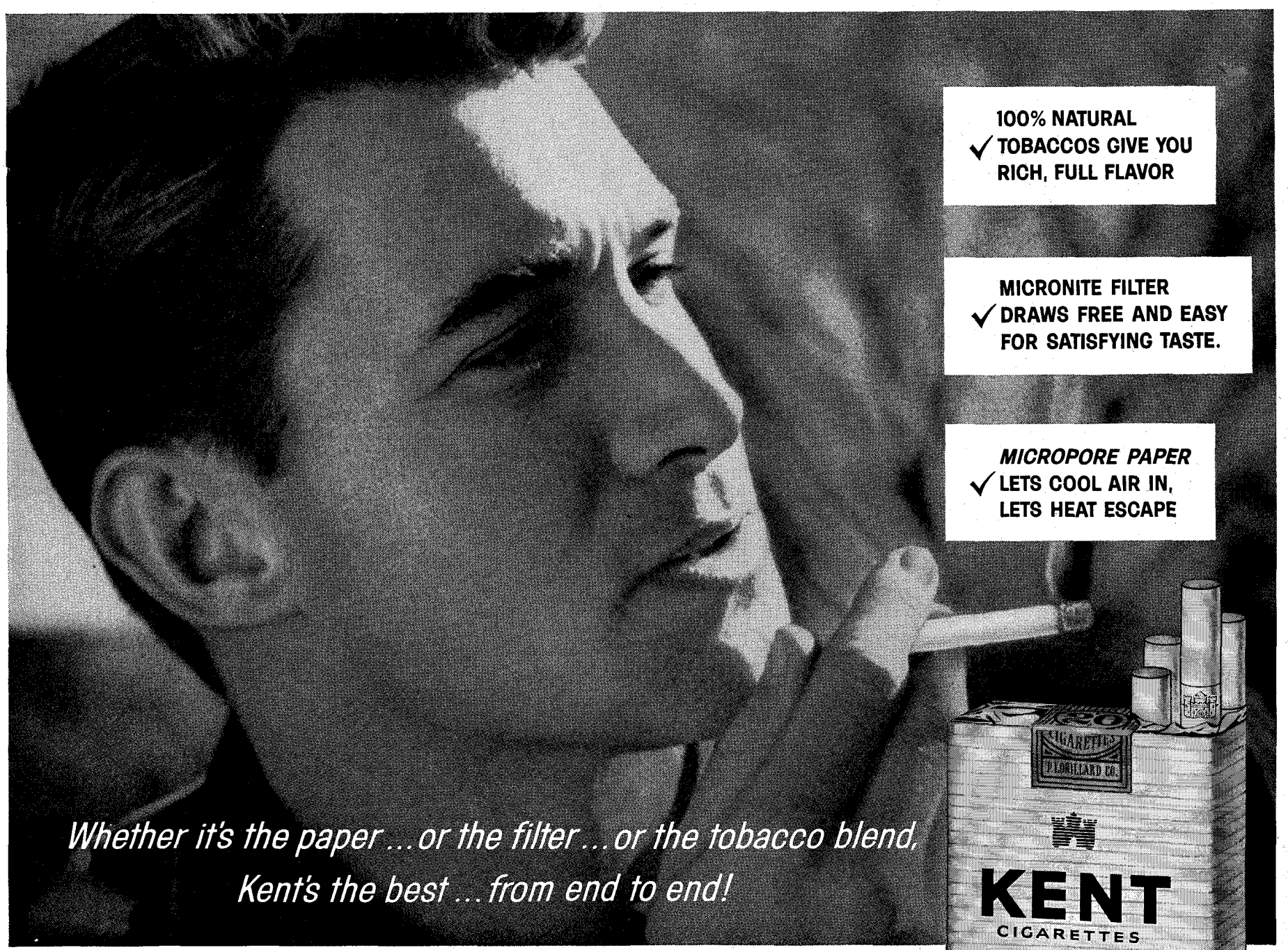

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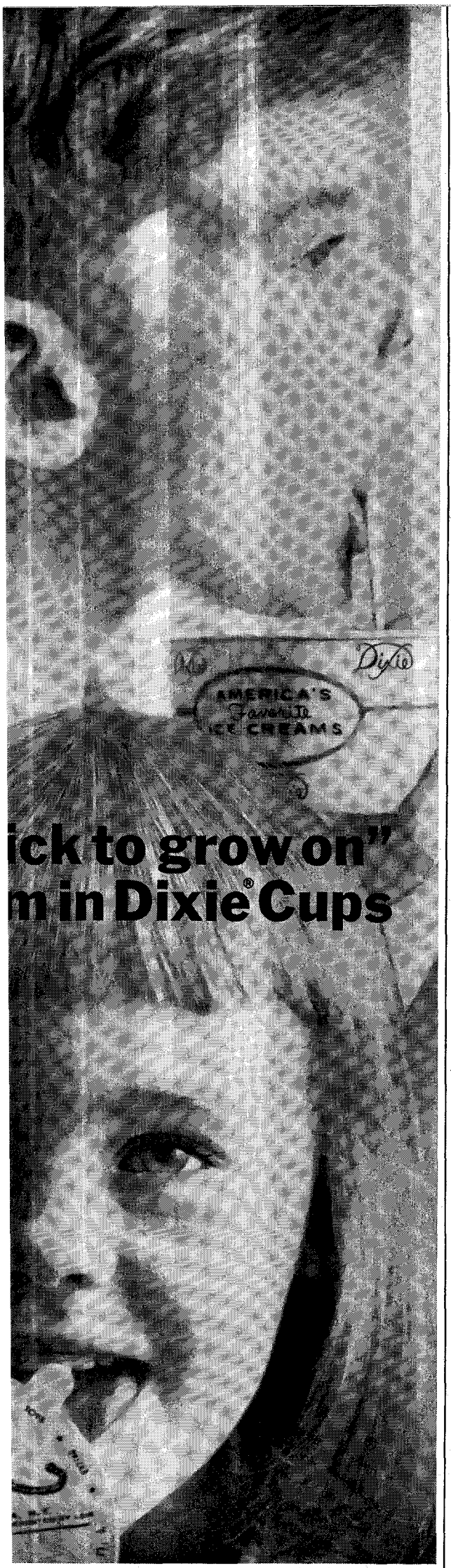
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(*Continued from Page 112*) African desert outposts. In addition to observing military needs, for which Thomas was far more qualified than I, my special, rather delicate mission was to carry personal messages from father to certain heads of state. I was to assure them orally in his name that, although the United States was not in the war against Hitler and Mussolini, we were doing all we could for the Allies, and that, if or when we became actively involved against our will, we would do everything possible to ease their particular problems. In effect, I was telling them, "Hang on, help may be coming."

I visited Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek in Chungking, a city of great contrasts. I saw Chinese living in abject poverty, huddled in caves for protection against the clockwork air raids; in the modern western-style house where I was quartered, I bathed in a pink bathroom equipped with some of the most modern American plumbing I ever have seen—except that there were no water connections and the tub had to be filled by coolies bearing buckets.

In Egypt I saw the since deposed King Farouk. I was repelled by his grossness, particularly when, after I had presented him with a custom-made shotgun as a gift from father, he boasted of having once slaughtered 400 birds in an afternoon's hunting. In Palestine, I was more taken with the rather pathetic exiled King Peter of Yugoslavia, and on Crete, where our transport actually dodged Nazi planes, I was highly impressed by the heroic King George of Greece.

In Iraq we hit the ditch and dived into foxholes several times to avoid enemy strafings. Our final adventure was being forced down at Gambia, Africa, when our flying boat, on which Lord Louis Mountbatten was a fellow passenger, lost an engine. Our pilot, with admirable British nonchalance, conditioned us for a possible nighttime crackup on the water by breaking out a bottle of Scotch and saying, "Better have a nip—may be the last, y'know." While the plane was being repaired, "Dickie" Mountbatten and I were guests for more than a week at the residence of the British governor, who was short on food. We tried to ease his problem by shooting pigeons in his patio. Father heard about it and, after my return, sent me a mock-stern letter, accusing me of endangering our relations with the British by shooting out the governor's windows.

Before Pearl Harbor day my brothers and I were on active duty—Elliott with the Air Force; Franklin Jr. and John with the Navy, and I with the Marine Corps. For me there could be no question of returning to Hollywood after what I had seen on the war fronts.

On December 7, 1941, I was in Washington as liaison officer between Marine Headquarters and the Co-ordinator of Information. I had been working on pa to get me sent to a post nearer to action; he told me to take it easy, that my health was not up to a hardship assignment.

That Sunday afternoon I was resting at my home when I got a telephone call from the White House, telling me that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor and that father wanted me to come right down. I got there as fast as I could.

In moments of crisis, irrelevant thoughts sometimes flash through one's mind: the first thing that struck me was that father was wearing an old sweater of mine. Then I became aware of his extreme calmness—almost a fatalistic acceptance of something he had tried to avert, but which he had feared was inevitable.

I remained with him all that afternoon and evening, making myself generally useful in personal ways while he worked on his message, requesting a declaration of war. I helped him to bed that night and, before I left, told him there no longer could be any question about my staying in Washington, but that I would have to have a combat assignment. Father asked me again if I thought I was up to it physically—I had gone through a major operation in which two thirds of my stomach was removed—but, other than that, he did not try to dissuade me.

In uniform I was with him next day on the platform as he faced both Houses of Congress and delivered his "a date which will live in infamy" message.

After father had delivered his fateful call to arms, I was entrusted with the original copy of the declaration-of-war message from which he had read. To my everlasting mortification I laid it down somewhere on reaching the White House, and it disappeared. Even the Secret Service never has been able to trace it.

It was not long after that before father and mother were experiencing the same pangs of apprehension as millions of other American parents whose sons were on the war fronts.

My brother Elliott, a pilot, signed physical waivers—among other disabilities he has rotten eyesight—in order to get into combat zones. Bunny, as he is known in the family, flew reconnaissance missions in unarmed photographic planes over murderously defended enemy territory, and war correspondents have praised him as among the bravest of the brave. He rose by his own merit to the rank of brigadier general, commanded a wing of some 5000 men and 250 planes in North Africa and, among other decorations, won the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Franklin Jr., known as "Big Moose" to his men, became executive officer of the destroyer *Mayrant*, which was bombed at Palermo in the Sicilian invasion. He won his Silver Star for exposing himself under fire to carry one of his critically wounded men to safety. Later, as a lieutenant commander, he captained his own ship.

Johnny, because of his merchandising experience, was routed into the Navy Supply Corps. He kept agitating with pa and others until he finally got himself moved out into the combat zones aboard an aircraft carrier. He won the Bronze Star and finished the war as a lieutenant commander.

I saw action in the Pacific with one of the proudest of all Marine outfits—Carlson's Raiders. I was second in command under that brave and controversial leader, Lt. Col. (later Brig. Gen.) Evans Carlson in the Makin Island raid. [Major Roosevelt, eventually promoted to colonel, received the Navy Cross for "extraordinary heroism" under fire at Makin.—*The Editors.*]

Pa was deeply hurt in 1943 when, despite the fact that none of his sons seemed to be exactly shunning combat, a Republican Representative from Kansas, William P. Lambertson, attacked our war records and alleged that we were being protected. Mother recalls that father literally was white and shaking with anger when he showed her a letter he had received from Elliott, commenting, "Pops, sometimes I really hope that one of us gets killed so that maybe they'll stop picking on the rest of the family. . . ." Later, father inspected Elliott's outfit in North Africa and personally brought home a letter which Elliott had written to his own Congressman, Rep. Fritz Lanham of Texas, in which he made the plea: "For God's sake let us fight without being stabbed in the back for the sake of politics." Representative Lanham read this letter to the House amidst applause.

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The only "favoritism"—if you can call it that—pa showed us was his very human effort to catch a glimpse of us if he was anywhere near our stations. At the historic Atlantic Charter meeting, he took great delight in conspiring to order Franklin Jr. and Elliott, who were in the area, to report for "special duty" aboard his cruiser, without letting them know whom they were to meet. Franklin Jr. saw him again at Oran, and Elliott was with him at Casablanca, Oran, Cairo and Tehran. As Johnny never was in an area where pa could send for him, father made him the recipient of his famous Casablanca letter in which he reported that General De Gaulle was "a thoroughly bad boy" who seemed to have himself confused with "Joan of Arc."

Those critics who contended that the Roosevelt boys wanted to be coddled should have been with Franklin Jr. and pa at Oran when father tried to argue "Brud" into leaving his damaged destroyer and accompanying him to Cairo and Tehran, then home, as his aide. I was in the Pacific and first learned of it through mother, who wrote me that "pa ordered him to . . . come home with him. . . . I tried to make pa *ask*, but not *order*, but he said he needed him and that was that. . . ."

What happened, I later learned from Brud, was that the argument lasted all the way from Oran to Tunis on pa's plane, the *Sacred Cow*. Pa kept telling him that the destroyer could do without him, and Brud kept arguing that he had no intention of running out on his men after what they had been through in the Palermo bombing. Pa said he needed him, which was hard for Brud to answer, but he still refused.

Then father got a little sore and said, "You know, I *am* the Commander in Chief and I can *order* you to join me." Brud admitted that would make things a little difficult, but he grinned at pa and said he hoped he wouldn't do it that way. Finally, as the plane approached Tunis, pa threw in the sponge and said, "You're a pretty stubborn fellow—but if that's how you feel I guess you should go back to your ship." I know father was proud of Franklin Jr. for his decision, for he wrote mother: "He finally decided he had best go back with the ship, and I think he is right to want to see her safely to Charleston. . . ."

My own wartime contacts with father were all in this country on my trips back from the Pacific. I have one priceless memento—an endorsement of my travel orders from "the Commander in Chief" authorizing Capt. James Roosevelt, Marine Corps Reserve, to proceed from Hyde Park to the San Diego Marine Base. Father wrote his signature in big, bold letters, knowing full well it probably was the only such document in existence.

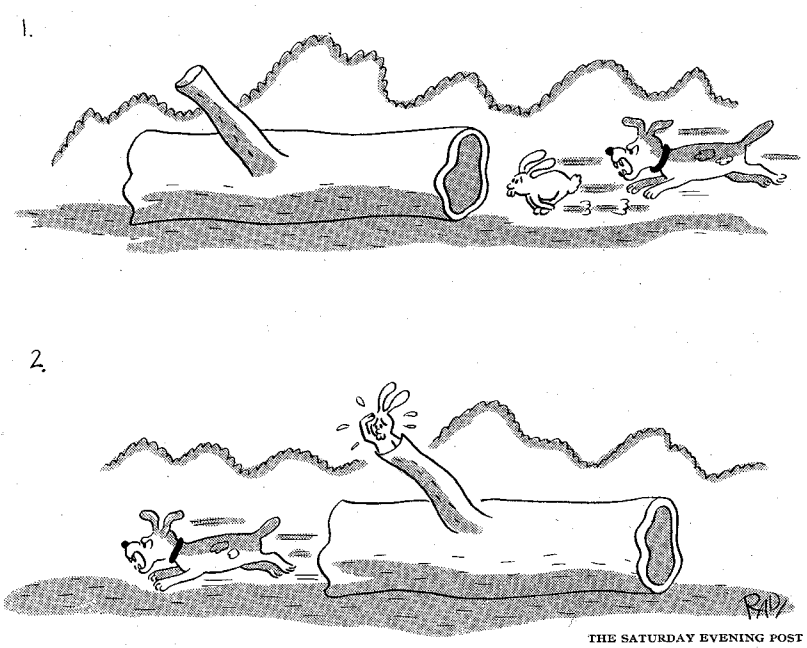
Another cherished letter from pa, marked HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL, advised me that I had been recommended by the Marine Corps for promotion to colonel "on the ground that you are the best qualified man to be in charge of the amphibious training and preparations for task-force landing operations," but that I had been turned down because there were about 500 lieutenant colonels ahead of me on the seniority list. Pa couldn't resist needling: "It is a great mistake to belong to the Navy or the Marine Corps. If this were the Army (of which I also happen to be Commander in Chief) they would have paid no attention to seniority. . . . The Army has its advantages. . . ."

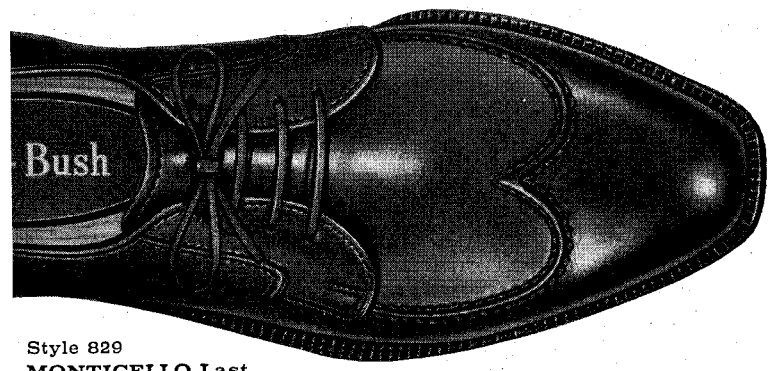
The fourth-term race in 1944 was father's death warrant. I saw him only twice in that period—once just before the campaign and again on Inauguration Day. Each time I realized with awful, irrevocable certainty that we were going to lose pa.

I think pa himself both knew it and—with that indomitable buoyancy and stubbornness of his—refused to know it.

He did little things, such as catching up on the autographing of his large collection of books and digging mementoes out of musty trunks and boxes for his children and grandchildren. Yet he also talked with enthusiasm and conviction of his plans for when the war was over. He was going to fulfill, through the United Nations, Woodrow Wilson's dream of creating a real league for world peace. He was going to visit England. He talked with mother about a long trip around the world on a slow freighter, and even of buying land in the African desert to demonstrate what could be done through irrigation and electrification. He went so far, when mother demurred that she would not like to travel so long on a freighter, as to propose that he take the boat, because he so loved the sea, and that mother travel by air, meeting him at various locations which he wanted to explore.

Perhaps I am not objective—perhaps I have a son's bitterness for the premature and, in my opinion, unnecessary loss of a beloved father—but I never have been reconciled to the fact that father's doctors did not flatly forbid him to run, or at least insist that he curtail his activities more than he did during those last months. I realize that they tried and I know how impossible it was to control





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father's actions. I must accept that they acted in good faith and according to their best professional judgment. Yet none of us was warned by them that his life might be in danger.

While the Democratic Convention in July, 1944, was wrangling in Chicago over a vice-presidential nominee, father had come out to Camp Pendleton, near San Diego, California, to review an amphibious-landing exercise which the Marines were putting on as a dress rehearsal for one of our forthcoming Pacific-island shows. I was with him in his private railroad car and was struck by his irritability and apparent indifference as to whom the convention picked as his running mate. He was resigned to the dumping of Vice President Wallace. I think in his own heart father really wanted Justice Douglas as the nominee, but he professed not to "give a damn" whether the convention came up with Douglas, Byrnes or Truman. His mind was on the war; the fourth-term race was simply a job that had to be accomplished, and his attitude was one of "let's get on with it."

Just before we were to leave for the exercise, father turned suddenly white, his face took on an anguished look, and he said to me, "Jimmy, I don't know if I can make it—I have horrible pains!" Frankly I was so scared I didn't know what to think or do. We talked, and both of us decided he was having some sort of acute digestive upset—he was certain it had nothing to do with his heart. I then told him that if he possibly could summon the strength he should try not to cancel his appearance, as it would create great alarm.

"Yes," said father, almost sighing, "it would be very bad. But help me out of my berth and let me stretch out flat on the deck for a while—that may help."

So for perhaps ten minutes father lay on the floor of the railroad car, his eyes closed, his face drawn, his powerful frame convulsed as the pains stabbed him. Never in all my life had I felt so alone with him.

Then he said, "Help me up now, Jimmy." I did, and we went out to review the exercise. In the pictures taken of him that day, pa looked tired, but, from the big smile he managed, no one would guess what he had just been through.

The only mention pa ever made of that incident, so far as I know, was in a letter to mother in which he slightly glossed over the facts. "Dearest Babs," he wrote. "Jimmy and I had a grand view of the landing operation. . . . Then I got the collywobbles and stayed in the train in the P.M. Better today. . . ."

The next—and the last—time I saw father was on Inauguration Day, January 20, 1945. I was on active duty in the Philippines when I received a letter from him, asking me if I would come to his inauguration. He pointed out I had stood with him at each of the three preceding ones. I replied that this was a matter for him to decide, as the only way I could leave my post in the Philippines was for him, as my Commander in Chief, to order me to Washington. So he called me home to stand with him that day.

The moment I saw father I realized something was terribly wrong with him. He looked awful, and, regardless of what the doctors said, I knew in my heart that his days were numbered.

The inauguration was on the South Portico of the White House. It was an extremely cold day, and pa stood there without an overcoat. I begged him to throw his naval cape over his shoulders, but he brushed aside my suggestion.

Later we were alone a moment before he proceeded to the reception in the Green Room. He was chilled, and the same type of pain which had bothered him in San Diego was stabbing him again. He gripped my arm and said, "Jimmy, I can't take this unless you get me a stiff drink." I brought him a tumbler half full of whisky, which he drank down straight. It was the first time in my life I ever saw father take a drink in that manner.

Then he went to the reception, and no one there—no one but me—knew how he felt.

I was deeply disturbed. Before returning to the Philippines I tried my best to get one of his doctors or someone close to him to tell me what was wrong with pa. The only person who would admit to me that he thought father was a sick man was Lt. Cmdr. George A. Fox, USN, father's physical therapist.

Father was determined—perhaps he had a prescience that this was the last time they all would be together—that all his grandchildren would be with him in the White House for that last inauguration. There were thirteen of them at that time, and it took a bit of doing; but he assembled them all.

Soon after, father went to Yalta to confer with Churchill and Stalin. This time, my sister Anna accompanied him.

On the morning of April 13, 1945, in the Philippines—back home it was the afternoon of the twelfth—I was awakened by an orderly with the routine dispatches. I checked them for the admiral. A few minutes later the orderly was back again. He stood in the doorway and said, "I have something for you, sir." I waited. He started weeping, dropped the message on the bed and ran out. It was the official communication to the Fleet that father had died a few hours before.

A short time later a personal message came to me. The same message was received in England by Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt and, somewhere in the Pacific, by Lt. Cmdr. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Lt. John Roosevelt. It read:

DARLINGS: PA SLEPT AWAY THIS AFTERNOON. HE DID HIS JOB TO THE END AS HE WOULD WANT YOU TO DO. BLESS YOU. ALL OUR LOVE.

MOTHER

I sat alone with my thoughts for a while. I was too numb to think about anything very clearly, but I do remember saying to myself: *Pa is a casualty of the war, just as much as if he had been stopped by an enemy bullet.*

Then I thought of some of the things he had told me when I saw him last on Inauguration Day—his high hopes for an early and lasting peace, and for rebuilding the world when the war was over.

Then Adm. Ralph O. Davis came in and asked me if there was anything he could do. I said that since our outfit was not scheduled for an operation immediately I would like to get home for the funeral if it could be arranged, but that I did not want a special flight set up. He said he would see what could be done. I prayed in my quarters with our two chaplains, and, in four hours, was on the first lap of the long flight home.

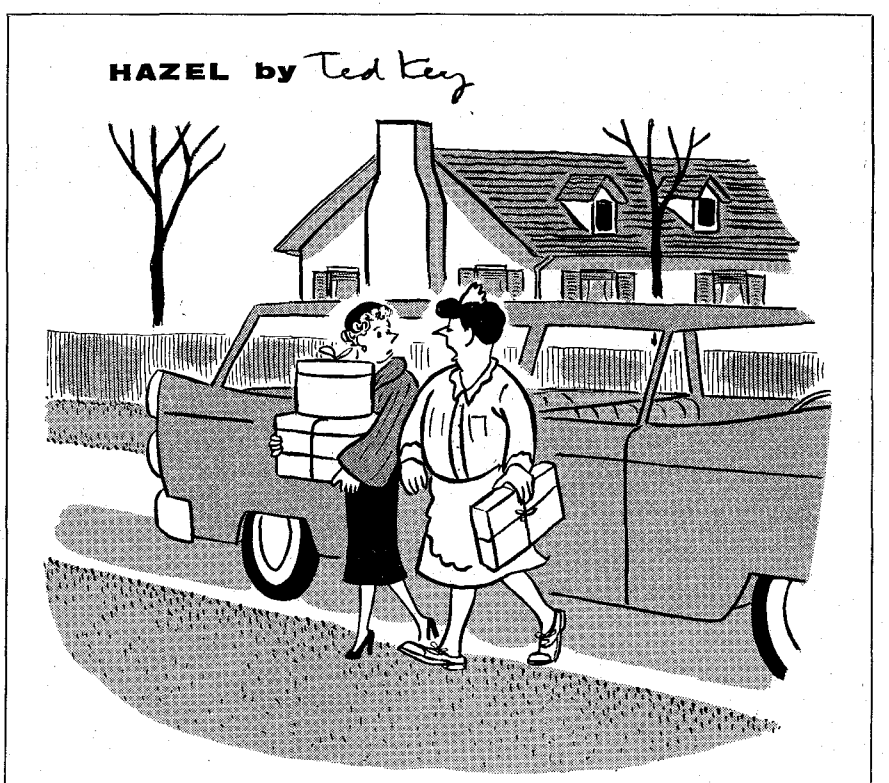
It was a bitter journey for me. I had learned some sketchy details of pa's death—namely, the fact that none of the immediate family was with him at Warm Springs when he died; his loneliness was with him to the end.

I arrived in New York just a few hours late for the funeral in the rose garden at Hyde Park. Mother and Anna were there, and Elliott had made it home from England. Franklin Jr. and John were at sea in the Pacific.

I had four hours to wait in New York before I could board the train that would bring mother back from Hyde Park to Washington. I wanted to be alone and I wanted to keep moving. I began walking the streets rather aimlessly and found myself on Fifth Avenue. I was just another man in uniform. No one bothered me, no one spoke to me, until a taxicab pulled up alongside me. The driver jumped out, leaving his door open, and said, "My God, aren't you Jimmy Roosevelt?"

I said I was. He grasped my hand and started telling me how much father had meant to him.

Then an unfortunate thing happened—a thing that mother and Anna and Elliott and Franklin and Johnny and I had learned long ago to live with, but which, at this particular moment, when father had just been buried, was especially hard to endure. The cabbie had a passenger, and he leaned out of the cab, uttered a profanity and said, "I hired you to drive me, not talk about that —— Roosevelt!"



"Better slip in the back. He's grousing about business."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Long ago I had schooled myself—for father's sake—to put my fists in my pockets and walk away when strangers started reviling father. That afternoon I was able to do it once more, but I had to restrain the cab driver, who, I was afraid, was going to assault the passenger. The cabbie was so angry he couldn't talk coherently. Tears were running down his face, and he made the man leave his cab. I guess I was crying a bit, too, as I walked away.

When I boarded the train returning from the funeral, mother handed me a sealed envelope, addressed to me, that had been found in father's safe. I had an eerie feeling when I opened it and saw what it was. It was a four-page document, handwritten in pencil by father, giving specific instructions on every detail of how he wanted his funeral conducted in the event of his death while he was President of the United States. The document was dated December 26, 1937—early in father's second term when he was in fine health.

As the envelope was addressed to me, it had not been opened, so father's funeral instructions were not carried out completely as he had directed. Mother, however, had a general idea of his wishes, so the essential details were observed.

For example, father directed "that a service of the utmost simplicity be held in the East Room," which was done; however, the list of those invited was larger than he had specified. His request that "there be no Lying in State anywhere" was fully observed. He had wanted the White House service to be followed by another "simple service" at the Capitol, to be conducted by his old Groton headmaster and friend, the Rev. Dr. Endicott Peabody; there was no service at the Capitol, and Doctor Peabody had preceded father in death.

Father's directions for the conducting of services and burial at Hyde Park were not fully observed, but essentially the interment was as he had specified. His bronze coffin was encased by an outer casket "of absolute simplicity, dark wood," as he directed. Curiously—and neither mother nor any of his intimates know why—he directed that "the body be not embalmed or hermetically sealed, and that the grave be not lined with brick, cement or stone." These instructions were not followed, as the body was embalmed, and the casket was placed in a cement vault.

Mother knew that he wished to be buried in the rose garden where his mother used to tend her flowers. This was done.

Father asked: "That a plain white marble monument, no carving or decoration, be placed over the grave. . . ." He also wrote:

It is my hope that my dear wife will on her death be buried there also, and that the monument contain no device or inscription except the following on the South side:

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
1882–19 ——
ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
1884–19 ——

The monument is plain and unornamented, just as he requested, and the inscription also is as he directed—only with the year of his death filled in; and the final date, after mother's name, left blank. One day my wonderful mother will be reunited there with my wonderful pa. Though he is waiting for her in the eternal sleep in which he, as a religious man, so firmly believed, I pray to God it will be many years off.

This is the last of five articles by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Shalett. —THE EDITORS

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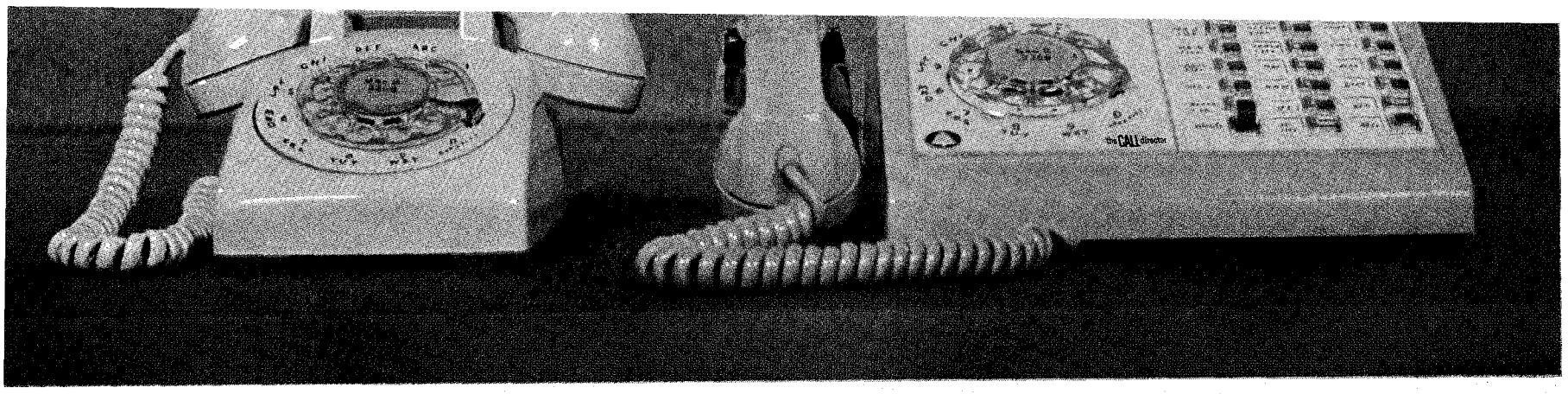

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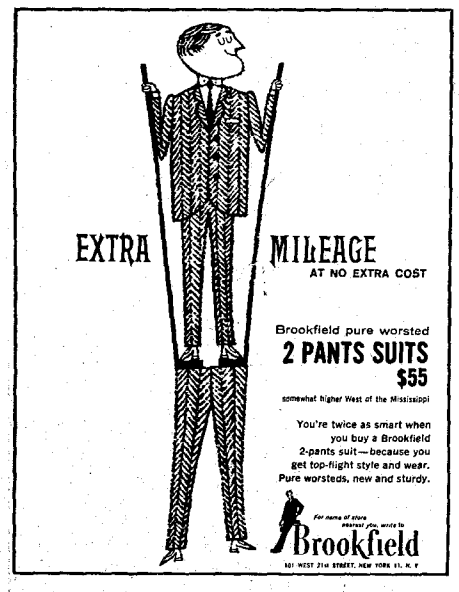
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Benton Harbor, Mich. .....Hal's Clothier
Cadillac, Mich. .....Johnson's Clothes
Carthage, Mo. .....Belk-Simpson
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Keeping Posted

Working on the Railroad

Lee Edson, a resident of El Cerrito, California, was born in New York, but he married a lass from British Columbia. His page 28 article about the spectacular railroad through the B. C. wilderness resulted from years of urging by his spouse and her family to write something about the old home province. Last year Edson's father-in-law, an Okanagan Valley fruit pioneer, brought up the railroad again, concluding in effect, "I've subscribed to *The Post* for fifty years and I ought to know what the editors will go for." Edson says sadly, "He died last November without ever knowing the results of his gentle prodding."

Edson reflects that about the only thing needed to round out his wilderness train trip was an attack by Indians, but the only such event occurred when a lone rider, astride a horse bareback, came charging lickety-split right at the train. The attacker proved to be an Indian girl in jeans, waving good-by to somebody. While Edson was in the town of Fort St. John, he found a ten-dollar bill lying on a board sidewalk. "It's a frontier boom town when you pick up that kind of money."

Three railroad fans: Lee Edson and his sons.

The Pink Stucco Fort

James Warner Bellah's current serial (page 43) culminates six years of exploratory research trips in the Colorado River country during which he turned up fascinating historical relics of the frontier fighting days. For example, the novelist had always believed that none of the buildings of old Fort Yuma was extant—in fact, people in Yuma, Arizona, told him there never was a real fort, just a row of tents. But Bellah—with his wife and two younger sons who were with him on this trip—crossed the river, for the old fort was located on the California side; and presently at the Yuma Indian Agency they found themselves surrounded by houses with modern stucco roofs and pink stucco walls, with tennis courts in between. Suddenly it dawned on Mrs. Bellah—she was an Army brat—that the houses were laid out exactly as an Army post would be. Could these be the buildings of Fort Yuma? The Indian agent said they were, and Yuma Indians took the Bellahs indoors to see the original roofs and walls behind the shelter of modernization. "It's a pity the fort isn't marked," says the novelist. "California doesn't seem to care."

Tales of the Authors

Robert Alter, daughter Sandé.

Actress Jean Seberg.

When **Robert Alter's** father read *Treasure Island* to him, the seven-year-old boy decided to become a pirate. When the boy was ten, he read Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage* in *The Post* and decided to become a writer. At sixteen, influenced by Steinbeck's books, Alter left home to be a berry picker, but returned and finished school. Since then Alter has ridden freights all over the country, spent a year in college, worked in bookstores, been a cement mixer and a farmer, lived on a rotting old ship near Vancouver, B. C., served as an Army librarian in Japan, settled down in a post-office job, and married a girl he met in a bookstore. This sounds like pretty good training for a writer; indeed, the writer's second *Post* story is on page 26. Altadena, California, is the home town of the Alters and their ten-year-old daughter whom you observe in the picture.

Leonard Wibberley wrote a novel, *The Mouse That Roared*, that ran in *The Post* in 1954–55 under the title THE DAY NEW YORK WAS INVADED, and its unlikely plot concerned the invasion of the United States by a small European nation whose army used bows and arrows and traveled in canoes. This delightful satire upon the idiocy of our times has just been released by Columbia Pictures with Peter Sellers and Jean Seberg playing the leads.

After **John S. Edwards** finished college he went home to St. Louis, got a reportorial job on the *Globe Democrat*, persuaded the city editor to let him write feature stories about musicians and, as he had hoped, landed a part-time publicity job with the St. Louis Symphony. That job evolved into a career of managing major orchestras, which he discusses hilariously on page 20. Since 1955 he has been president of the American Symphony Orchestra League—membership, 450 symphonic groups. Says collaborator **Myron Cope,** "Like me, he's an enthusiastic fan of Dixieland music."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"THE JERRY GIESLER STORY"

1—Hollywood Is My Client

The famous defender of celebrities in trouble discusses his exciting cases. In collaboration with Pete Martin.

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